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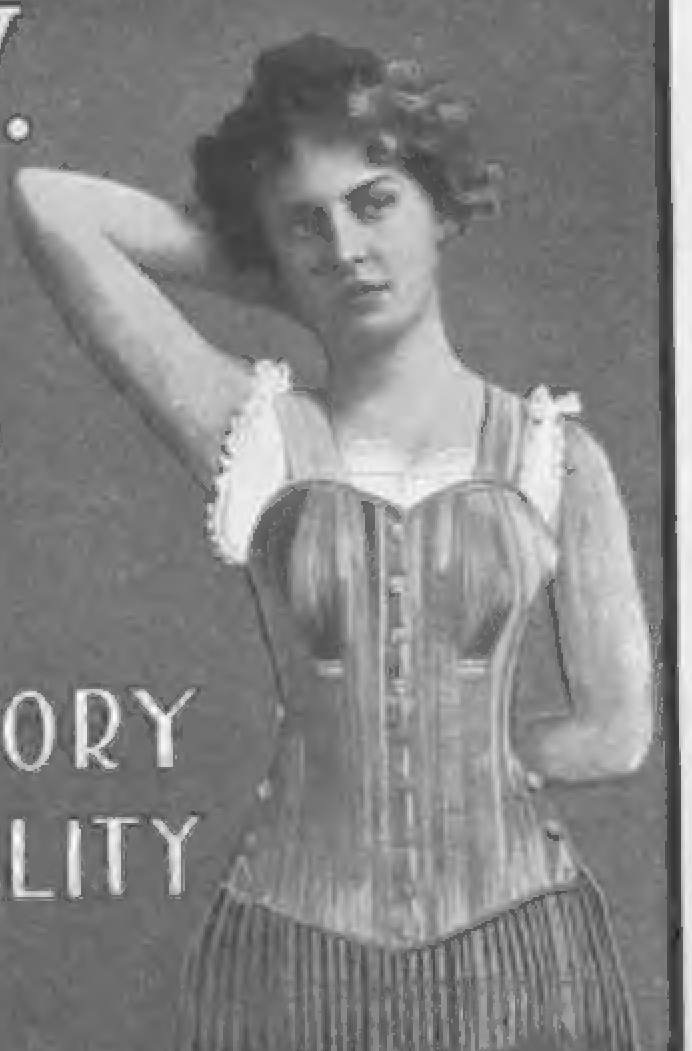

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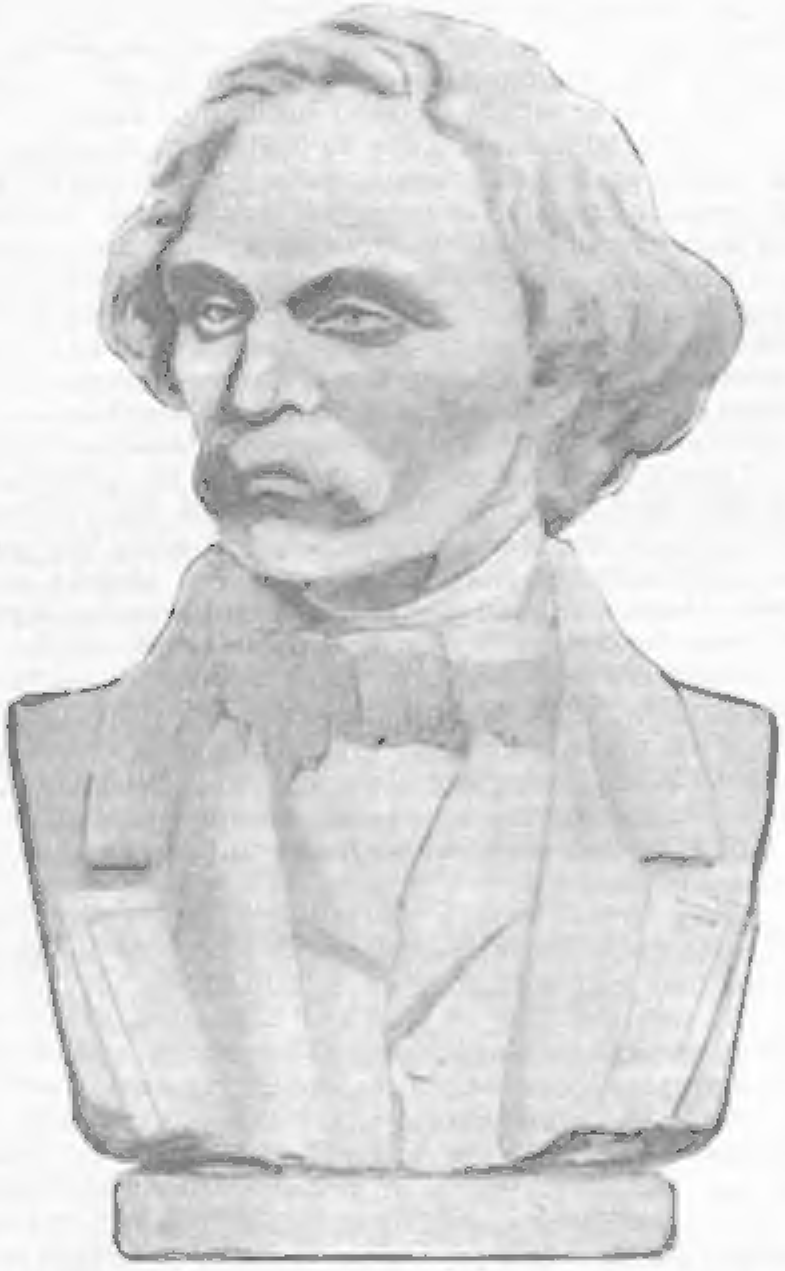
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

By Richard Henry Stoddard



I HAVE sometimes regretted that it did not occur to me when I was young that it might be worth my while to keep a diary, not for the purpose of filling its pages with details about myself and my own doings—things in which I can never remember to have been much interested—but for the purpose of preserving an accurate record of the times when, the places where and the circumstances under which I first met certain persons whom I was proud to meet, either for what they had done, or for what they were, and whom I am fain to recall now through the impression they made upon me then, clad in their habits as they lived, rather than from the fading tablets of a blurred and uncertain memory. Such a record, if I could have persuaded myself to keep it, would have been illuminated with several names which, popular or famous then, have since become illustrious, unforgetable, immortal; and chiefest among them would be the name of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

I made the acquaintance of Hawthorne through the kindness of a member of a Boston firm who were his publishers, and, in a small, unprofitable way, my publishers, Ticknor, Reed & Fields. They were not a great firm, nor an old firm, in the sense that the Harpers and the Appletons are old and great, but they had a position among the tribe of tradesmen to which they belonged, which may almost be called unique, it was so uncommon and so precarious. They published nothing that was not sufficiently literary to merit the exacting demands of the most select corps of American readers, the best literature of the time, "books which are books," as Lamb phrased it, their list of which was blazoned with the names of such poets as Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, and such prose writers as De Quincey and Hawthorne. They made no display of the treasures they disposed of, as is now the wont of their guild, in marble structures of their own, but were content to occupy an old brick building on the corner of Washington and School Streets, a little shop with a door on each thoroughfare, the larger one opening on the former, with windows on both sides, through which a leisurely passer-by might note a line of intending buyers within, standing, book in hand, at the wide filled counters, and, if the gods were propitious that day, a glimpse of two or three of their writers, Longfellow, perhaps, or Emerson, but most likely little Doctor Holmes.

This old book store was a Mecca to me at this time, as it has since been to hundreds of others, but more literally to me than to many of these, for in order to visit it I had to make an actual pilgrimage from New York to Boston, a nightly pilgrimage on the lumbering Sound steamers, where, scantily supplied with scrip, but amply sustained by enthusiasm, I whiled away the lagging hours in anticipating my arrival. There was a corner in this old book store, at its left-hand back end on School Street, and in this corner, opposite a dingy window, stood a tallish, upright desk, where, hidden by a green curtain from all but pilgrim eyes, was the Kaaba of this Mecca—Mr. James Thomas Fields. He was the younger member of the house, its literary representative, the reader of manuscripts offered for publication, the selecter of its choicest reprints, inquisitive in the discovery of new writers and sagacious in the recovery and reanimation of old ones like De Quincey. He had an instinctive love of books, which was enriched by the education that comes from reading only the best, by correctness of taste, catholicity of judgment, and, what does not always accompany these qualities, intelligent sympathy with, and kindly regard for, their makers. He had also an inclination to share their pursuits, which he occasionally exercised in the shape of a gentlemanly gift of versification which was believed to resemble that of a well-known English publisher, Edward Moxon, and which led to his being called the American Moxon. It was not a complimentary epithet, whatever it was meant to be, for his verse was what Moxon's sonnets never were; it was poetry, though not of striking and showy kind. Courteous, considerate, friendly everywhere, Mr. Fields was never so charming to me as during these pilgrimages of mine to Boston, and never so interesting anywhere as when standing at the upright desk, behind the green curtain I have spoken of. Busy as he must have been, he always found time to take me there, and tell me of the literary folk whom he had lately met in London, for he was constantly going to and coming from the mother country—how they looked, what they said, of what they were doing, and, better still, to read their last letters to him, letters from Barry Cornwall, from Miss Mitford, who knew of me through him, and other famous pen people whose names I have forgotten. Older than I was by some eight or ten years and more conversant with the usages of the world than I was ever likely to be, we were as companionable as boys, giggling or making giggle at everything, and chaffing each other so freely that no listener, had there been a listener, would have believed that one was a poor young author and the other a middle-aged, prosperous publisher.

I remember one of these pilgrimages more distinctly than many others which preceded it and followed it, and I had abundant reason to do so, for it led to my acquaintance with Hawthorne. It was in the summer of 1852—about the middle of July, I think—and I had wandered to the old corner book store to have a chat with Mr. Fields. He saw me when I entered, gave me his usual salutation, and, taking me behind the green curtain, closed it carefully and pointed to a package of manuscript on a corner of his desk.

"What is it?" I asked.

"The Blythedale Romance," he replied softly and handed it to me guardedly, as if it had been a costly treasure, with a sense of satisfaction in his voice and the joy of possession in his eyes. I received it in the same spirit, though it was not a sightly object, for the fingers of the compositors who had set it up had left dark smears along the lines of fine, clear writing.

"See how they have smudged it!" he cried, "and I told the varlets to keep it clean."

I was curiously interested in this manuscript, more so, perhaps, than I might have been on another occasion, for I was fresh from reading The Blythedale Romance, and writing about it in a staid, old New York journal, the editor of which, a prosaic, elderly Englishman, occasionally (and gratuitously) permitted me to exploit my crude, critical judgments in his columns, after subjecting them to fussy supervision, which, professing to correct my slovenly construction, generally emasculated my meaning and often destroyed my sense.

While I was examining this soiled manuscript the green curtain was thrown aside by an attenuated hand and the owner of this hand entered hurriedly. It was Mr. Edwin Percy Whipple, a personal friend of Mr. Fields, and, I presume, a serviceable friend of his firm. A professor of the ungentle craft of criticism, he had recently published two volumes of Essays and Reviews, from the reputed excellence of which he was christened "The American Macaulay." A careful reader of many books and a cautious, conventional judge of all, his *dicta* were anxiously looked for and (when of novels) widely quoted. Mr. Whipple was an authority.

"Stoddard, my boy," said Mr. Fields, "Ned and I are going to see Hawthorne and you are going with us. A military person whom he wishes to see, or wishes to see him, is to call here and accompany us. It is something to do with the Life of Frank Pierce, I suppose; for this person, I am told, was on his staff in Mexico."

"I understand," I replied.

But I did not in the least. I knew from the newspapers that Hawthorne was supposed to be writing a Life of General Pierce, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, but I did not know that General Pierce, who had been a student of the same college as he and was a life-long, valued and loving friend, had earnestly desired him to write this life; nor did I know that, even in New England, it was a heinous political sin for a Democrat to be nominated for the Presidency, and elected, if he could be! Mr. Fields knew what Hawthorne's feeling in this matter was, for some six or seven years after his death he printed one of his personal letters, within about a month before my visit, in which he said:

> "General Pierce, of New Hampshire, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, was a college friend of mine, as you know, and we have been intimate through life. He wishes me to write his biography and I have consented to do so; somewhat reluctantly, however, for Pierce has now reached that altitude when a man, careful of his personal dignity, will begin to think of cutting his personal acquaintances. But I seek nothing from him, and therefore need not be ashamed to tell the truth of an old friend."

While the American Macaulay and the American Moxon were discussing somebody *sotto voce*, a well-trained servitor of the latter approached the sanctum with a stranger.

"Colonel Whipple, whom you are expecting."

Colonel Whipple, as I remember him, was somewhat tall and sparely built, of an erect figure and soldierly bearing, of dark complexion, with keen, sharp, black eyes.

"Colonel Whipple," said Mr. Fields, "here is a namesake of yours. You know Mr. E. P. Whipple?"

"I know Mr. Whipple very well by reputation, sir."

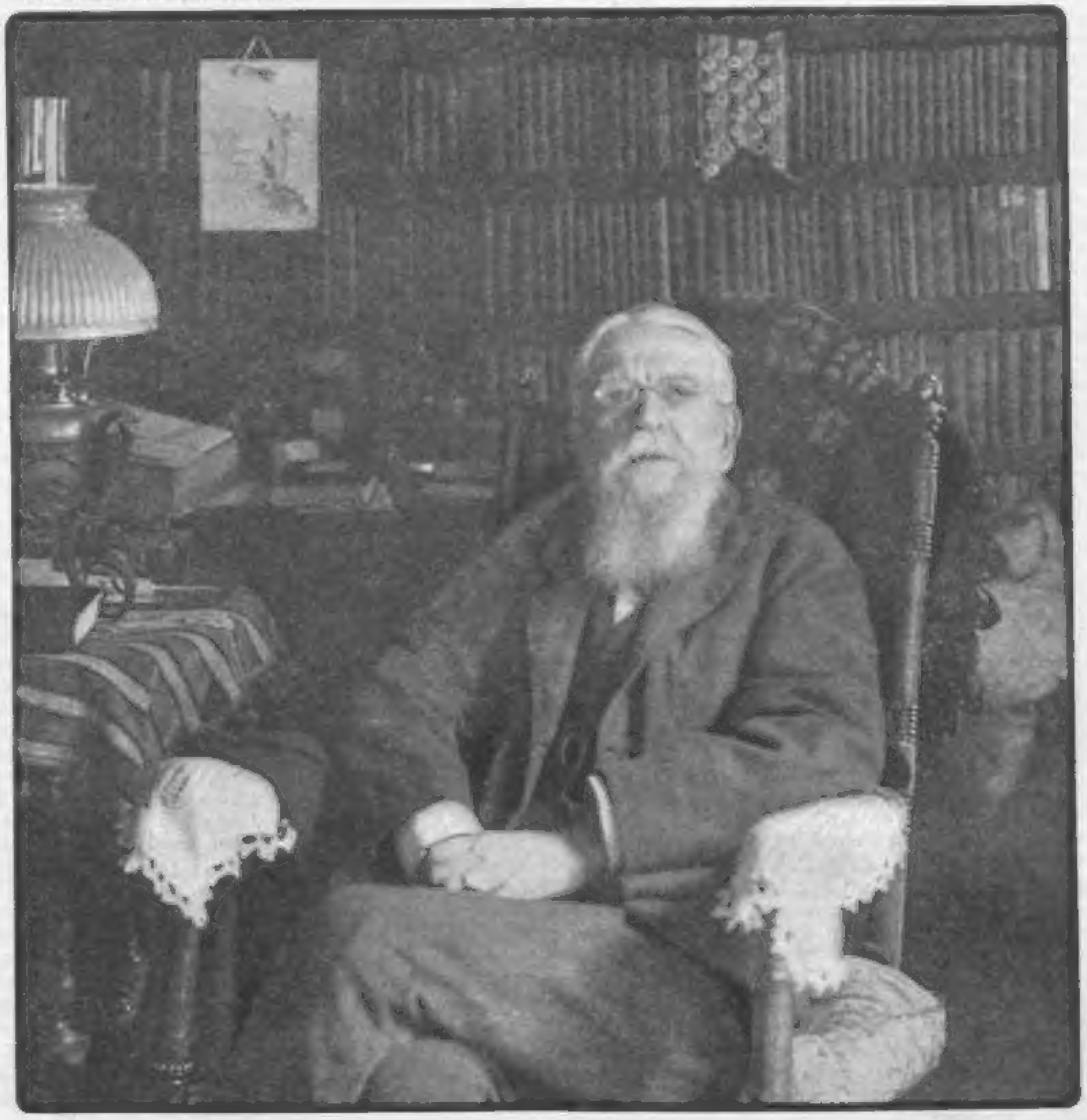
"And Mr. Stoddard, the poet?"

"Whom I do not know, though I hope to have that pleasure."

I bowed, as in duty bound, and took the hand which he suddenly extended. It had a strong, firm grasp—a friendly,

PHOTO BY GESSFORD & VAN BRUNT, NEW YORK

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD IN HIS STUDY



hearty, manly, soldierly grasp—and I liked it, as I did the man himself the moment I set eyes upon him.

"We wait your orders, Colonel," said Mr. Fields, lifting his hand to his head as if he were an orderly.

"Forward, then, gentlemen," commanded our Colonel, and offering his arm to Mr. Fields he marched to the door on Washington Street, and, followed by Mr. Whipple and myself, we proceeded to the Concord Station.

I have forgotten where it stood, but it does not matter, for wherever it was then it is now, fronting some dusty, crowded business street, lined with loading and unloading trucks, the sidewalk obstructed with long skids, across which we stepped briskly, watchful of descending and ascending bales, crates, casks and barrels, and the jostling rush of travelers inward and outward bound.

Mr. Fields guided us to the right car, in which we were fortunate enough to find four unoccupied seats grouped together, into which we hurried, the Whipples taking the front two and Mr. Fields and I the rearward two, into which we dropped heavily, wearied with our brisk walk, heated with the July sunshine, and more than ready for our well-earned furlough of quiet shade and light conversation.

We reached Concord on time and sauntered leisurely along its old road until we came to the house in which Hawthorne was living and which he had named The Wayside. He met us at the gate in the low fenced railing that inclosed it from the rest of the town and led us into the front yard—a grassy plot of ground crossed by several well-worn foot-paths. Mr. Fields introduced me to him. He gave me a cordial handshake, and said a few words which placed me at once at ease. Then, with a kindly nod, he disappeared in the house with Colonel Whipple, leaving the rest of us to take care of ourselves in his grounds. Mr. Fields played our guide here as elsewhere, but with less success, for though he had often been in Concord he was not yet familiar with the innings and outings of The Wayside. What was it like? I will not try to recall it as I seem to see it through the misty recollections of nearly half a century, but let Hawthorne himself describe it, as it was at the time of our visit, in a letter to his quondam friend at Brook Farm, Mr. George William Curtis: "My dear Howadji: I think (and am glad to think) that you will find it necessary to come hither in order to write your Concord sketches; and as for my old house, you will understand it better after spending a day or two in it. Before Mr. Alcott took it in hand it was a mean-looking affair, with two peaked gables; no suggestiveness about it, and no venerableness, although from the style of its construction it seems to have survived beyond its first century. He added a porch in front and a central peak and a piazza at each end and painted it a rusty olive hue, and invested the whole with a modest picturesqueness; all of which improvements, together with its situation at the foot of a wooded hill, make it a place that one notices for a few moments after passing it. Mr. Alcott expended a good deal of taste and some money (to no great purpose) in forming the hillside behind the house into terraces and building arbors and summer-houses of rough stems and branches of trees, on a system of his own. They must have been very pretty in their day and are so still, although much decayed, and shattered more and more by every breeze that blows. The hillside is covered chiefly by locust trees which come into luxuriant blossom in the month of June and look and smell very sweetly, intertwined with a few young elms and some white pines and infant oaks, the whole forming rather a thicket than a wood. Nevertheless, there is some very good shade to be found there. I spend delectable hours there in the hottest part of the day, stretched out at my lazy length with a book in my hand, an unwritten book in my thoughts. There is almost always a breeze stirring about the sides or brow of the hill. From the hill there is a good view along the extensive level surface and gentle hilly outlines, covered with wood, that characterize the scenery of Concord. We have not so much as a gleam of lake or river in the prospect; if there were, it would add greatly to the value of the place in my estimation. The house stands within ten or fifteen feet of the old Boston road (along which the British marched and retreated), divided from it by a fence and some trees and shrubbery of Mr. Alcott's setting out. Whereupon I have called it The Wayside, which I think a better name and more morally significant than that which, as Mr. Alcott has since told me, he bestowed on it—The Hillside. In front of the house, on the opposite side of the road, I have eight acres of land—the only valuable portion of the place in a farmer's eye—which are capable of being made very fertile. On the hither side my territory extends some little distance over the brow of the hill and is absolutely good for nothing, in a productive point of view, though very good for many other purposes. I know nothing of the history of the house except Thoreau's telling me that it was inhabited a generation or two ago by a man who believed he should never die. I believe, however, he is dead; at least I hope so, else he may probably appear and dispute my title to his residence."

Such, in the summer of 1852, was The Wayside, the master of which reappeared with Colonel Whipple after a short time, which we had spent in rambling about his environments, under the confident guidance of Mr. Fields. He invited us to enter and we followed him into the hall, where we removed our hats which we hung up on a little stand, whence we were ushered into a room on the left where a midday meal awaited us, and where, as the only stranger present, he introduced me to his wife. Never, I fear, an accurate observer of others, and certainly not a close or curious one, at a first meeting. I will not try to describe the personal appearance of Mrs. Hawthorne, whose presence I rather felt than saw. Five or six years younger than her husband, who had just passed his forty-ninth birthday, she was a fine-looking gentlewoman, with courteous, refined manners and a motherly air which became her. Whether any of her children were actually present I am not sure, though I think I saw the youngest, Rose, a baby in her second year. Mrs. Hawthorne sat at the farther end of the table, opposite her husband, who sat at the head; on his right hand sat his spare military guest, whom she saw for the first time that day, and on his left his prosperous publisher, with whom she was well acquainted. Hawthorne seated me on his right, Mr. Whipple seated himself on his left, and thus grouped we partook of this meal, which was a simple one, consisting of a boiled leg of mutton with the usual esculents, a pudding, or perhaps a pie afterward and a bottle of claret, the solitary sentinel of hospitality, which seldom quitted its post of duty at our end of the table.

At last Hawthorne arose, feeling no doubt that he had sufficiently performed his part as host, offered me a cigar, and, lighting one himself, proposed that we should go outdoors and have a talk. The proposal delighted me, for beyond the customary social courtesies when I was introduced to him and our desultory nothings at the table, no conversation had passed between us. Never a volunteer of speech with my betters, I divined the wisdom of silence now, and resolved to hold my tongue until encouraged to use it. My respect for Hawthorne as a man of letters, the most eminent one I had met, restrained all forwardness on my part, and almost restrained me from observation of his face and person. I might perhaps have recognized him from some resemblance in the portrait by Thompson, prefixed to the new edition of his Twice-told Tales, which I had lately been reading, but I should not, I could not, have known him from that portrait, which was, I imagine, what painters would call an academical one—that is to say, a superficial likeness of his features in repose, well composed in form and color, with the right light and shadows and the proper expression of a well-bred sitter, correctly conscious of himself and what was expected to be seen in his counterfeit presentment. Outdoors I saw for the first time the kind of man that Hawthorne was. More than handsome, more than fine-looking, there was distinction in his face and form—the distinction of manly beauty in the one and manly strength in the other. Nearly six feet in height he did not appear tall, his shoulders were so broad, his limbs so shapely and well-proportioned. His head was large, harmonious in its outlines and noble in its bearing: there was an air of grandeur about it, the certainty of reserved power in its repose. And his eyes—those large, deep-set, dark, luminous eyes that saw such visions and read such secrets—I will not try to describe them here. And happily for me I do not need to, since our common friend, Mr. Fields, accomplished that baffling task in his illuminating recollections of Hawthorne a few years after his death. "I remember to have heard in the literary circles of London," Mr. Fields wrote, "that since Burns, no author had appeared there with so fine a face as Hawthorne. Old Mrs. Basil Montagu told me, many years ago, that she sat next to Burns at dinner, when he appeared in society, in the first flush of his fame, after the Edinburgh edition of his poems had been published. She said among other things, that although the company consisted of some of the best-bred men of England, Burns seemed to her the most perfect gentleman among them. She noticed particularly his gentle grace and deferential manner toward women, and I was interested to hear Mrs. Montagu's brilliant daughter, when speaking of Hawthorne's advent in English society, describe him in almost the same terms as I had heard her mother, years before, describe the Scotch poet. I happened to be in London with Hawthorne during his consular residence in England, and was always greatly delighted at the rustle of admiration his personal appearance excited when he entered the room. His bearing was modestly grand and his voice touched the ear like a melody."

Emerging from the porch of The Wayside and taking a worn path in the grass-grown yard, Hawthorne leading the way, we passed along and around the right front of the house into the rising and wooded grounds in the rear. Not sufficiently conversant with forestry to distinguish, nor under the circumstances to care for, the leafy populace there, I rather scrambled after than accompanied the strong, alert figure of Hawthorne as we ascended his terraced hill. He helped me lightly up its steepest ascent, and when we reached an old summer-house on its crest I found myself clinging to his arm and out of breath. We seated ourselves in a couple of willow chairs beside the remains of a rustic table, whereon I suppose the philosophic Alcott in summers gone by regaled his reverent disciples with esthetic tales and orphic sayings, and baring our brows to the grateful caresses of the light, cool breeze we fell to talking.

Not hesitatingly and tentatively, like two new-made acquaintances, but naturally and easily, frankly and freely, with a sense of personal understanding on the part of each as if we had been comrades for years. In the course of our talk Hawthorne spoke of an early poem of mine, and with a circumstantiality of remembrance which showed a careful reading, and which in itself was, I felt, a distinction from Hawthorne. "How did you come to write The Castle in the Air?" he asked. Whereupon I proceeded to divulge the germ, the conception and the metrical embodiment of my airy architectural diversion.

"In the fall of 1848" (I said in substance), "Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes published the Life and Literary Remains of Keats, a poet with whom I felt more intellectual sympathy than with any modern English poet with the exception, perhaps, of Byron, and I was greatly impressed with a fragment among his posthumous poems which somebody, probably Mr. Milnes, had christened The Castle-Builder. It consists of forty or fifty lines and was written, I judged, from its versification, in careless, slovenly couplets, after he had finished Endymion, and before he began Hyperion, and was rather the suggestion of a poem that he meant to write at a later day than the actual commencement of a poem that he seriously contemplated writing then—a hasty outline of picturesque effects in a chamber at night, let us say a lady's chamber in a romantic, medieval period; a secret alcove, where all manner of costly and splendid things were heaped and scattered in profusion, where the summer moonlight struggling through the embowered casement discovered the personality of its occupant in a tambour-frame, a guitar-ribbon and a glove, and where her lately vanished presence still seemed to linger, adding its sweetness to the fragrance of the flowers without, which the enamored air was perpetually smuggling into this enchanted chamber.

"Admiring the prodigality of color which Keats had lavished on this fragment of castle building, and deploring the unlucky chance which arrested his hand before he could finish it, I determined some day to build a castle of my own on the same scale of magnificence. Some day! Days passed, months passed, I watched, I waited, and the happy day did not come until a little more than three years ago, and it was a May day. What May days were in the old Puritan time you have told us in The May Pole at Merry Mound. What they have dwindled to in our time I once had a transient glimpse of in a little basket of flowers hung stealthily over night on the knocker of an old house at Hingham where I lived when a boy. We still observe May day, however, in New York. Indeed, we have to, we poor people, for we lease our houses, our tenements, our apartments only for the twelve months between one May and another, and when the second comes, willy-nilly, we have to move. You should see us then, the streets thronged with trucks, carts, wagons, vehicles of all sorts loaded with our household stuff, chairs and tables, bedsteads and bureaus, pots, kettles, pans landed together anyhow, some of us mounted on top of the furniture to keep it in place, others with fragile, breakable things in baskets and boxes straggling along behind the mourners at a funeral. Outcoming and ingoing tenants jostled in the dingy hallways and mingled with one another in the disordered room beyond.

"Escaping from such a hurly-burly, my people were beginning to settle for the twelvemonth in an old house into which we had managed to gain admittance a day or two before. It was the first of May and a Sunday, dismal outdoor and uncomfortable within. The sky was dark with clouds, and rain now began to splash against the dusty panes; gusts of wind shook the rattling casements and banged and battered the dilapidated shutters. Either because we had forgotten it, or perhaps from a shortage in the finances, there was a scarcity of fuel in this wintry house. Wrapping a blanket around my shoulders, I retreated to the room where my few books were, and a table with pens, ink and paper, and seating myself sullenly, shivering with cold, I determined to divert or benumb my mind by reading or writing. I picked up the volume of Keats' Remains, which happened to be on the table, and turning once more to the fragment of The Castle-Builder I looked over it until I saw a way of completing it with a castle of my own. I would not begin with its interior, as Keats had done in his brilliant picture of the sumptuous moon-lighted chamber, but reversing his impression method with its exterior, its architectural appearance and natural surroundings, and so work my way within doors, a process of gradual description which afforded an opportunity for the exhibition of my uninjured architectural taste and my confessed ignorance of the fine art of landscape gardening and other and ampler opportunities in other misadventurous directions, which I embraced and abused. I wrote and wrote until the pen dropped from my tired fingers, and not altogether in vain, for whatever might be the result, this mutual exercise of mind and body had quickened my languid circulation and imparted something like warmth to my fireless room.

"What did I think of it when it was finished? Certainly not so well as I would have some two or three years earlier, and not so well as I might have done now if I had possessed a sanguine temperament and more confidence in myself. I saw its faults when I saw it in print, one of the worst of them, I hope, its too great length, to begin with, its superabundance of description, its unceasing fluency, its long, billowy succession of words, words, words, words, its excess of pictorial effects, the sense of over-muchness everywhere, the extravagance, the immaturity! No. The Castle in the Air and its builder were shadows, fleeting shadows. The Wayside and its Master are solid realities this happy summer afternoon!" Here I heard the word, "Stoddard!" shouted without and from somewhere below, "Stoddard! Stoddard!" It was not one of those airy sounds that syllable men's names, of which Milton sung, but the insistent voice of Mr. Fields, who, model of punctuality that he was, had come to tell me it was time for us to take the train back to Boston. I started up hastily, Hawthorne helping me down as he had helped me up, and I was soon at the porch of the house, where the rest of our party were waiting. Paying our parting respects to Mrs. Hawthorne, we took our way to the station, reached it with time to spare, seated ourselves on the shady side of the train and, chatting as we rode, returned to Boston, where we parted company, my new-made military friend to return to his Presidential principal in New Hampshire, my older literary friends to return to their respective Lares and Penates, and myself to the humble lodgings of a boyish acquaintance who was hospitable enough to house me occasionally, during my very short pilgrimages to the old corner book store.

A month or so after my return to New York I had occasion to write to Hawthorne on a matter of literary business, in which I hoped he might be somewhat interested, since it concerned him as well as myself. It was to write about him in a new periodical, The National Magazine, which, following the demise of The International Magazine, of which Doctor Griswold had been the unsuccessful editor, had possessed itself of some of its assets, the most important of which consisted of several portraits of popular writers drawn on the block, big burly John G. Saxe being one, little insignificant Buchanan Read another, and Hawthorne a third. Would I care to write anything for our pages relating to these blockheads? inquired the gravely clerical editor of this national-international projection of fertility into our sterile literature.

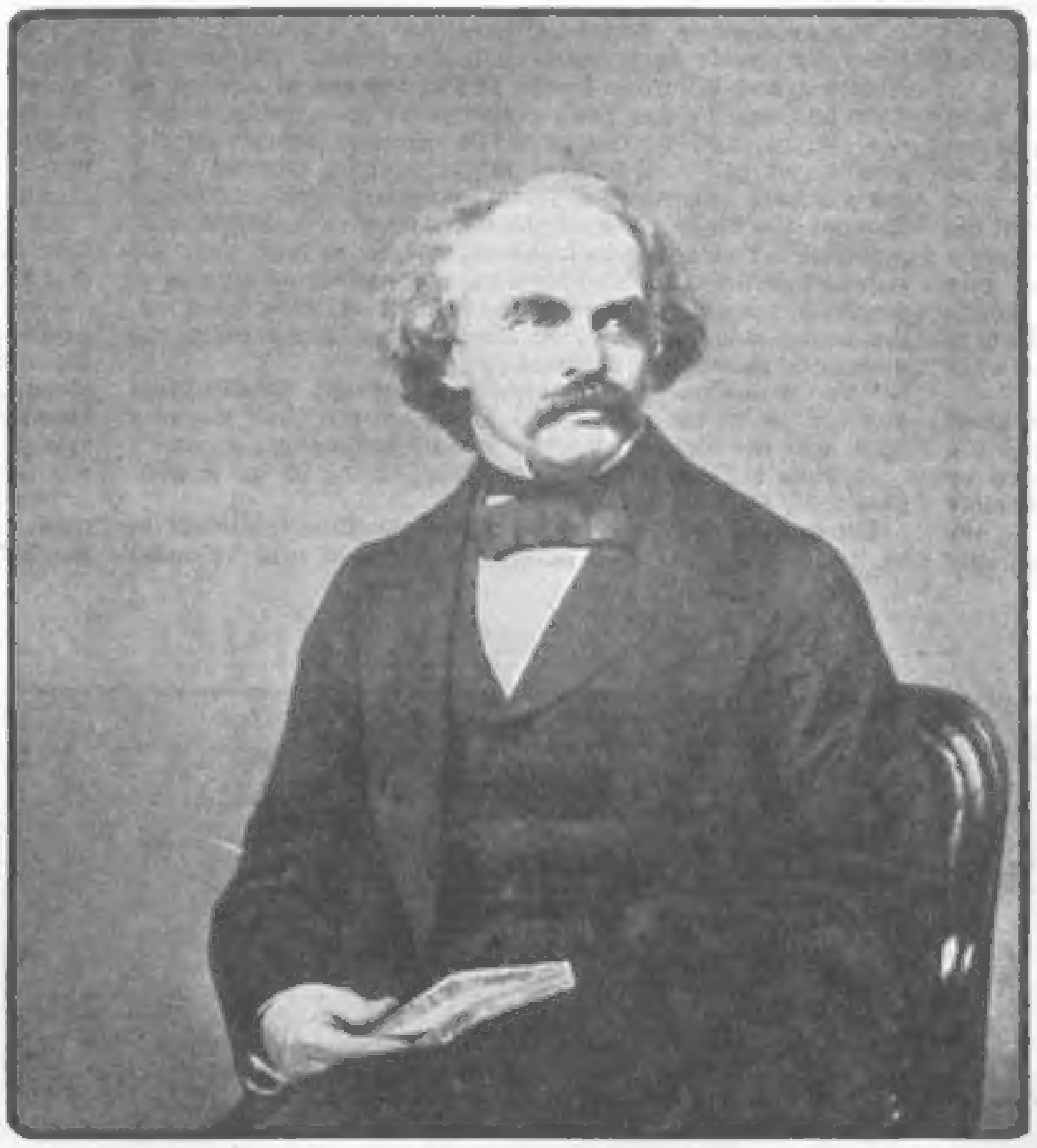
I said I would, and out of the number which he showed me I selected the three I have mentioned, and wrote to Hawthorne asking him, if he were not averse to coming into my unskillful hands, whether he would not kindly write something about himself which, or the semblance of which, I might incorporate in my proposed sketch of his life and writings. In a few days I received a long letter in reply, containing more than I had a right to expect, an unhesitating, frankly communicative piece of personal biography, written in his own simple, matchless, perfect style.

An extract from this letter, which appeared in due time in The National Magazine, must, I think, have interested its literary readers, as showing a more intimate knowledge of the ancestry, early years and personality of Hawthorne than anything that had yet found its way into print.

> "I was born in the town of Salem, Massachusetts," he writes, "in a house built by my grandfather, who was a maritime personage. The old homestead estate was in another part of the town, and had descended in the family ever since the settlement of the country; but this old man of the sea exchanged it for a lot of land situated near the wharves and convenient to his business, where he built a house (which is still standing) and laid out a garden, where I idled on a grass plot under an apple tree, and picked abundant currants. This grandfather (about whom there is a ballad in Griswold's Curiosities of American Literature) died long before I was born. One of the peculiarities of my boyhood was a grievous disinclination to go to school, and (Providence favoring me in this natural repugnance) I never did go half as much as other boys, partly owing to delicate health (which I made the most of, for this purpose), and partly because much of the time there were no schools within reach. When I was eight or nine years old, my mother with her three children took up her residence on the banks of the Sebago Lake, in Maine, where the family owned a large tract of land; and here I ran quite wild, and would, I doubt not, have willingly run wild till this time, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling-piece; but reading a good deal, too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakespeare and the Pilgrim's Progress, and any poetry or light books within my reach. Those were delightful days: for that part of the country was wild then, with only scattered clearings and nine-tenths of it primeval woods. But by and by my good mother began to think it was necessary for her boy to do something else, so I was sent back to Salem, where a private instructor fitted me for college. I was educated (as the phrase is) at Bowdoin College. I was an idle student, negligent of college rules and the Procrustean details of academic life, rather choosing to nurse my own fancies than to dig into Greek roots and be numbered among the learned Thebans. It was my fortune, or misfortune, just as you please, to have some slender means of supporting myself; and on leaving college in 1825, instead of immediately studying a profession, I sat down to consider what pursuit in life I was best fit for. My mother had now returned and taken up her abode in her deceased father's house, a tall, ugly, old, grayish building (it is now the residence of half a dozen Irish families), in which I had a room. And year after year I kept on considering what I was fit for, and time and my destiny decided that I was to be the writer that I am. I had always a natural tendency (it appears to have been on the paternal side) toward seclusion; and this I now indulged to the utmost, so that for months together I scarcely had human intercourse outside of my own family; never going out except at twilight, or only to take the nearest way to the most convenient solitude, which was oftenest the seashore—the rocks and beaches in the vicinity being as fine as any in New England. Once a year, or thereabouts, I used to make an excursion of a few weeks, in which I enjoyed as much of life as other people do in the whole year round. Having spent so much of my boyhood and youth away from my native place, I had very few acquaintances in Salem, and during the nine or ten years that I spent there in this solitary way, I doubt whether so much as twenty people in the town were conscious of my existence. Meanwhile, strange as it may seem, I had lived a very tolerable life, always seemed cheerful and enjoyed the very best bodily health. I had read endlessly all sorts of good and good-for-nothing books, and in the dearth of other employment had early begun to scribble sketches and stories, most of which I burned. Some, however, got into the magazines and annuals, but being anonymous or under different signatures, they did not soon have the effect of concentrating any attention upon the author. Still, they did bring me into contact with certain individuals. Mr. S. G. Goodrich (a gentleman of many excellent qualities, although a publisher), took a very kindly interest in me and employed my pen for The Token, an annual. Old copies of The Token may still be found in antique boudoirs and on the dusty shelves of street book-stalls. It was the first and probably the best—it could not possibly be the worst—annual ever issued in this country. It was a sort of hothouse, where native flowers were made to bloom like exotics. From the press of Munroe & Company, Boston, in the year 1837, appeared Twice-Told Tales. Though not widely successful in their day and generation, they had the effect of making me known in my own immediate vicinity, insomuch that, however reluctant, I was compelled to come out of my owl's nest and lionize in a small way. Then I was gradually drawn somewhat into the world and became pretty much like other people. My long seclusion had not made me melancholy or misanthropic, nor wholly unfitted for the bustle of life! and perhaps it was the kind of discipline which my idiosyncrasy demanded, and chance and my own instincts, operating together, had caused me to do what was fittest."

I visited Hawthorne a second time, probably after the appearance of my paper about him in The National Magazine, and upon a personal matter which proved of considerable importance to me then and for several years to come. It was the getting of a position under the Government which had passed into the hands of his friend, General Pierce. Who first suggested the bettering of my private circumstances by public employment I have forgotten; the idea was too brilliant, I think, to have originated with myself, for never exacting in my demands, nor sanguine in my expectations, but on the contrary, inclined to accept whatever came in my way, I was content to cultivate literature on a little oatmeal. "Contented wi' little," like poor dear Bobbie Burns, I never hoped to be "cantie wi' mair." Some common friend, possibly Mr. Fields, must have intimated to Hawthorne the desirability of my procuring an office and the certainty of my securing it with his help, for I never would have ventured to ask such a favor. I would not have ventured to make another visit unless I had known beforehand that I would be welcomed, nor then, except on the day and hour that he might appoint.

I made this second visit to Hawthorne in the late winter or early spring of 1853. It was a dull and dreary afternoon; the sky, which had been overcast since morning, threatened snow, and the wind, what there was of it, a stealthy consciousness of cold, penetrated to the marrow of one's bones. That I was expected was evident from Hawthorne's meeting me at the door and taking me at once into his writing-room, which was on the right side of the hallway, directly opposite the dining-room, with windows facing leafless shrubbery and the frozen wagon ruts of the yellow road. We seated ourselves in two old easy chairs, in front of a bright, warm wood-fire, and talked and talked and talked. Not about the personal business which had brought me there, which was so well understood by both that reference to it in words seemed unnecessary, but chiefly about three men of letters in New York whom I knew, and concerning whom he manifested considerable curiosity. They were early friends of his, his comrades and brothers in exile at Brook Farm—Mr. George Ripley, Mr. Charles Anderson Dana and Mr. George William Curtis.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH GIVEN BY HAWTHORNE TO THE AUTHOR

"What are they doing now?" he asked me. "They are working on the Tribune," I answered, "in different capacities. Dana, I believe, conceives and controls the conduct of the paper, directs its policy from day to day, its minor politics, local party issues; Ripley, I know, is its literary editor, author of its heavy reviews, writer of its light book notices—Jeffrey of the hour; and Curtis is its music and art critic in one—Orpheus at the Opera House and Ruskin at the National Academy of Design."

"But what do you think of them," he continued, "personally and intellectually? Do you like them?"

"You have given me a very hard question," I said, "three very hard questions. Can't you give me something easier? Personally I think I like them; I ought to, for they always seem to like me. Intellectually, I am less certain what I think of them, they possess so many advantages which have been denied me, the incalculable advantages of education, to begin with. They are college bred, I take it, conversant with the Greek and Latin classics and able to read French, German and other modern European languages. They know so many things of which I know nothing, I feel abashed in their company, humiliated with a consciousness of my ignorance. Ripley is, I imagine, the most learned—learned, that is, in more directions than Dana and Curtis are—in divinity and philosophy, metaphysics and physics, philology and psychology and all the other ologies that constitute and consummate bookish wisdom. Smiling and suave, polished and agreeable, Ripley charms me with his double personality—now as the round, oily man of God and now as the perfect man of the world. Dana looks the man of business that he is, pleasantly intelligent, prompt and clear in speech, with a frankness that borders on the brusque. His mind being already made up, he spares others the labor of convincing him. He does what he can, well or ill, as well at one time as another, and always ready, never hesitates. Woman may be lost through deliberation, he never will. Curtis is a more complex character. More elegant of person and more formal appearing, there is that in him—a cultured courtesy, a considerate graciousness—which embarrasses me. They tell me it is only his manner; he was born with it, it is his birthmark, his hall'mark, and it may be so. But, all the same, I do not like it, I cannot accustom myself to it, it is so like patronage. He has much talent as a writer, but so far, it appears to me, ill-directed. His Howadji books may be good of their kind, but I cannot think the kind a good one for prose. They are too mellifluent, too over-languaged, too purposely pictorial, and altogether too riotously sensuous. They are written, I opine, as the early verse of Keats was written—from their enamourment of words—rich, rare, ripe words which the young poet rolled like sweet morsels under his tongue. I knew of Curtis before I met him from Dana, who, when he was abroad, showed me a little manuscript volume of his verse. It was like his prose, only more so, flushed with fancied feeling, uncertain and inept of technique, and as crabbed and unmusical as some of the clumsy lyrics in Browning's Bells and Pomegranates. This much for my elders and betters. For myself, sir, you are quite right in not liking my book of childish stories and I thank you for telling me so plainly. The title, as you say, is a pretty one, Adventures in Fairyland; but it was not mine, it was suggested by Mr. Fields, and it is certainly not an appropriate one, since there are no fairies in the book, and consequently no adventures. I don't know how to write prose. It is a jargon, a dialect which I have not learned; my native speech is poetry. But poetry generally spells poverty, and, in my case, if I should persist in it, it would spell positive privation. I must live, however, though you may not see the necessity for it, so in order to live I tried to write prose and failed as I feared I might—how badly I am beginning to know." Here, conscious of the personal egotism of my talk, and noting by the flickering light of the fire that it was growing dark without, I arose, and refusing Hawthorne's hospitable offer to house me till morning, said I must go, bade him good-night and departed, plunging down the dark road against the sharp east wind that whirled the snow in my face, threatening to blind me and throw me down before I could reach the station. I returned to New York, where, after an interval of eight or ten days, I received a delightful letter from Hawthorne, who—begging my pardon for not writing before, having been very busy and not particularly well—proceeded to enlarge on the object I had in mind during my late visit and to advise me as to the best means of obtaining it. I was to roll up and pile up as much of a snowball as I could in the way of political interest, for there never was a fiercer time among office-seekers, and I had better make my point in the custom house at New York, for, from what he could learn, there would be poor chance of clerkships in Washington. He inclosed a letter to me to the Honorable Charles G. Atherton, Senator from New Hampshire, who had a good heart, at least for a politician of a quarter of a century's standing, and if he were certain that he could not help me he would probably tell me so. Perhaps it would be as well for me to apply for some particular place that had a literary fragrance about it—librarian to some department, the office which Lanman held. Then, diverging from generalities to specialties, like a wise and friendly physician who questions an intruding patient with careful carelessness before he prescribes for him, he asked me:

> "Are you fond of brandy? Your strength of head (which you tell me you possess) may stand you in good stead at Washington; for most of these public men are inveterate guzzlers and love a man that can stand up to them in that respect. It would never do to let them see that you could, however. But I must leave you to find your own way among them. If you have never associated with them heretofore you will find them a new class and very unlike poets."

I pondered this light paragraph seriously, wondering whether it was not meant as a caution to me, and wondering also if I stood in need of it. I thought not, though I might be mistaken. The next paragraph brightened me up with a glimpse it gave me of Hawthorne personally:

> "I have finished The Tanglewood Tales and they will make a volume about the size of the Wonder Book, consisting of six old myths—the Minotaur, the Golden Fleece, the story of Proserpine, etc., etc., etc., done up in excellent style, purified from all moral stains, re-created as good as new, or better, and fully equal in their own way to Mother Goose. I never did anything so well as those old baby stories."

Armed with Hawthorne's letter to Senator Atherton, I did not delay to roll up and pile up preliminary political snowballs in New York, but hastened to Washington. I was favored, however, while on the train by an unexpected

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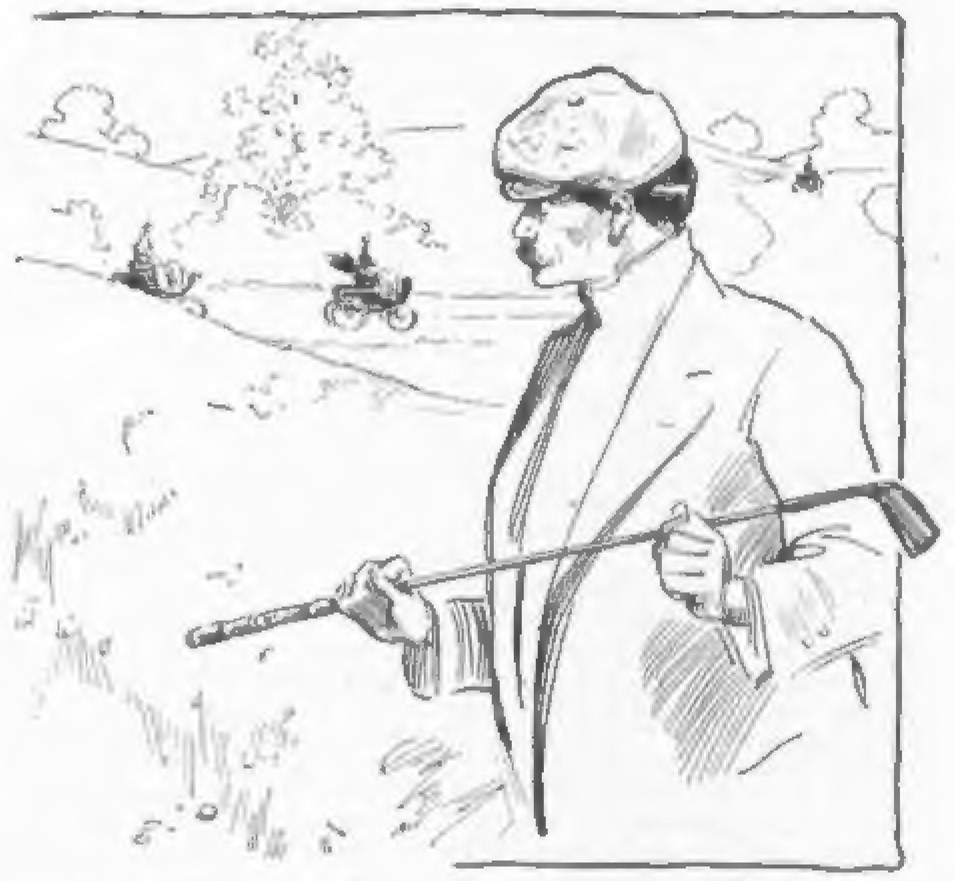
The Love Chase

By Van Tassel Sutphen



FOR twelve years Blondel Hardinge had served as Honorary Secretary of the Marion County Golf Club, and for thrice that period of time he had been the particular pet and pride of his two maiden aunts, the Misses St. John. Add that he was a bachelor and the pen portrait is complete. Up to the psychological moment at which this story begins, there was absolutely nothing more to be said about Mr. Blondel Hardinge.

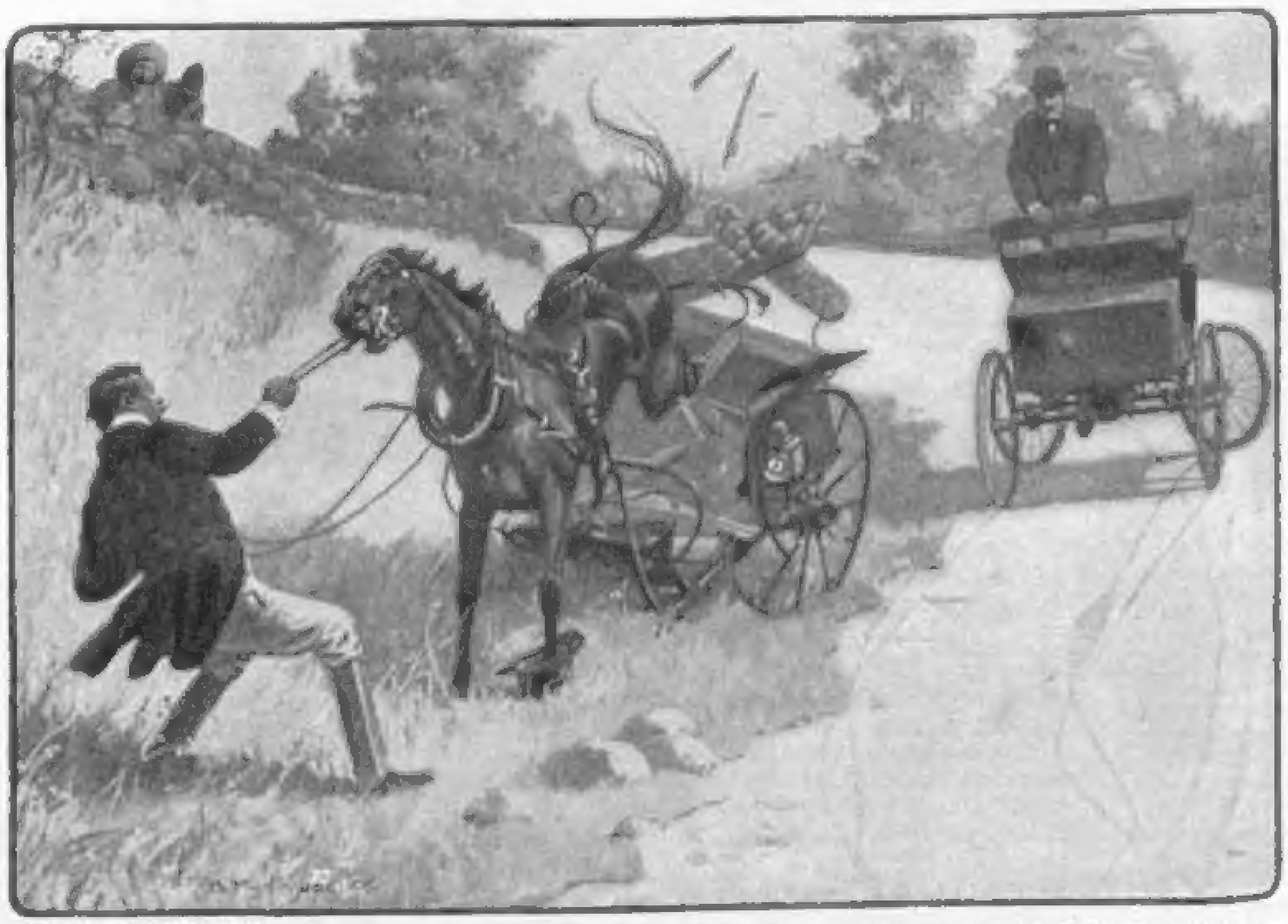
When a man has reached the age of thirty-six years without complicating his existence with matrimony, he may with some justice consider himself immune. But that very sense of security may be in itself a source of danger, and the Misses St. John had never been able to feel quite easy in mind about their favorite nephew. From their simple standpoint, to know him was to love him, and the dear boy seemed so pathetically unconscious of the daily peril in which he stood. At any cost he must be guarded against a mistake which might have serious consequences upon the whole of his future. When the woman came along who might be trusted to make Blondel happy, why, then it would be time enough to make other arrangements.

"You understand, Joanna, that there cannot be two opinions upon a matter of such importance. Blondel must be protected, and, if necessary, even from himself." Miss Honor St. John spoke as one having authority and Miss Joanna hastened to acquiesce.

This was the theory promulgated upon the occasion of Blondel's first tail-coat, and it had never been discarded; these excellent women had never for an instant lost sight of their self-imposed trust.

They had their reward, for their guardianship had been wonderfully efficacious. Here was Blondel Hardinge at the age of thirty-six absolutely heart-whole. There was no smell of fire upon his garments; his lips had never even approached the magic cup of Love's elixir. It is true that the draught had often been described to him as exceedingly pleasant, and perhaps he might have been tempted into taking a sip had it not been for the elder Miss St. John's terrifying description of the serpent lurking at the bottom of the vessel. She had looked over the edge more than once and had seen the monster distinctly.

Blondel was conscious of being short-sighted and he knew that his Aunt Honor possessed excellent eyes. So, being a proper youth, he would not allow himself to be dazzled by the seductive sparkle of the love philter. The homely draught of the soda-water fountain was quite enough in the way of effervescence, and, if he really felt thirsty, he had only to wend his way to the Dovecote, where a brew of Soochong "golden tips" was always at his service, fragrant, non-inebriating, and prepared by the hands of Aunt Honor in person.



DRAWN BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

—IMMEDIATELY PULLED "THE LIMB" INTO THE GUTTER AND WAITED PATIENTLY FOR THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE TO GO BY

Yet once or twice during the critical decade of the twenties the guileless Blondel had strayed uncomfortably close to the danger line. There had been moments in his quiet youth when he had been strangely stirred by the flash of a dark eye, the cadence of a silvery laugh. Several times he had happened in the company of young ladies who had seemed to him to converse remarkably well and whose artless natures were unspeakably attractive to contemplate. But Blondel's Aunt Honor always succeeded in dispelling these illusions before they had time in which to cloud, permanently, his sensitive mind. He learned that soulfulness, as well as beauty, may be only skin deep, and he was soon able to distinguish infallibly between angel plumage and ordinary goose feathers. With Aunt Honor at his elbow, Blondel Hardinge was not likely to make any mistake in his bargaining at the matrimonial counter, but the years had rolled on without even a purchase on approval. It is possible, of course, to be too particular and so to end where one began—with nothing.

Being wise in their (past) generation, Blondel's aunts had realized that something must be found for idle hands to do. It was not necessary that he should actually work for a living, since he possessed a comfortable income in his own right and was heir to the St. John estate, but clearly Blondel ought to have some vocation in life. The Army and Navy were manifestly out of the question, and in the Church there were pitfalls innumerable of the sentimental variety. The confinement of ordinary business would certainly injure his health, and he had no inclination for a professional career. What was to be done?

It was at this critical moment that golf suddenly became a fixture on the national calendar of sports and the question was answered. Blondel Hardinge went in for golf, and for twelve years had filled the honorable post of club secretary.

But Blondel Hardinge was something more than a golfer—he was a sportsman as well. And as a sportsman he had no use for the "ulterior motive," whether it concerned the future welfare of his liver or the present disposition of a fifty-cent piece. To him the game was the thing; and the sentiment was all the more creditable, considering the fact that Blondel Hardinge *had* no game worthy of the name.

Having taken up the sport after the impressionable days of childhood had gone by, he was emphatically a self-made golfer, and a poor job at that. But he looked at life bravely from the platform of forty in the club handicap list, he had no illusions about the length of his drive (even the clean hits), and he never allowed himself to disparage another man's game. As a consequence, Blondel Hardinge was popular with his brother golfers, and no picked-up foursome was complete without his cheerful presence and inimitable foozling. To paraphrase one of the late Mr. Ruskin's genial characterizations, Blondel Hardinge by his golfing life and actions had earned the respect always accorded to honest, helpless, hopeless imbecility.

As a bachelor and golfer he had lived for thirty-six years a pure and blameless life; so far as human foresight could determine, he would probably round out his threescore and ten under the same equable conditions. He played his daily match at golf without even a glance in the direction of that unattainable prize list, and the Misses St. John kept his linen and his affections in unimpeachable repair. A simple, wholesome, normal existence, but already Destiny was knocking at the gate.

The automobile, that very latest toy of Fashion's jaded fancy, had made its appearance in Lauriston. Challis and Alderson and Robinson Brown and Rivers and all the rest of them had, one by one, been drawn away to worship at this new shrine, and in the erstwhile crowded temple of the goddess of golf the faithful might now be counted upon one's fingers. It was disgraceful!—this wholesale defection. Blondel Hardinge resented the schism with a feeling almost personal. Twice now he had been obliged to hold over the regular monthly handicap for want of a qualifying number of entries in the several classes; if this sort of thing went on, the course might as well be closed up and presented to the moles and rabbits in perpetual fee simple.

"To the deuce with the automobile, anyway! Granted that you *can* go to Hackensack at an expense of half a cent a mile, why the dickens should you want to go there at all?"

In Blondel Hardinge's opinion there could be no reasonable reply to this clincher.

But in spite of all opposition the automobile continued to multiply itself in Lauriston. Whereupon did Blondel Hardinge, heroic champion of a dying cause, inaugurate a campaign of extermination. Under the highway laws an automobile could not be excluded from the roads, but its owners could be held legally responsible for all the willful damage that it might cause. So Blondel borrowed of the Misses St. John a ramshackly "one-hoss shay," and hired a wall-eyed equine brute, familiarly known as "the Limb," from a local liveryman. Thus prepared he sallied forth on the Monkton road to meet the enemy.

Within a week he had taken part in eight different smash-ups, and in every case the courts had awarded him substantial damages as against the offending automobile. A remarkable record, and yet Mr. Hardinge's plan of operation was simplicity itself. He made no attempt, directly or otherwise, to bring on a collision; on the contrary, he did his utmost to avoid it. Whenever an automobile hove in sight Blondel immediately pulled "the Limb" into the gutter and waited patiently for the horseless carriage to go by. Strange to say, this apparently harmless procedure always aroused the suspicious temper of the automobile and caused it to wobble in its mind.

"What the deuce," it would say, "does this impertinent fellow insinuate? The road is wide enough for three vehicles to pass; does he doubt my ability to steer clear of his wretched vehicle? Why, dash it all!"——but at this point in the argument the automobile invariably ran plump into the "one-hoss shay," and it was in order for the *chauffeur* and Blondel to exchange cards.

As time went on, however, the amateur stokers began to fight shy of Blondel Hardinge and of his terrible "shay" that fell to pieces at a touch, and yet was always on hand for the next customer by four o'clock of the following afternoon. And so the automobilists got in the habit, whenever they saw Blondel in the distance, of turning down convenient side streets or of pulling into the gutter themselves until the "one-hoss shay" was safely past. The heart of Blondel Hardinge flamed with a vindictive satisfaction. "Now to carry the war into Africa," he said to himself.

The buckboard was constructed on ice-wagon lines, and in point of solidity it would have compared favorably with a South African armored train. It was guaranteed for heavy work, and after two or three trials Blondel was so well satisfied with its powers that he would not have hesitated to tackle a steam roller or road ditcher.

One after another the Lauriston automobiles had met and gone down under its terrible iron tires, the hunter had become the hunted, and in less than a week there was not a horseless carriage in commission throughout the whole of Marion County. The damage suits were now piling up on the other side, but Blondel did not care. He could stand a good deal of legal pounding, and Miss Joanna St. John had offered to back him up to the last penny of her fortune. To Aunt Joanna the automobile was an accursed thing. The steam carriages might be expected to blow up at any moment, the storage-battery affairs were always looking for a chance to run away, to say nothing of the ever-present danger of electrocution, the gasoline machines—well, nothing would ever convince Miss Joanna St. John that the odor of carburetted gasoline could be a healthy thing to breathe into your lungs, and dear Blondel had always had tendencies, etc., etc. And so the merry war went on, and it was Thursday, the fifteenth day of May.

Blondel Hardinge, lifting up his eyes, could not believe them for the moment. An automobile had turned in from the side road and was actually bearing down upon him. What impertinence! Blondel drew his whiplash smartly across "the Limb's" flanks and pulled into position for the encounter that was now inevitable.

"The near back wheel," muttered Blondel Hardinge, and so neatly had the calculation been made that he got it without even a turn of the wrist. There was a shrill cry from the driver of the automobile as the axle snapped. Then the motor car lurched heavily to one side, and the unfortunate *chauffeur* went flying, like a stone from a sling, clean over a hedgerow and into a field that lay beyond. Such accidents were bound to happen now and then, they were part of the fortunes of war, and Hardinge did not pretend to any hypocritical regrets for what he had done. Still he could do no less than proceed to the assistance of his vanquished foe; he must at least leave a card upon him.

The automobilist lay quite still where he had fallen and for a moment Blondel's heart beat tremulously. But a hasty examination showed that it was only a faint; the *chauffeur's* winter costume of heavy furs had saved him from broken bones or serious injury, and a cupful of water would soon bring him around. A little brook gurgled within a few paces. Blondel saturated a pocket handkerchief and clumsily belaved the pallid forehead. The teeth were clenched and he tried to force them open that he might get down a few drops of brandy. With an impatient hand he unfastened the clasp of the high sable collar and a tendril of golden hair twined itself about his finger. . . .

It was too late to think of flight, for the soft hazel eyes were looking straight at him.

"Where am I?"

"With friends," answered Blondel vaguely. He was conscious of a genuine desire to set himself right in this young person's esteem, and, after all, he did not know who owned the field in which they were.

Mademoiselle Incognita sat up very straight and contemplated Blondel with judicial eyes.

"I've seen you somewhere"—she spoke hesitatingly. And then with positive conviction. "You are the—the imbecile who ran into me just now. How could you have been so stupid?"

Blondel winced. She seemed willing to accord him the amnesty of contempt, but this he could not accept. Better the mark of Cain than the stigma of the incapable.

"Pardon me, but I did it on purpose, don't you know. If you'll let me explain——"

"Pray do."

He told her the story of this modern crusade, omitting nothing and varnishing nothing, and she listened with a flattering interest.

"A latter-day Don Quixote," she commented with cruel distinctness. "Really, Mr. Hardinge, egotism in you has reached its perfect and consummate flower; thank you so much for permitting me to inhale its exquisite perfume. And now, if you please, we will discuss the question of reparation. What do you propose?"

Hardinge reddened. "Of course I will have the material damages made good, and you must know that every apology that language can convey——"

"To me personally, yes; but how about the great and glorious cause that you have so persistently vilified and attacked?"

Blondel Hardinge mumbled some unintelligible words.

"I thought so," she continued pitilessly, "and I shall therefore reserve the forgiveness for which you plead. It shall be yours only on the day that you bring me the Monkton Cup."

The Monkton Cup! It was nothing less than the open road-race trophy of the Marion County Automobile Club, and it had just been put up as an annual fixture by the genial president of the organization, Mr. J. Robinson Brown. The first contest was to be held on Saturday, July 3, and *chauffeurs* from all over the country would be present to compete for what was already regarded as the blue ribbon of automotor achievement. This, then, was the price that my Lady Disdain set upon the forgiveness to be accorded Blondel Hardinge. His face paled as he listened, but he did not attempt to protest. In silence they passed through a convenient stile and proceeded to the scene of the wreck.

"If you will accept a seat in my buckboard," said Hardinge stiffly, "I can have the automobile sent for later and taken to the machine shop."

"Not on any account," returned his implacable antagonist. "Our house is only five minutes' walk, and nothing would induce me to ride behind such a dangerous animal as a horse. Good-day, Mr. Blondel Hardinge, and Heaven send you the understanding with which to interpret the handwriting upon the wall of progress. Perhaps a term at night-school—but take your own way about it. And so again, good-by."

Blondel Hardinge watched the lissom figure out of sight, and then drove homeward in a mood so abstracted that he never noticed a gas-motor tricycle that was performing its impertinent evolutions under his very nose. And yet the olfactory organ is generally sensitive to the odors arising from the imperfect combustion of gasoline vapor.

"I don't believe that Blondel has been near the golf club this week," said Miss Honor St. John to Miss Joanna a few evenings later as they were about to sit down to their solitary tea. Blondel, as usual now, was dining out.

Miss Joanna started guiltily. She was thinking of a discovery that she had made that afternoon while engaged in putting away Blondel's shirts. In the upper bureau drawer lay a newly purchased scarf, its color—an automobile red.

"Honor must never even suspect it," thought Aunt Joanna miserably.

"Those new people, the Edmunds," said Aunt Honor to herself. "There's a girl in the family, a minx named Clarice—Blondel took her out to dinner at the Alderson's. Joanna must not know; it would break her heart."

The two old ladies looked at each other stealthily. "It's golf elbow, dear," said Aunt Honor with a little gulp. The Recording Angel wiped away a tear.

Blondel Hardinge and Clarice Edmunds had met not once but several times since that fatal Thursday, but their relations continued to be coldly formal. Miss Edmunds was a young woman of character, and she quickly gave Hardinge to understand that she had meant every word she said. He tried to persuade himself that he did not care, but failed miserably, and the revelation of his weakness was as though the solid ground had been cut away from beneath his feet.

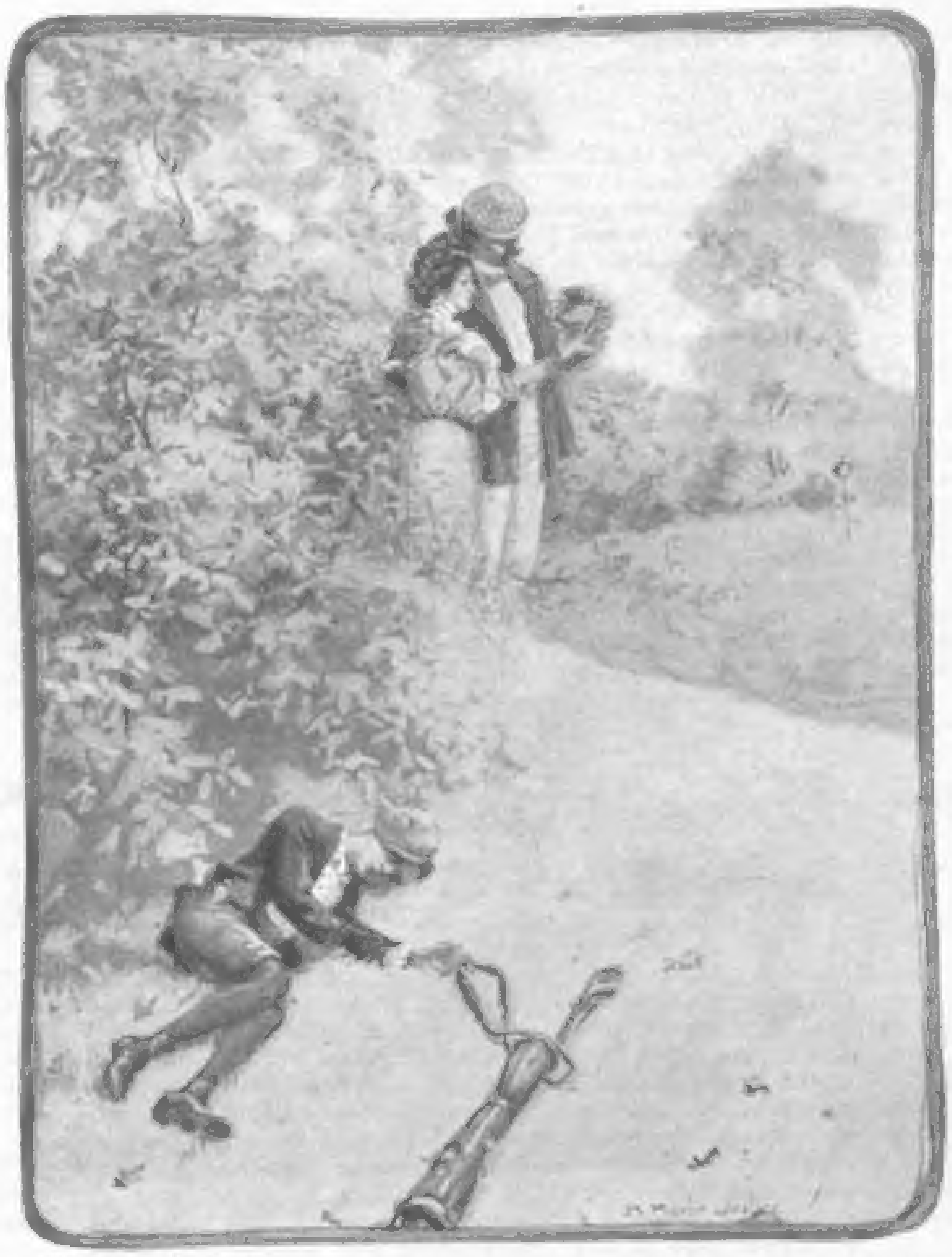
At the end of the fortnight he informed the Misses St. John that he should stay in town for the month of June. Business was the specious plea, and, though the excuse deceived no one, it answered its purpose in staving off discussion.

"Anything to keep him out of Lauriston while this ridiculous automobile fever is raging," said Aunt Joanna to herself. "I am confident of the strength of dear Blondel's principles, but it is better to avoid temptation altogether."

"He won't see that minx for a month," was Aunt Honor's mental comment, "and time is everything just now."

So, receiving their blessing and a six months' supply of shirts, Blondel kissed his aunts good-by and took the train for town.

Arrived at the metropolis he registered at an obscure hotel under an assumed name, and forthwith avoided sedulously the principal thoroughfares and the club and theatre centres. Blondel Hardinge had come to the city for a purpose, and the very next day he arranged with a celebrated French professional for a course of private lessons in the noble art of stoking a gas engine. At the end of the first lesson he was constrained to admit that there was something more in this "*teuf-teuf*" business than he had supposed; he even found himself comparing it with golf, and to the latter's disadvantage. There is a problem here, but its solution is not a difficult task for even the amateur in psychologic research. For example:



DRAWN BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

"OH, A LOVING CUP!" HE SAID EAGERLY

It had been the artless and yet baffling simplicity of the game of golf that had originally fascinated Blondel Hardinge and had kept him enthralled through so many years. There *must* be a secret somewhere; he *would* find it. And so he might have worked on to the very end of the chapter, for, as all the scratch players know, there isn't any secret in golf except just to hit the ball clean and hard. But it *seemed* mysterious to Blondel Hardinge and it gave him an aim in life, something to work at, a riddle to solve, a secret to discover.

And yet what child's play it had been! all this inutile wrangling about stance and grip and follow-on, when compared to the ordinary, every-day exigencies of running a petroleum motor-carriage. A golf ball might have moods and tenses, the gas engine had its "accidents" as well, and sometimes the *chauffeur* got mixed up with the latter and an ambulance call would be found necessary. It was the element of personal risk that made the pursuit of knowledge in the automobile field so fascinating, and Blondel Hardinge was quick to feel the insidious seduction. At the end of the week he would not have stepped down from the box-seat of his newly purchased gasoline mail-cart to fill the shoes of any golf champion on earth. Reduced to philosophic terms, Blondel Hardinge's mental attitude was a remarkable illustration of the expulsive power of a new affection. *Le roi est mort; vive le roi!*

It was the third of July and the appointed day for the first annual road race in competition for the Monkton Cup. Public interest in the event had been growing steadily, and the race had already been acclaimed as the great sporting fixture of the year. At all events, it was indisputably a novelty, and as such it commanded universal attention. Over one hundred entries had been received; all the important newspapers were represented by their ablest space writers; enormous crowds blocked the starting and terminal points and stood three deep along the entire line of the course; all was color, noise and animation, a gala day indeed!

The course, as laid out by the committee of the Automobile Club, ran from Addison, in a neighboring State, to a point directly opposite the entrance gate of the Marion County Golf Club, in Lauriston, and was exactly one hundred miles in length. The road was macadamized for the most part, but there were several stretches of unimproved highway and some rough hill work. It should be an admirable test of all-round endurance and some of the contestants considered it too severe; but any excuse will serve a competitor who realizes that his chances are small, and the malcontents would probably have scratched in any event. Still the percentage of withdrawals was unusually large, for out of the hundred entries only twenty-two vehicles put in an appearance at the starting post in Addison. Among them was the Butterfly, a charming white and gold gas-phaeton, driven by Miss Clarice Edmunds, and the Avalanche, a business-looking petroleum nondescript with Mr. Blondel Hardinge at the levers.

It had been a keen shock to Blondel when he realized that Clarice herself was among the competitors. According to the conditions of the contest each vehicle must carry one passenger and he had cherished the insane hope that Miss Edmunds might occupy the right-hand box-seat of the Avalanche. But here she was driving her own trap and her companion was that odious Major Topham, a beast who sported impossibly luxuriant Dundreary whiskers and who was suspected of corsets. Blondel's heart was heavy and sore. Surely the chances of his success had been small enough without her taking a hand against him.

"But anything, I suppose, to keep me from a win," thought Blondel Hardinge. "How she must loathe me, and I—I who was fool enough to think——"

Bang! went the gong and the contestants prepared to get into position. The conditions governing the race were few and simple. The carriages would be started separately at two-minute intervals, which should permit them to get well away. Each contestant was provided with an ordinary coach whip, and if he could get near enough to touch with this whip any part of the vehicle ahead, that touch was to be considered equivalent to the "bump" of an English rowing race. The "touched" vehicle was thereupon to give way instantly and allow a free passage to its conqueror. The first carriage to arrive at the golf club in Lauriston would win the cup, proper allowances being made, of course, for the handicaps in the starting time.

The first carriage was sent away at exactly ten o'clock, and with any kind of luck the contestants should all be on hand at Lauriston for tea at five o'clock.

Morgan Gordon had hoped for great things from his new electric seven tonner. But his tires went flat at the last moment and he was glad to accept Hardinge's invitation to the box-seat of the Avalanche. By this time half a dozen of the contestants had been sent away, and Miss Edmunds was No. 8, Hardinge being almost at the tail end with No. 19.

As the Butterfly puffed up to the starting line she glanced over at him. It was six weeks since they had met and she seemed surprised to see him here. It was only then that Blondel realized that he might have been a trifle hasty in his previous judgment. Now that he thought of it, he had left Lauriston without giving her any hint of his intentions. No wonder that his appearance as an actual competitor for the Monkton Cup was somewhat disconcerting even to so well-poised a young woman as Miss Clarice Edmunds. She blushed unmistakably as she bowed to him, and the heart of Blondel Hardinge bounded in his breast with the exuberant elasticity of a toy balloon.

"No. 8!" bawled the starter and the Butterfly dashed over the line, with Major Topham in the act of kissing his hand to the admiring multitude. "Beast!" muttered Blondel Hardinge, his fingers closing involuntarily about the grip-stock of his coach whip.

Twenty minutes later the Avalanche was started, and for the first few miles Blondel kept a restraining hand on the speed lever. One hundred miles is a long course, and machinery, like a horse, should be warmed up gradually to its best work. He even permitted the Ghost, a vulgar steam runabout, to "touch" and pass him, but five miles farther on the Avalanche stopped for a moment to pick up the senseless form of Bob Challis, erstwhile stoker of the runabout. The Ghost itself had vanished into thin air; the disappearance, indeed, was so complete that the Society for Psychical Research heard of the case and sent up a commission to investigate it. (See the journal of the society for 1900, page 21 *et seq.*)

By noon the Avalanche had got into her stride and was fairly eating up the miles. Strange to say, Blondel had not been obliged to "touch" a single competitor although he had now gained eight or ten numbers upon his original position. Rivers, in his acetylene dog-cart, had been put out by the Addison fire department immediately after the start. Traphagen, using compressed air and unparliamentary language, had barely managed to cross the State line, and six electrics had perished in a bunch at the first piece of sandy going. By four o'clock in the afternoon the goal was but ourteen miles away, and, judging from the *disjecta membra* of valuable machinery that the Avalanche had been passing or the last two hours, it did not seem possible that even one practicable automobile besides their own could be still in he race.

"Go it, Avalanche!" shrieked J. Robinson Brown imprisoned under the wreck of his hopes, a *beau chauffeur* who was being slowly poisoned by his own carbureter.

"Anybody ahead?" asked Morgan Gordon as the Avalanche swept by.

"Only the Butterfly."

"And behind?" But already the Avalanche had gained he crest of the divide and they had only to look back for the question to answer itself. Hardly a mile away and coming strong was a long, low machine of the four-cylinder, balanced-motor type. An umbrella-like cloud of dust hovered above the monster and marked its progress.

"Talfourd Jones!"

"The Jolly Roger!"

The exclamations broke simultaneously from the lips of Morgan Gordon and of Blondel Hardinge. "Tchick!" and he speed lever of the Avalanche rattled into the last notch.

Twelve miles farther on and the Butterfly was not more than a hundred yards ahead. Evidently the continuous strain had been too much for Miss Edmunds, for she had changed places with Major Topham and the latter was in charge of the levers. Now the Avalanche was within striking distance and Blondel cracked his whiplash smartly against he tail-board of the Butterfly. According to the rules governing the contest, Major Topham should instantly have pulled over to the right and permitted Blondel to pass. But instead of doing that Topham actually drove the Butterfly diagonally to the left, thereby closing the road completely. Believing it to be a misunderstanding Blondel again gave the required signal and again he was coolly and unmistakably blocked off. For an instant Blondel felt a wild desire to wind his whiplash about the villain's shoulders, but soberer reflection prevailed and he slowed up to consider what he ought to do.

Could it be possible that Clarice — Miss Edmunds — did not desire a reconciliation, or, what was even more incredible, did she value a bauble like the Monkton Cup above his friendship? She had apparently made no effort to interfere with Topham's unwarrantable proceedings; her face, as he had seen it, had been like marble, the lips tightly pressed together. What ought he to do?

The Butterfly had been lost to sight around a curve, and as the Avalanche rounded it in turn Morgan Gordon raised an exultant whoop. The Butterfly, apparently disabled, stood motionless in the middle of the road.

It was the simplest and yet the most irremediable of disasters — the gasoline tank had been permitted to run dry and the parable of the Foolish Virgins had received its truly modern application.

Without a word Blondel caused the Avalanche to come into gentle contact with the rail-board of the Butterfly and the two automobiles moved forward again. Not the faintest suspicion of his surpassing magnanimity entered Blondel Hardinge's mind; it was enough that Miss Edmunds wanted the Monkton Cup — well, Major Topham had only to keep the Butterfly straight and she should have it. And the goal was now but a short mile away.

There was the rumble of flying wheels, the clank of machinery working at its highest speed. Blondel glanced over his shoulder. Talfourd Jones and the Jolly Roger were a scant two hundred yards in the rear and coming like the wind. The Avalanche was working at its utmost power, but it was carrying a double load and the struggle was a hopeless one. It would be Jones then — maddening thought! — who would carry off the coveted prize.

The mind of Blondel awoke to a supernatural alertness. The two leading vehicles were already on the crest of the gentle quarter of a mile slope leading down to the golf club. A vigorous parting shove and the Butterfly went spinning on alone. It, at least, was sure to arrive at the goal. Blondel turned to Morgan Gordon; an old principle of golf strategy had occurred to him.

"Did you ever play a match with Jones?"

"Why, yes; but ——"

"Supposing that the game was all square at the eighteenth tee and you sliced your drive out of bounds, what then?"

Morgan Gordon grinned. "It would be a hundred to one that Jones' ball would be found within a foot of the first one."

"Exactly. Hold on tight!"

The Avalanche swerved with a sickening lurch into the ditch. Crash! and it brought up squarely against a telegraph pole and turned completely over, its wheels still feebly rotating. Smash! and the Jolly Roger had added itself to the scrap-pile.

Talfourd Jones crawled out of the wreckage. His face was white with passion and he drew his whiplash threateningly through his fingers.

"Imitation," remarked Blondel Hardinge coldly, "is the sincerest form of flattery."

The committee could do nothing less than award the cup to Miss Clarice Edmunds, driver of the gas-phaeton Butterfly. Talfourd Jones entered a protest of foul play, but what was there to be said? The committee would cheerfully disqualify Mr. Hardinge, but how would that help Mr. Jones, it being admitted that neither of the gentlemen had finished the prescribed course? The only one to arrive had been the Butterfly and the committee could not go behind the returns. And that was positively the last word — good-day, Mr. Jones.

Blondel Hardinge had witnessed the presentation of the trophy, but his spirit was ill-attuned to the gayety about him. Hardly knowing what he did, he went to his locker, took his favorite niblick and an old ball and made his way to that famous bunker, "Grimshaw's Grave." With furious, feverish strokes he began again upon the old, hopeless task; after all, this was his *métier* and he should never have left it.

A shadow fell athwart the yellow sand and Clarice Edmunds stood before him. In her hand was the Monkton Cup; she held it out to him.

"No, no!" and Blondel hastily backed away.

"As you will, but" — pleadingly — "don't you see that it has double handles."

Blondel Hardinge had a brilliant inspiration. "Oh, a loving cup!" he said eagerly. Miss Edmunds blushed rosily.

The crunching of wheels on the gravel drive of the "Dovecote" aroused the Misses St. John from their blameless post-prandial somnolence. "Blondel!" exclaimed Aunt Joanna looking out of the window, and then in a still, small voice: "A white and gold gas-phaeton! Oh, Honor!"

"That minx!" ejaculated Miss Honor, drawing herself up stiffly.

And yet time works wonders. To-day the Butterfly and niece Clarice stand second only to Blondel himself in the affections of these estimable women. Miss Joanna has several times been induced to take a little spin in the Butterfly and she has privately decided that the sensation is delightful. As for Miss Honor, has she not formally bequeathed to Clarice her hitherto unpublished collection of household receipts, including the priceless formula of the celebrated St. John blackberry jam? Indeed but she has, and she knows that her treasures are in the right hands.

"Golf, the automobile and now me," said young Mrs. Hardinge one day. "How can I be sure, Blondel dear, that your wandering fancy is fixed at last?"

Blondel colored. "But there never was any real secret about golf, you know, and as for a gas engine, why once you have taken it apart ——"

"I see," said his wife decisively. "As with all other men, it is only the pursuit of the apparently unknowable that attracts you. I shall have to protect myself by always keeping just around the corner."

That was five years ago and Blondel Hardinge is still running — breathlessly. But everybody says that he is the most devoted husband in all Lauriston, and the Blondel Hardinges are certainly a happy couple.

DRAWN BY CARL KLEINSCHMIDT

At the life-saving station

The Humorous Side of Politics

By Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls

CHARLES SUMNER had no more sense of humor than a hippopotamus, but there was something excessively humorous about his colossal self-consciousness, of which it is no paradox to say he was apparently unconscious.

His egotism was inordinately vast, though innocent in its simplicity. It was far from conceit and led to no disparagement of his associates. Indeed, I doubt if he ever instituted comparisons.

Probably Grant, whom he hated and abused, came the nearest to sizing him up when he said: "The reason Sumner doesn't believe in the Bible is because he didn't write it himself!"

He had large intellectual powers, but not so large as he imagined. He had no influence on legislation. He was unable to endure opposition. If he could not have his own will he would do nothing. But this is not intended as an analysis of his work or his character. I started out to say that soon after I entered the Senate we were riding up the Avenue in a street car, and by way of conversation he asked me about my predecessor, Senator Pomeroy, who had met with an accident politically. He spoke of his early fidelity to the cause of freedom and the unusual degree to which he held the confidence of his associates till the impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

"Indeed," he continued with great gravity, "had he died before that time Kansas would have owed him a monument, and *I should myself have pronounced his eulogy!*"

Roscoe Conkling in the Meridian of His Power

The self-consciousness of Roscoe Conkling was quite as egregious as that of Mr. Sumner, but his egotism was tinged with vanity and compounded with scorn, contempt and disdain. He was a past-master in the gentle art of making enemies and well versed in the vocabulary of derision and hatred. Hamlet might have had him in mind when, in his soliloquy, he mentioned, among other things that make life not worth living, "the proud man's contumely." The hinges of his knees were not pregnant and he had none of the thrift that follows fawning. When I first knew him he was in the meridian of his great powers. He possessed an extraordinary assemblage of physical and intellectual attributes that made him by far the most prominent, picturesque and impressive figure in public life.

His presence was noble and commanding; his voice and elocution were superb; his bearing and address somewhat too formal, but marked by dignity and grace. His vocabulary was rich and ornamental, sometimes almost to the borders of the grotesque, but fertilized with apposite quotations and allusions that showed wide reading, especially in poetry, romance and the drama. Some hostile critic described one of his speeches as a "purple earthquake of oratory." But he was always heard with delight on any theme.

Had he possessed greater flexibility of temper, been less inexorable in his animosities, and learned how to forget where he could not forgive, there was no height he might not have reached, even the highest in the people's gift. But he would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder.

In that state of moral typhoid which always follows great wars, an era of profligacy, of sudden wealth at the price of honor, of *crédit mobilier* and Star Route scandals, he was not contaminated. He walked through the furnace with no smell of fire upon his garments.

Toward the end of his career in the Senate he fell out with the newspapers, and sometimes, when he arose to speak, every reporter in the press gallery closing his notebook, the whole crowd would rush noisily out into the lobby, leaving every seat without an occupant.

He flushed at the insult, but speaking of journalism afterward, he was moved to remark in his propitiatory way that the only people in the world authorized to use the first person, plural, "we," in speaking of themselves, were "editors and men with tapeworms!"

His allusion to Governor Cornell as "that lizard on the hill," and to President Arthur, after his refusal to abdicate in favor of Mr. Conkling, as "the prize ox in American politics," and his refusal to speak for Blaine in the campaign of 1884 on the ground that he was "not engaged in criminal practice," are well-known illustrations of his methods of compelling his political associates to be either his vassals or his enemies.

But Jove did not always sit on Olympus. Sometimes he descended to the plain, though never quite on terms of absolute equality with mankind. He was inclined to "jolly" those whom he did not feel disposed to bully.

When Thurman once asked him in a debate on some legal proposition why he kept looking at him all the time, Conkling replied with elaborate raillery that he turned to him as the source and fountain of the common law as, at the call of the Muezzin, the Mussulman turned to Mecca.

The Elephantine Inertia of Judge David Davis

Another favorite butt for his chaff, banter and ridicule was Judge David Davis, a native of Maryland who migrated early to Illinois, where he laid the foundation of an immense fortune by sagacious investments in farming lands. He was an original friend of Lincoln's and a delegate to the convention that nominated him for the Presidency. Riding with him once from Bloomington to Quincy, he gave me a most interesting inside history of the movement for Lincoln, one of the extraordinary facts being that the entire expense of his nomination, including headquarters, telegraphing, music, fare of delegations and other incidentals was less than seven hundred dollars.

He was a Falstaff in proportions and good nature, and the best guesser in American politics. Lincoln appointed him Justice of the Supreme Court in 1862. The greater part of his active life was passed on the Bench, where he was accustomed to have the last word and to delivering opinions rather than defending them — which is not a good preparation for the deliberations of the Senate.

He was an inveterate compromiser and composer of strife, which led Conkling to allude to him in debate as "the largest wholesale and retail dealer in political soothing syrup the world had ever known!"

Later, in the discussion of the same measure, Davis interrupted Conkling by way of correction or anticipation, which Conkling resented by quoting *ore rotundo* two lines from one of Watts' hymns:

> "He knows the words that I would speak
> Ere from my opening lips they break!"

To Davis' elephantine attempt to smooth over his break by some far-fetched eulogy, Conkling replied:

> "Praise undeserved is censure in disguise."

The stenographer did not recognize the quotation, so that one of Alexander Pope's most polished lines stands as an original, extemporaneous phrase of Mr. Conkling's.

The Vanished Magic of Roscoe Conkling's Name

It seems incredible that a personage of such vast and unusual powers, who for twenty years was a most prominent actor in the great drama of public affairs, who filled so large a space in the thought of the people, who was caricatured, lampooned, praised and reviled without stint or measure, should have faded so absolutely from the memory of men. Even to those of his contemporaries who survive he has already become a gorgeous reminiscence.

Patriotic, arrayed always for truth, right and justice, his name is identified with no great measure, and his life seems not so much an actual battle with hostile powers as a splendid scene upon the stage, of which the swords are lath, the armor tinsel, the bastions and ramparts painted screens, the wounds and blood fictitious; on which victories and defeats are feigned, with sheet-iron thunder, and tempests of peas and lycopodium—and the curtain falling to slow music, while the audience applauds and departs.

The Genial Urbanity of Senator Evarts

William Maxwell Evarts came to the Senate in 1885, at the age of sixty-seven. He was a candidate in 1861, and waited twenty-four years for the realization of his ambition. The interval was opulent in noble achievements at the bar, in statesmanship, in oratory, and the highest civic and social activities.

He was Attorney-General of the United States under Andrew Johnson, and his counsel on his impeachment. He represented the Government before the Geneva tribunal of arbitration on the Alabama claims. He was the leading attorney for President Hayes, in behalf of the Republican party, before the Electoral Commission, and Secretary of State from 1877 to 1881.

He was a scholar without pedantry, and a man of the world in the highest sense, without cynicism or frivolity.

There is always a dull suspicion in leaden, opaque and barren minds that wit, brilliancy and imagination, and the corruscations of the intellect are incompatible with great mental power and solidity of judgment.

Mr. Evarts refuted this fallacy, for in addition to his triumphs as a lawyer, in politics, and as a practical man of affairs, he was altogether the most brilliant and versatile talker of his time.

The characteristic of his conversation was a genial and humorous urbanity. He never wounded or stung. He seldom told stories or related anecdotes. His wit was like a spring that makes the meadows green. He appreciated what was best in society, art, literature and life, and had the keenest interest in the virtues and foibles of humanity. His manner was refined and suave. He never posed, nor monopolized, nor strained for effect; and as he never hurt self-love by irony, nor vanity by ridicule and satire, so he never shocked the devout by profanity, nor offended the modest with impudicity.

The Story of Washington and the Silver Dollar

Probably the *mot* of Mr. Evarts most widely flown concerns the apochryphal feat told of George Washington in "jerking" a silver dollar across the Rappahannock.

The story goes that a party of tourists, visiting the haunts of Washington in Virginia, came to the spot, where the anecdote was related by some local antiquary, to illustrate the prodigious strength of the man whom Providence made childless that he might become the Father of His Country.

Aside from the unlikelihood that the thrifty George would throw a silver dollar over the river when a pebble would have done as well, the distance was so great that the skeptics were incredulous, and another legend seemed on the edge of being destroyed when Mr. Evarts came to its rescue with the suggestion that "a dollar went much farther in those days than now!"

The explanation is so simple and so satisfactory that the wonder is it occurred to no one before.

Among the guests at a dinner to Daniel Webster in New York was Dr. Benjamin Brandreth, the inventor of a celebrated pill known by his name. Mr. Evarts united these two great men in a volunteer toast to "Daniel Webster and Benjamin Brandreth: the pillars of the Constitution!"

Objections had been filed with the Judiciary Committee to the confirmation of a nomination on account of the dissolute habits of the appointee.

When the case came up for consideration the chairman called for the affidavits. The clerk produced a number from the files. Consulting his docket, Mr. Edmunds thought there were more, and others were found. A search disclosed another batch that had been overlooked or mislaid.

"The papers in this case," said Mr. Evarts, "appear to be more dissipated, if possible, than the candidate!"

Senator Evarts' Reply to His Critics

Mr. Evarts was a *bon vivant*, an inveterate diner-out, and giver of most elaborate and artistic dinners himself. To a lady who expressed surprise that one of such slender frame and fragile physique could endure so many feasts with their varying viands and different wines, he replied that it was not so much the different wines that gave him trouble as the indifferent ones.

President Hayes was a total abstainer—at home. Scoffers said he only drank the "O. P. brands." His State dinners, otherwise very elegant and costly, were served without wines. The only concession to conviviality was the Roman punch, flavored with Jamaica rum. Evarts was accustomed to allude to this course as "the life-saving station!"

Rising to address informally the guests at a Thanksgiving dinner, he began: "You have been giving your attention to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to consider a sage stuffed with turkey."

When he was Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Hayes the struggle for places in the diplomatic service was very active. As he was leaving the elevator at the close of a very busy day, he said the conductor since noon had "taken up a very large collection for foreign missions"; and when asked what had been done, he replied, "Many called, but few chosen."

As an orator Mr. Evarts was not limpid. But he confounded the critics who condemned his long sentences by saying that, so far as his observation went, the people who objected to long sentences belonged to the criminal classes.

General Grant was popularly supposed to be habitually grave, reserved and taciturn, but on occasion was very vivacious in conversation, with a keen sense of dry, quiet humor.

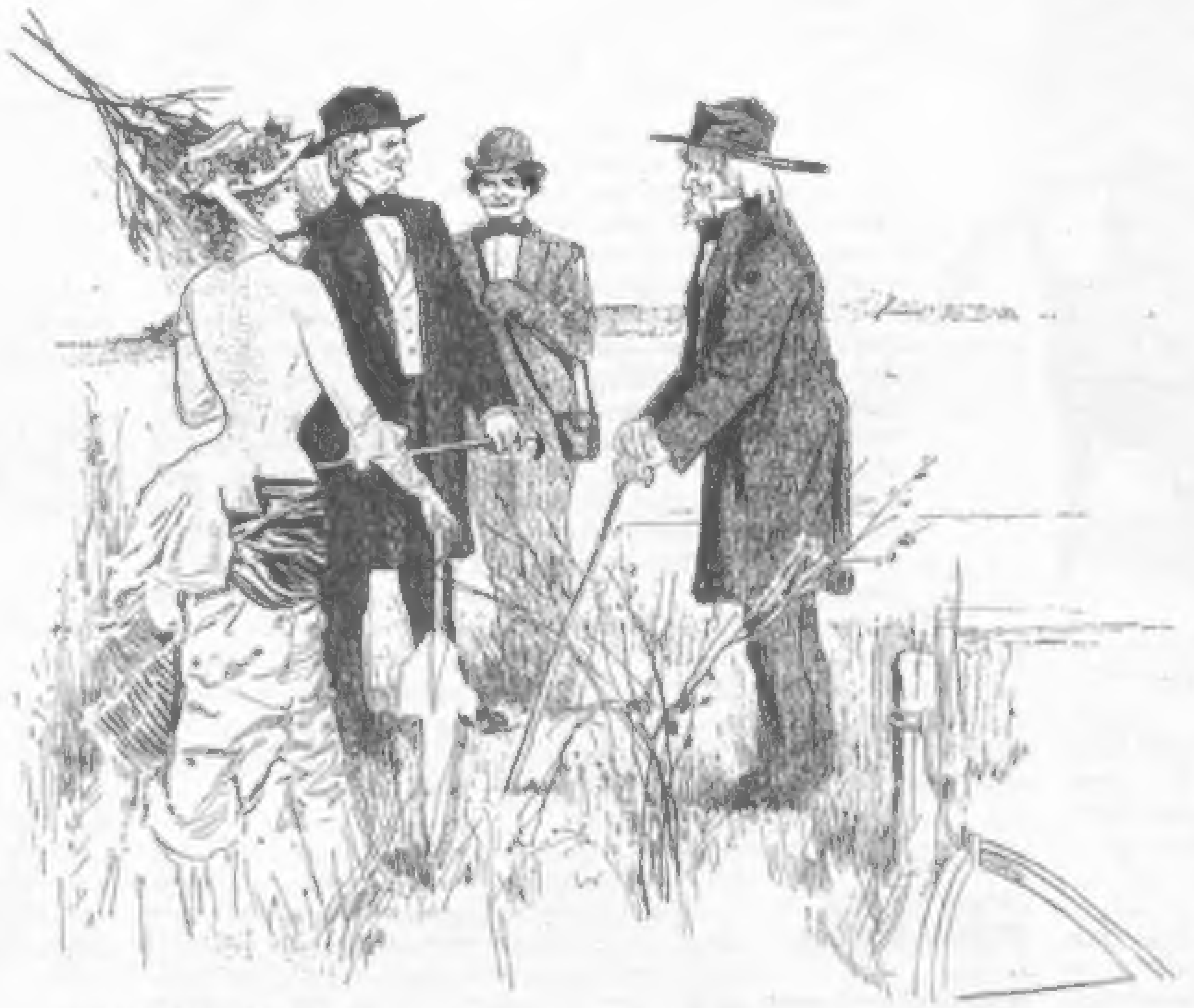
One evening, after a stag dinner at the White House, the company assembled in the library to smoke. Talk fell upon the happiest period of life—childhood, youth, manhood, age.

Grant listened, but said nothing till asked for his opinion.

"Well," he replied after a pause, "I believe I would like to be born again," which indicated that he had found existence enjoyable all the way through.

Mr. Edmunds' Quotation of St. Paul

One of Grant's Secretaries of the Navy was George M. Robeson, of New Jersey, for whom Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, a great jurist and advocate, conceived a violent dislike. His mildest definition of Robeson was that he was "a great lawyer among sailors, and a great sailor among lawyers."



DRAWN BY CARL KLEINSCHMIDT

"A dollar went much farther in those days than now!"

Some one took Thurman to task for having referred rather contemptuously to the beneficiaries of a certain measure as "things."

"Things," replied Thurman testily, "why we are all things——" "'To all men,'" interrupted Mr. Edmunds before he could finish his sentence, and the discussion ended.

Holman, of Indiana, for many years waged vigilant and unrelenting war on amendments to appropriation bills, which gave him the name of the "Watchdog of the Treasury." He was very strong in his district and had an unusually long service, which gave him great power and influence in the House, by his knowledge of the rules and practice.

Toward the end of his term an amendment was offered in which a near relative was much interested. The familiar "I object" was not heard and the amendment went through with his support; whereupon a member sitting near exclaimed:

"''Tis sweet to hear the honest watchdog's bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home!'"

Nothing brighter and more apt has been said in either House of Congress since the inauguration of Washington.

* * *

The Reporters of the House

BY APPOINTMENT of the Speaker, an additional official stenographer will soon be added to the staff of the House of Representatives, making the number eight in all. This step has been rendered necessary by increase of work, the labors of the shorthand men being so extremely arduous that three of them have actually died of nervous prostration within the last few years. It has come to be a saying that each great tariff debate costs the life of a reporter. Messrs. McElhone, Edwards and Lord have succumbed successively to the stress of such legislative struggles.

McElhone was the head of the reportorial corps, and as such drew a salary of $7000 a year; but when he died this ranking position was abolished, and now all of the official stenographers have the same status. Each of them gets $5000 a year, and their places are held for life, inasmuch as they can be dismissed only for cause and by a resolution of the House. Five of them report the House debates, while the remaining two attend to the proceedings of committees.

The casual observer, looking down upon a debate in the House from a vantage point in one of the galleries, might be puzzled for some time to discover any evidence of reporting in progress. He would see nobody writing at the so-called "reporters' table," which, as a matter of fact, is practically not used at all for such purposes by the official stenographers, inasmuch as the hall is too large to make it possible to hear from any one point whatever may be said in various parts of the chamber. After a bit, however, the stranger may notice that whoever may be speaking at any length, there is always to be perceived a man standing or sitting with notebook in hand not far away. This man, indeed, is one of the reporters, who for the time being is taking down everything that is said on the floor.

The task which the reporter is engaged in performing is one of the most difficult imaginable. Remarks are interjected by members here and there; there are frequent interruptions, and to a person unfamiliar with such scenes it is a veritable Babel. But the shorthand man must not miss a word, and the best he can do is to keep near the Congressman who has the recognition of the Speaker. Thus he is in the centre of the disturbance, and, while faithfully reporting the discourse of the speech-maker of the moment, has his ears open to catch replies or comments from this side and that.

The strain is very great, but fortunately it only lasts for a few minutes, the official scribe limiting himself to one thousand words, which represent a page of the Congressional Record. He knows just about how many leaves of his note-book are required to make this stint, and the moment he completes it he holds up his thumb, another reporter, conveniently at hand, taking up the thread where he drops it. Two of the five reporters of debates, as they are called, are always present while the House is in session, one working while the other waits to relieve him. Having finished his thousand words, Number One hastens downstairs to a room on a floor below which is set aside for the exclusive use of the stenographers. There he seats himself before a graphophone, and dictates into it the "stuff" just recorded in his notes. So soon as he is through, an amanuensis transcribes it from the cylinders into clean print on a typewriter.

Meanwhile Number Two's place on the floor of the House has been taken by a third man, who picks up the thread of the discourse as soon as Number Two has finished. Then Number Two goes downstairs and dictates his thousand words into a graphophone, and in this way the business steadily proceeds, the reporters succeeding each other in regular order. As fast as the matter is dictated from the notes it is converted into typescript, and thus the whole of it is ready for the printer within a few minutes after the close of the day's session. An assistant puts all of the "copy" together in proper order, and hands it to a messenger who carries it on his bicycle to the Government Printing Office, four blocks away. It reaches there usually about six o'clock, though in case of a night session the last of it may not be delivered until one A. M.

One department of the Government Printing Office, as large as the composing room of a big newspaper, is devoted exclusively to the Congressional Record. Indeed, the Record is "set up" and sent to press just like any newspaper, being delivered every morning to about nine thousand subscribers. Each Representative in Congress gets twenty-two copies daily, while a Senator is entitled to forty-two. Anybody may subscribe, the price being a dollar and fifty cents a month; but the publication is not directly profitable to Uncle Sam, inasmuch as it costs $125,000 yearly.

The oldest of the reporters of debates for the House, in length of service, is David W. Brown, who has held his honorable post for thirty years. Next in point of seniority comes John H. White, whose employment dates back twenty-five years, and after him A. C. Welch, Fred Irland and Reul Small. The two reporters for committees are Will J. Kehoe and George C. Lafferty. Messrs. Welch, Irland and Small took the places made vacant by the deaths of Messrs. McElhone, Edwards and Lord. All of the stenographers are appointed by the Speaker of the House, but merit, and not favoritism, rules in their selection.

Up to 1848 the only record of what was said in the House of Representatives or in the Senate was kept by newspapers, which, very naturally, took memoranda only of what happened to be useful from their view-point, and it was not until 1873 that stenographic experts were officially attached to Congress, the daily paper written and edited by them, known as the Congressional Record, being started simultaneously.

In 1812 Joseph Gales and W. W. Seaton began the publication of the National Intelligencer in Washington, and for some years they took the only regular stenographic notes of the doings of the Senate and House for their paper. But for Gales, the famous reply of Webster to Hayne would have been lost to posterity, the speech, it is said, being recorded by him at the request of Webster himself, though at that time Gales had dropped out of active service. His original notes, with a transcription in the handwriting of Mrs. Gales, together with Webster's rough notes made in preparing the speech, and also the revised version of the latter in the orator's own hand, were bound in a volume which is now in the Boston Public Library.

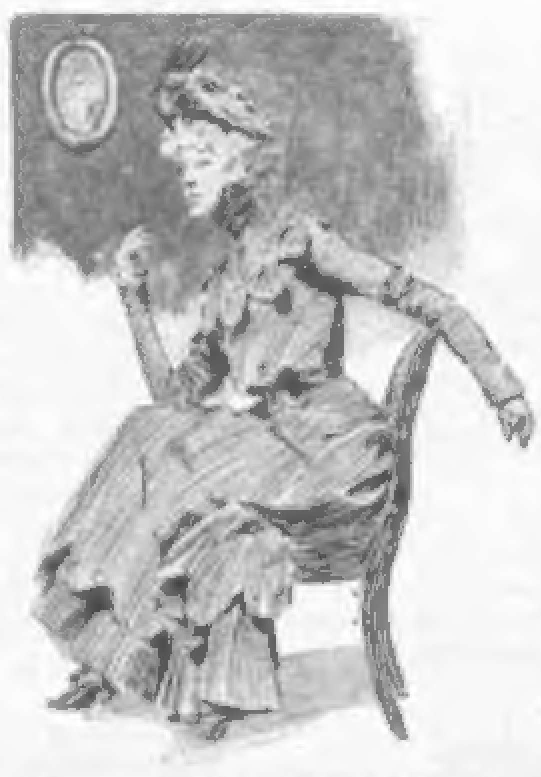
The American Spirit in British Society

By Lady Jeune

IT IS no exaggeration to say that among the many wonderful changes that have come over England during the last fifty years, none are so remarkable as those which have altered what was the most exclusive and aristocratic society in the world into the most cosmopolitan and democratic that has ever existed. Nothing could have been more narrow, more *borné*, than the circle which fifty years ago represented the highest, as well as the best, political *milieu* in England; and the change has been so sudden as to have almost amounted to a revolution.

There was an unwritten law that good society was the privilege of birth and descent only; riches or power constituted no right, ability or beauty no pass, into its sacred precincts, and whatever of social life then existed outside that order was not worthy of the dignity of being styled society. The change that has come has been so sweeping that only those who remember it can have even a faint conception of the contrast. Perhaps what can best convey an idea of the difference is to read a list of the presentations at Court, or of those who were then, and now are, invited to Court functions—of course eliminating from that list the official guests who are present ex-officio.

It is hardly necessary to describe the constitution of that society, or the laws which governed it—there are so many facilities open to every one to acquire that knowledge; but they were, roughly speaking, those which limited and curtailed the independence of women, their interests and occupations, and which exacted a greater stiffness and formality in the intercourse of life; and they were, no doubt, strengthened by the political power being in the hands of two aristocratic factions. Decentralization was the pervading tendency of thought and life, and the great change that was coming was hardly appreciated. Like all the great social and political changes which have swept over our country, this deluge has been overwhelming. Where there was a dull propriety is a spritely license; where there was exclusiveness is a cosmopolitanism exceedingly comprehensive, and where there was a class distinction there is now only a distinction of talent, or ability, in some form or other.



Where there was a dull propriety is a spritely license

The Contrast Between the New and Old Orders

Now that we have accepted the new order of things, and are beginning to realize its defects, as well as its advantages, we naturally turn, in the true, analytical spirit of the age, and endeavor to discover the causes, or influences, which have brought about such a totally different condition of life. And various are the answers to the problem we have set ourselves. The predominating forces are very evident, but we will deal with them later, and, for the present, mention but one, and one which has been made to bear the brunt of the lamentations and abuse of those who regret the disappearance of the "old order of things."

The "Americanization" of English society is a very plausible and claptrap expression, for it has an undoubted ring of truth; and our society has altered just as, in the same way, the lives, amusements and occupations of persons change, as their children grow up. The most staid, serious parents find an atmosphere of gayety and frivolity surrounding them, as their children become men and women and enter into the life of grown-up people. The father finds his study invaded, the furtive perfume of tobacco lurking in rooms hitherto sacred to the most profound erudition and reflection; the mother her nights interrupted by the necessities of chaperonage, the early hours of the day devoted to a slumber which she is only able to obtain as the sun throws his rosy, early beams over a sleeping town, and the sacred precincts of her boudoir relegated to the occupancy of her daughter's partners.

Many of us have gone through such a phase, for the influence and fascination of the young is so strong that we throw ourselves into their life, really enjoying it as much as they do and carried away by their vigor and sense of happiness. Perhaps the analogy may be permitted, and we may compare ourselves and our grown-up child across the Atlantic to the young lives which govern every happy household in England; and there is no doubt that much of the change we are describing is due to the strong, virile influence of American thought and life on us in the old country. The cry, "You are Americanizing our institutions," was more often heard some fifty years ago than now, for in those days, when old ideas and sacred beliefs were crumbling around us, it had a ring in it which appealed strongly to the mother country, whose daughter was just making her real début among the nations, and showing them, in her wild, untrammeled, glorious youth, what her influence over life and thought was to be.

Undoubtedly she was the cause of the cry, but the conditions of social and political life in England were ready and prepared to carry on the crusade she had inaugurated; and, having given the impetus to the movement, it was certain to spread among a people as adaptive as the English undoubtedly are. In discussing the changes in England which are due in some measure to your influence, we must be allowed to criticise, and point out where we have been benefited, and where we have suffered, because the whole movement has not been one of unmixed advantage to us.

The Revolution in English Journalism

The influence of the American on the English press is perhaps the most striking example of the subject we are discussing, for the whole character and tone of ours has altered absolutely during the last twenty years. The increase of population, the postal facilities and the spread of education have increased the demand for cheap newspapers, which have in turn multiplied indefinitely; but that in itself is not a sufficient reason to account satisfactorily for the alteration in the literary character of English journalism. The change is more easily explained by the fact that we have adopted the weakest points of American journalism, while closing our eyes to other aspects which we might have studied with advantage.

Another influence which no one will dispute is distinctly American, and which has introduced an entirely new element into journalism, is the system of interviewing which has added a new terror to life in this country. For the interviewer is ubiquitous, and it needs an almost superhuman ingenuity to escape him. Every person of any importance, social, literary or political, lives in public, for whatever concerns them is considered public property, just as are telegrams, sporting news, or any other subject which interests the community at large. And alas! the curtain is not drawn down at any door at which the interviewer will not seek to enter. At the bedside of the dying, at the most sacred, joyful, painful moments of life, he must be present. Hitherto the new-born infant only has escaped his scrutiny, and that solely because he would be unable to give him any information which would do for "copy." The adoption of interviewing has taken away much of the privacy and secrecy of life, and made some of its most trying moments almost unbearable. For the purposes of advertisement, however, it has its advantages, and has grown into the system it now is partly because many find it a useful way of introducing themselves to the ignorant or indifferent public, and often obtain undeserved notoriety by using it.

The American Reporter in British Politics

The newspaper reporter, who is twin brother to the "interviewer," is almost as ubiquitous, but he is content with much less; his powers of expanding information, however, are marvelous, and he can deal with subordinates while the interiewer must get his copy "first hand." It would be unfair to lay the blame of this very disagreeable system on America alone; its adoption was due, doubtless, to American example; and though there are persons who do not object to profit by the so-called advantages of being known, the interviewer and reporter will flourish. But while discussing the influence of American life and example on England one cannot overlook this very distinct innovation which we have adopted absolutely from our American brethren, for what is called the "Americanization" of English life springs largely from this cause. Our politicians have adopted it when desirous of expressing their opinions, also our literary men, our doctors, our actors, and, at last, a Royal Duke has consented to give his opinions to an American review by means of an interview, though the interviewer is an Englishman and a late member of Parliament.

The practice is increasing, and behind the scenes in the life of many successful men and women it is very entertaining to see how carefully, and with what good results, the system has been worked. Public men of high position like Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, and the other political men in England, have kept clear of it, and avoided any communication with the new movement, feeling how deeply the dignity of a country is dependent on the silence and isolation of its public men, but it does not require much imagination to see how easily the system might be adopted by less scrupulous politicians to "fly kites" at a moment of national excitement. Even our distinguished Generals, on returning from a successful campaign, are besieged at Dover, and questioned on the most important and delicate points of strategy, but we have hardly yet brought the system to that perfection it has attained on your side of the Atlantic—though probably it will surpass it in time, for no one can deny that the influence of American thought and life is dominating the English press daily more and more, and the increasing competition among English newspapers must tend still more to develop it.

DRAWINGS BY JOHN CLAY

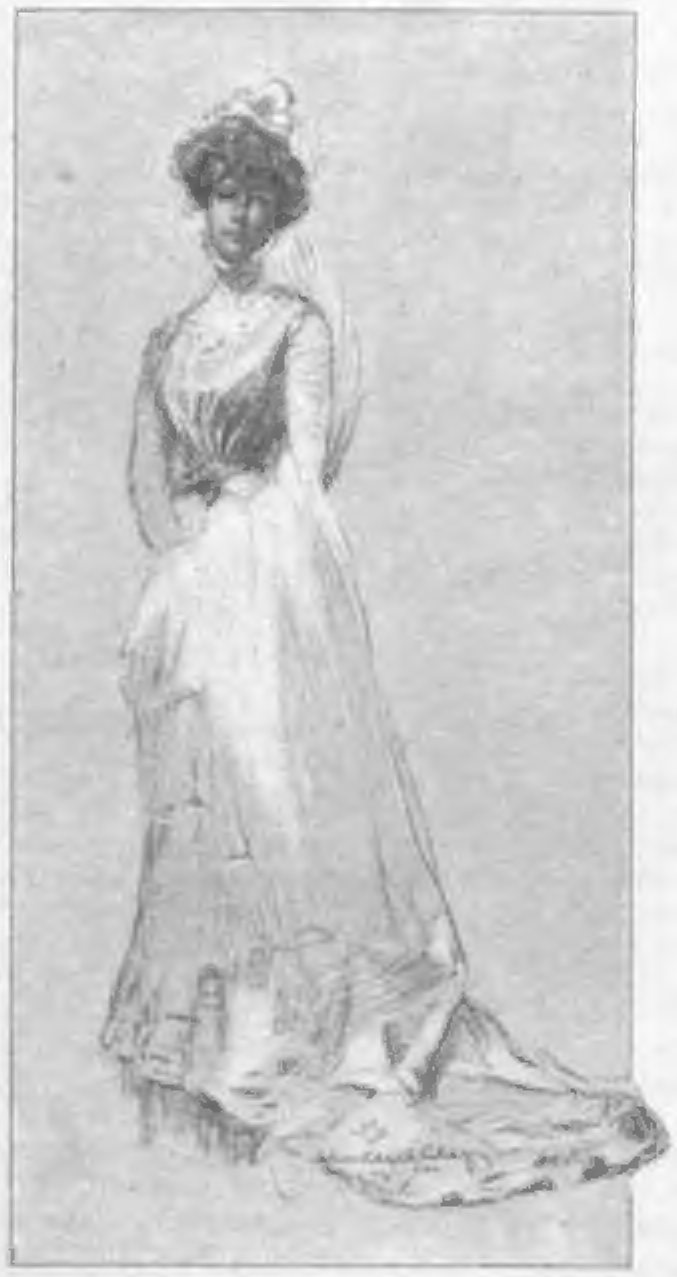
New Leaven in the English Social Loaf

The adoption of trade as a profession by the upper classes in England has, I think, been also due in great measure to American influence, or rather, its more general adoption, for Englishmen have always had a tendency to "dabble" in business, without seriously adopting it as a means of livelihood. The inauguration of the railway system in England, and the speculation which it gave birth to, was utilised by the upper classes, who speculated deeply, though not successfully; but commerce and business were, until English men married American women, almost exclusively the monopoly of the middle class. The American wife who required more in her life than the English woman gave the impetus to her husband's endeavors to continue to her the luxury she had been accustomed to in her own country, and the facility with which large fortunes were made by Americans stirred Englishmen to adopt the same mode of life. The upper classes in England had already, by their intermarriage with the daughters of those in trade, in a few cases, perceived the wisdom of opening up a new profession, but the quickening influence and the strongest was undoubtedly transatlantic.

Some of our literary purists affirm that much of the slipshod writing and modes of expression of to-day are also the result of American influence, and that, though the new words and phrases we have in use are exceedingly piquant and expressive, they lack the grace and dignity of the mother tongue. No one will deny that the conversational English of to-day is largely affected in this direction, nor will they, I apprehend, also deny that there is a directness and appropriateness about many of the more familiar Americanisms that have grown into our mother tongue, and been largely adopted. Our language has become so interspersed with slang and colloquialisms that it has lost the polish of its classical days, but no one objects to calling certain railway operations "a shunt," and the still more well-known word "boss" expresses to our minds the idea we wish to convey with simplicity and quickness. The tendency of modern thought and life is to abbreviate everything, and the pressure of to-day does not give us time to round our sentences; therefore, we strive to express our thoughts in the shortest and most forcible manner.

The peculiar humor of the American people appeals to us very strongly, and their literary humor has influenced our literature not a little. The dry, quick character of American expression has a peculiar charm for the staid, sober Englishman, whose own sense of humor is less acute and subtle; and though, as a young country, America can hardly claim to have created a great literature, she has among her writers many men whose works are characterised by a delicate humor, which appeals strongly

—until English men married American women



to us, and which is influencing, and will go on influencing us more than, perhaps, is generally conceded. There is an increasing class of readers of American books in England, and every new work of any importance is eagerly read

A Powerful Influence in English Letters

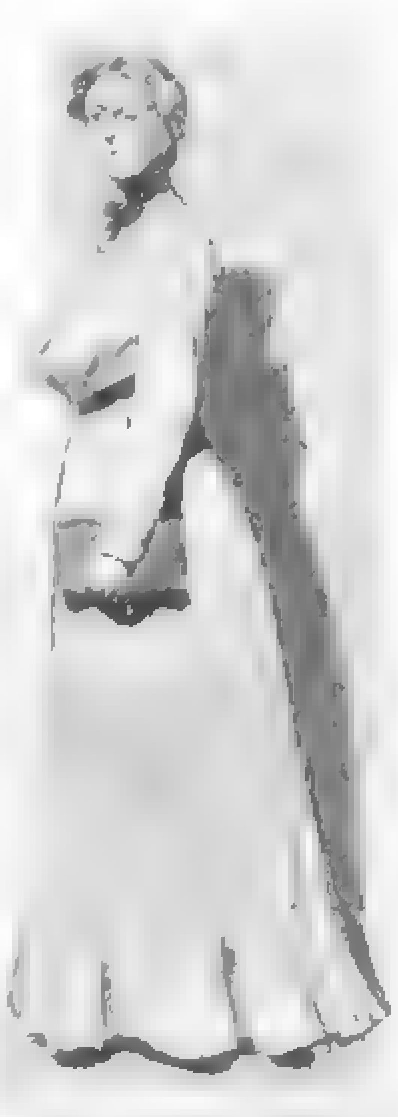
In discussing the literary influence of America on England it is impossible to pass over the name of one who has interested English readers perhaps more than any other during the present century. Captain Mahan's writings on naval matters have had an effect that is most striking here, and have riveted the attention of every class. His books on naval subjects appeared at a moment when the attention of the country was being seriously directed to the wants of our navy, and there are many thousands of Englishmen who feel that we owe our increase of naval power to the indescribable strength and force of his writings. Hardly any writer of modern times has made so profound an impression, and it is a remarkable instance of how American opinion and observation appeals to us when it comes from so weighty a source.

It is in the social aspect of life in England that American influence is most obvious. The hurry and pressure of existence has increased here as across the Atlantic, and our life has been forced to conform to it. Its excitement, bustle and energy increase every day, and whether or no we owe it to the direct influences of the nervous organization of America, one cannot decide accurately (the influences that have brought it about there are also at work here); but we are inclined to think that the change is due more to the modern conditions of life which influence both countries, though, being the older, we are hardly as susceptible to them as the younger community.

The First Attitude Toward the Fair Stranger

That the American woman is also a new factor we readily recognize and admit. Her influence on dress, society and life is most obvious in certain sets, and though the set is a small one and somewhat peculiar from its composition, its influence is out of all proportion to its numbers. And the greater freedom of life which women enjoy in England in every way is in a great measure the result of the constant interchange of thought and ideas with the Americans, and we can trace many of the changes that have come into the lives of women here to that source alone

There is a peculiar quality about your women which is singularly attractive, and which appeals very strongly to us, because their whole mode of life and their way of regarding it is so strangely at variance with anything we had seen or imagined before. The emancipation of their life, the originality of their ideas, their camaraderie with men, and the general atmosphere of freedom which surrounds them give a charm and piquancy which are irresistible. There was a good deal at first which frightened and alarmed our strongly conservative and deeply rooted ideas about women, and our forebodings as to the effect the American woman would have on English women were endless. We did not dread her influence over our married women, because, with all the freedom and intimacy of her relations with men, her standard of morality is high and her nature is colder and less passionate than ours, but the baneful effect of it on our girls was what we feared, for the American girl represented all that was attractive, but dangerous, in maidenhood.



Among the middle and intellectual classes of women

The idea of friendship between young people of opposite sexes, based on a perfect equality of tastes and amusements, the disappearance of the chaperon, the weakening of parental control, and the complete arrangement of the lives of the young being handed over to themselves, was such a reversal of all we held sacred that no wonder we felt the foundations of society tottering to their fall, or that the American girl in these early days was spoken of with bated breath, as a siren too dangerous and seductive for us to contemplate her appearance here with composure.

The March of Thought Toward the Ideal Type

We made ourselves unnecessarily anxious in those days, for the character of English women and the traditional tone of society here rendered the complete adoption of the American mode of life for girls an impossibility. There was no attempt to deny the peculiar charm of your girls, nor that the liberty and freedom of their lives was perhaps one of the most potent causes of that charm, making them more self-reliant, and capable of acting with greater independence in the arrangement of their lives, but the strong conservatism of English opinion about women was too much in opposition to any movement or influence which would materially alter their lives or character

The railway and the telegraph, however, which have brought all the world into touch, were the most powerful allies of the new order of things, and it was impossible for the Old World to remain entirely unmoved by the evolution of her young offspring. It was not, however, the American nation which affected the change we are discussing, nor the American girl, beautiful, emancipated, willful as she is, which has altered our lives, but the stern, inevitable march of thought, and the distinct tendency of modern life to throw off the trammels of an older society, and adapt them to the new conditions of society.

With the last years of the century, the influence of the young seemed to absorb and divert into new channels what vitality there was left to the old and, in its overbearing strength and vigor, to sweep away all that was conventional and old fashioned. Your type of woman represented the ideal, and gave a personal exposition of the new aspiration of women all over the world In France the movement affected them differently; in Germany very little change has been made; in Russia the tendency has been revolutionary, but in England it affected neither their religious nor their political position, but has taken the form of a determination among women to attain to some of the independence of their sisters across the ocean, and made them less willing to submit to the restraints and customs which suited their mothers and grandmothers. Among the middle classes of women it has enabled them to earn their living by developing them intellectually, and given a great stimulus to education, and among the upper classes its tendency has certainly been to allow greater freedom of intercourse between the sexes, which has admitted girls to a position of independence and a freedom of speech and conduct unknown before.

To contrast the lives of girls twenty or thirty years ago with those of to-day is perhaps the best object lesson one can see. It does not appear to have injured them, and it has no doubt made their position become happier, and one of much less subjection to the parental authority, while it has lessened the desire to marry early, which was formerly so strong a characteristic of English girls. The independence and happiness of home life has in these times made marriage much more of a restraint than a liberation from control. Formerly marriage meant a wider, freer life, and greater independence, but in these days a girl often enters into bondage when she leaves her home. The marriage of American women and English men was the beginning of the change, for, though at first we were a little startled, and rather anxious as to the influence of the young American bride, we consoled ourselves by the reflection that a woman generally becomes one of her husband's family and adapts herself to their ways of life.

Loyal American Women and True English Wives

The American woman, however, has never really become acclimatized in her [illegible] charming, affectionate, a good wife and good mother, tolerant of our prejudices and broad minded as to our opinions, but she is always an American, and about her own home is the subtle atmosphere of her American antecedents; and her influence is strong and unmistakable. The American woman in England—that is to say, the woman who has "Americanized" our life—belongs generally to one set in society, one that is considered the smartest, because its members have nearly all large fortunes which they spend with great lavishness and generosity, and so give a tone to the society into which they live. And when we talk of the particular aspect of English life which we are discussing, and which we think is the effect of American influence, we cannot but confess that it is only in its exaggerations and excrescences that it is harmful, it may be that it has been brought about by other causes too numerous or obscure to enumerate here.

In hasty generalization one complains that the extravagance and luxury of English life is due to American influence, but we are not prepared to admit that it is more to blame than the Jews and Anglo African millionaires, who now also form a large and powerful element in English social life One often wishes that some of the exclusiveness of real American life could be engrafted here, and that money was not one of the most potent passports into English society.

There are, however, many American wives in England whose names rise to our mind, and we see them adopting the customs and habits of the old country, throwing themselves into the pursuits and ambitions of their husbands, and making the most attractive and dainty châtelaines; women who have devoted the dower they have brought to the country of their adoption for its benefit, realizing to the fullest extent that the interests and objects of the two countries are the same, and that no better rôle can be given to a woman than to bear an honored name, one respected in the annals of both lands, and in reality belonging to each. We prefer to look on the Americanization of England from this point of view, not grudging or deploring its power, for some of the most beneficial changes in the lives of women in England are the outcome of American influence, especially as regards education, professions and mode of life.

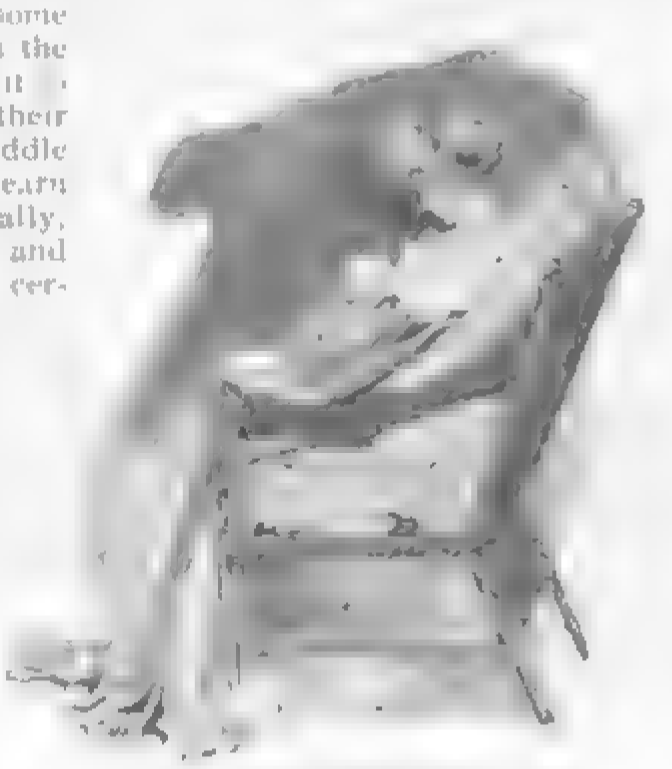
The alterations in women's lives were inevitable, were in fact beginning—the influence of America has only accelerated their adoption. The steady tide of progress, the awakening of new ideas, the adoption of new ways of life has been the silent creator of these changes, which were accepted by America with all the alacrity of youth and, after a period of uncertainty, with some modification by England.

The Americanization of England is only, after all, the superfluous energy of the child who likes to sweep its parent along the same road, and at the same pace as himself.

The Reorganization of Chautauqua

By Waldon Fawcett

A NEW era of usefulness is dawning for that unique [illegible] ent which has been the outgrowth of the Chautauqua Assembly. The general reorganization of the main institution and its branches, which has been in progress for a year past, opens a field of far vaster scope than any which they have heretofore occupied



A good wife and good mother

To those not familiar with the Chautauqua movement its manifold phases are likely to appear a trifle confusing. First and foremost there is the Assembly, the annual gathering in "the city in the grove," which is now entering upon the first year of the second quarter century of its career. Next in importance is the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles, an organization to promote systematic home study hundreds of the members of which regularly make Chautauqua the Mecca of their summer vacations. This organization came of age last summer Finally, there are the courses of instruction by correspondence and the summer school, offering courses in a number of departments of study, both newer adjuncts of the great project

Something of the scope of the Chautauqua work may be imagined from the fact that more than forty thousand persons have graduated in the course prescribed by the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. A quarter of a million names are to be found upon its roll, while more than half a million people have been participants in one way or another in Chautauqua projects. There are branch organizations in Great Britain, Australia, Russia, Japan, Mexico and South Africa, and students in India, China, Persia, Korea and almost every country on the globe. Even in the Hawaiian Islands and our other new possessions the novel movement has gained a foothold. Finally, Chautauqua has been the pioneer in a great movement of national scope. There are in this country alone at the present time more than threescore summer assemblies which have been patterned after Chautauqua.

But to return to the subject of the rejuvenation now in progress. Up to within a year ago the general offices were located at Chautauqua, New York, the headquarters of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle at Buffalo, and the publication office of the Chautauquan magazine and books at Meadville, Pennsylvania, while the principal officers had places of residence widely scattered. Now all of these interests, or nearly all of them, have been consolidated at Cleveland in a magnificent new fireproof building, designed with especial reference to their needs. This concentration of departments means not only added facility in the transaction of business, but a reduction of the expenses of which all the members will be given immediate advantage

The Leading Spirits of Chautauqua

The men who have been given places of authority in the reconstructed organization are business men. Foremost is Clem Studebaker, who has just been elected to the presidency. The new president is a striking example of the self made man, and his life story ought to prove sufficient to fire the ambition of any young man starting in life with few advantages. Mr. Studebaker as a boy learned the trade of a blacksmith Later, he and his brother operated small blacksmith shops in various places and finally established one at South Bend, Indiana, where they made a specialty of wagon repairing From this small beginning, and with practically no capital at the outset, there developed a great plant which to-day gives employment to thousands of workmen.

Possibly the most interesting figure among the men into whose hands the destinies of Chautauqua have passed is Wilson M Day. At the opening of the present year, Mr Day was chosen first vice-president of the organization and chairman of the executive board, but as the general direction of affairs is in the hands of this board he is in reality the general manager, and upon his business acumen will depend much of the success of the project for "a new Chautauqua" Mr. Day, who is a man of fifty, is a clergyman's son, but the greater part of his life has been spent in the printing shop, first as a newspaper man and later as an independent publisher. His side duties would have been sufficient to occupy the entire time of a less industrious man. He has been president of banks and manufacturing companies and commercial bodies, was one of the World's Fair Commissioners, and took an important part in the compilation of the manufacturing statistics of the eleventh census.

Bishop Vincent, who has been aptly termed "the very pulse of the machine," is now approaching his seventieth year. As a mere boy he gave up dreams of college and entered the ministry. The inception of the idea of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was due primarily to his realization of the defects of its few forerunners in the field of home reading upon prescribed courses. Bishop Vincent continues as Chancellor of Chautauqua, but much of the work in which he has heretofore been active will devolve upon his son, Dr George E Vincent, of Chicago. The latter who has literally been in Chautauqua work since he was old enough to read, is officially designated as Principal of Instruction

PUBLICK OCCURRENCES

GENERAL J B GORDON

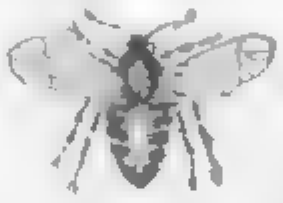
GENERAL E L VIELE

JUDGE HENRY E. HOWLAND

A Decade of American Patriotism

In discussing the questions that have led to the broadening of American interest and character and the increase of patriotism, it would be very foolish to give the whole credit to our present experiences in the far East, or to the events which led up to them. As a matter of fact, the great work has been done, and is being done, in our own country. We are rounding out the greatest decade of patriotism that we have ever known, and it has largely sprung from the organization of societies which, by associating the descendants of persons who played active parts in the Colonial and National life, have directed and stimulated that larger feeling which has become a power in the land. It has improved education, increased real charity, and given more interest and value to the thought and conversation of society. Furthermore, it has helped wonderfully to kill sectionalism and to strengthen the common loyalty. There are to-day more than half a million good people who are members of these various societies, and the number is increasing every year. The ordinary tendencies of these organizations are for improvement, but even better than that are the active influences that [illegible] exert upon the life and thought of the day. They did much to arouse enthusiasm in the war with Spain, and to help the wounded and suffering.

Possibly the work of these patriotic organizations offers one of the best offsets to the enthronement of the almighty dollar in this age of trusts. It is a good thing to be rich, but there is something better than money. It may not always be ancestry, but ancestry has its value. At any rate, it offers the stimulus to, if not the means for, culture, and it is the antithesis of plutocracy. It is thus that the patriotic societies have their value in the economic problems of the day, and the keen rivalry between some of them, which often affords entertainment to philosophers, only helps to increase their activity and the attention they attract from the general public.



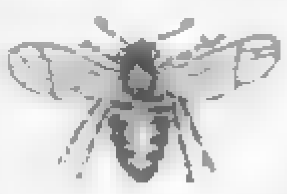
Perpetuating the Names of Our Heroes

It gives us a larger idea of our history to view the number of patriotic societies which have taken up the periods and persons of American history. They cover almost every chapter from the settlement of the country to the close of the war with Spain.

When the Continental Army was on the Hudson at the close of hostilities in the Revolutionary War, in May, 1783, the American and French officers formed the Society of the Cincinnati, and since then it has stood possibly first among the patriotic organizations of the United States. The conditions of membership at the beginning prescribed officers who had served with honor for three years, and since the membership has descended to the eldest lineal male descendant. The first President-General was George Washington, and it is noteworthy that, in the 117 years since, there have been only ten President-Generals, the present one being the Hon. William Wayne, of Pennsylvania. On somewhat similar lines is the Aztec Club of 1847, of which General Egbert L. Viele, of New York State, is President. The society is composed of officers of the United States Armies who served in the war with Mexico, and it was formally organized in the City of Mexico in 1847, in order to keep alive the memories and traditions of that war. The membership is exclusively confined to officers who served in the war or their blood relatives, and at present there are 240 members. There are several societies of the War of 1812 where the same line of policy is carried out. Still better known is the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, of which Lieutenant General John M. Schofield is Commander-in-Chief. Its membership is confined to officers and ex-officers who took part in the Civil War, and, as in the other societies, the membership passes to the eldest direct male descendant. This order has a membership at present of over 9000, and the little button which is its distinguishing badge is highly prized by its members.

War Organizations that Help the Needy

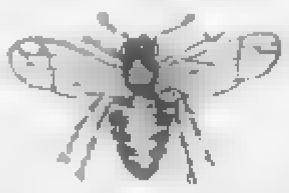
It is not generally known that the Southern States are paying in homes and pensions over a million dollars to old Confederate soldiers. One of the greatest organizations in the country is the United Confederate Veterans, of which General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, has been President for several years. There is a membership of 45,000, and this year the reunion is to be held in Louisville, Kentucky. Another Confederate society is the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. Of large importance also is the order of United Patriots of the Confederacy, which has over 400 chapters in the United States and 8000 members. The work of all these organizations is along social, historical and benevolent lines, and it is largely due to their activity that the Confederate veterans in the South are cared for at the expense of the public.



Of course, the Confederate Society is nothing like as large as the Grand Army of the Republic, which has a membership of nearly 290,000, but it is an interesting illustration of the cooperation that is going on all through the country. Both North and South the old soldiers are not only caring for their unfortunate brothers, but they are erecting monuments to their heroes and are doing much to save the battle-fields and make them attractive. There [illegible] dozen different societies of Union soldiers, and now we have a new organization called the Sons of Veterans, in which the descendants of the old soldiers take keen interest. There is the National Society of the Spanish-American War, and the Naval and Military Order of the Spanish-American War, and the Society of Santiago de Cuba, and the Rough Riders' Association, and the Naval Order of the St. Louis, and the United States Veteran Navy; all of which came out of the war with Spain. The Philippines are yet to be heard from, but it is quite certain that they will supply their quota of patriotic orders.

All Kinds of Patriotic Societies

It seems that almost every phase of our history and development is covered by a patriotic society, and more are constantly being formed. There is, for instance, the Society of Mayflower Descendants, which has a membership of 2000, and of which Judge Henry E. Howland is President. There is the Huguenot Society of America. There is the Irish National Federation of America. There is the American-Irish Historical Society, whose special aim it is to study the part the Irish element has played in the growth of the nation and the formation of American character. There is the Scotch-Irish Society of America—it claims as its patriots such men as Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun and Sam Houston. The first society of Tammany, or Columbian Order, began 111 years ago, and even it is nominally historical and charitable, although Tammany Hall has monopolized its name. The last century in the matter of patriotism is thoroughly covered. There are other parts of the country's history which are well organized as far as patriotism is concerned, including the War of 1812 and the Mexican War and the Indian Wars, and the various societies of men and women, both Union and Confederate, that are connected with the Civil War. All have their particular interests.



Some Revolutionary Societies

There is an abundant list of Colonial and Revolutionary societies, from which any one with the necessary ancestry may select. If you want to join the Society of Colonial Wars you must be an adult male descendant of one who fought in battle sometime from the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607, to the Battle of Lexington in 1775, or who served officially in the service of the Colonies or under Great Britain. If you prefer it you can enter the Order of Founders and Patriots of America—a more recent organization which takes in the first colonists and their ancestors and descendants. Then there is the Settlers and Defenders of America, a hereditary order formed last year. Two of the best known societies are the Sons of the American Revolution and the Sons of the Revolution, the rival organizations which cover practically the same ground. The first has a membership of 7000 and the second of between 9000 and 10,000.

The Patriotism of the American Women

Even more zealous than the men in the patriotic memories of the past are the ladies, and in various societies they have interesting competitions that have caused the wits to enter the lists of the critics, but which have all worked toward a broader appreciation of the history of the country.

The Colonial Dames of America, of which Mrs. John Lyon Gardiner is President, was organized in New York in 1890. It was the first society of its kind in this country. Its purposes are for the advancement of patriotism and education and it designs to collect and preserve relics, manuscripts, traditions and mementoes of the founders and builders of the thirteen original States of the Union and of the heroes of the War of Independence, and to promote celebrations of great national events. Distinct from this is the Colonial Dames of America, another organization of the same name, of which the President is Mrs. Justine Van Rensselaer Townsend. It has State societies in thirty-five States and a membership of nearly 4000. Its membership is through Colonial descent, the ancestor must have lived in this country prior to 1750 and his name must be distinguished for something in the early history of the country. Next is the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which Mrs. Daniel Manning is President-General. This is probably the largest of the women's societies, its membership exceeding 27,000. It has chapters in all the States and Territories of the Union. A woman to become a member must be eighteen years old and must be descended from an ancestor who was a patriot in the Colonies. Next is the Daughters of the Revolution, of which Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow is President-General, in which membership is confined to the lineal descendants of participants in the Revolutionary War or in the Continental Congress.

Then there are the Dames of the Revolution, of which Mrs. Edward Paulet Steers is President, and to which those only can be admitted who are descended from the patriots during the Revolution from April 19, 1775, to April 19, 1783.

These five organizations with their various conditions of membership offer opportunities to all who are so fortunate as to be descended from the early fighters and workers.

For the War of 1812 there is one national organization called the United States Daughters, 1812, of which Mrs. William Gerry Slade, of New York, is President, and it not only takes in that conflict, but allows its membership qualifications to begin with the descendants of ancestors who distinguished themselves any time after the close of the War of the Revolution. This gives it a large constituency.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

WILL PAYNE

MISS MARY TULL

STEPHEN B. ELKINS

Senator Elkins' Account with Blaine

One of the warmest political friends of the late James G. Blaine was Stephen B. Elkins, Senator from West Virginia. Their friendship began this way. Early in the seventies, when Mr. Elkins was a Territorial delegate to Congress from New Mexico, privileged to speak but not to vote, he wanted to make a speech upon a subject dear to the hearts of his constituents. Mr. Blaine was Speaker of the House and Mr. Elkins was a new man and, being unknown, was without influence. He determined to be heard, nevertheless, and planned to meet the Speaker privately. As luck would have it, one night while Mr. Elkins was dining in Welker's restaurant Mr. Blaine walked in and took a seat near him. Waiving all formality, the young member introduced himself and laid his case plainly before the Speaker.

"All right," said Mr. Blaine, when he had ended. "As soon as you get your speech ready I'll recognize you and you shall be heard."

And heard he was. The speech was in a small way Mr. Elkins' political beginning, but it was of even more importance to Mr. Blaine, for the young man promptly pushed himself into a commanding place in national politics and soon afterward married a daughter of Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia. He became a Senator from that State. From the date of that speech until 1892, when Senator Elkins marshaled the forces of President Harrison at Minneapolis, he was among the foremost champions of Mr. Blaine's presidential candidacies.

All of this is history and has been written, but the following has never before been printed. The Post's informant is the gentleman who mailed the letter that aided in making Mr. Blaine Secretary of State and in paying to the last iota the political obligations incurred more than [illegible] years before. General Harrison had delayed naming his premier. Mr. Blaine was the leading name mentioned for the place. In December Mr. Elkins wrote to the President-elect saying that nine tenths of the Republicans throughout the country would be greatly disappointed if the giving out of Mr. Blaine's name as Secretary of State were delayed much longer. This letter was mailed from a post box uptown in New York, and two days later, to the assembled reporters in Indianapolis, General Harrison announced that Mr. Blaine had accepted the post of Secretary of State in his Cabinet. The letter had had its effect.

Quick Success of an Editor-Novelist

Will Payne, author of Jerry the Dreamer and The Money Captain, is putting his powers to a severe test in a new novel dealing with what is popularly regarded as the most commonplace strata of metropolitan existence—the life of the clerk, the accountant and the stenographer: the slaves of the counter and the desk. Mr. Payne, however, is rarely equipped, both by instinct and experience, to delineate modern commercial life. His boyhood and youth were spent in Morrison, Illinois, and in Nebraska, from whence he went to Chicago and became a reporter upon the Daily News. Soon he was given a more attractive class of "general assignment" work. Next he wrote editorials, and finally was promoted to the city editorship. His keen scent for financial news and his ready grasp of its scope and significance caught the eyes of his superiors and he was advised to make this his special field. He did so and with brilliant success. When Mr. Frank Vanderlip was called from the editorship of the Economist to Washington, his position on that journal, which is often spoken of as the financial authority of the West, was offered to Mr. Payne and accepted.

[illegible] the young novelist is as quick, however, in the course of a day "on change" or among the brokerage offices to see an artistic possibility or a pathetic situation as he is to read the meaning of a movement in stocks. His first novel was accepted ten days after it was sent to the publisher.

William Winter's Copy

William Winter, the dean of the dramatic critics of New York and the poet and essayist of the Tribune, is spare and short, with wavy gray hair, and his smooth face is singularly youthful. He belongs to the old school—the school of Greeley, George Ripley, Bronson Howard and Cogden—and until recently he always climbed the stairs to the Tribune editorial rooms instead of using the elevator. But one night, which was colder and stormier than usual, he rode up on the elevator and put his copy on the desk. His handwriting is neat, but almost undecipherable to the ordinary man.

That very night a new man was reading copy—a fresh young man just out of college—who did not know Mr. Winter's copy went direct from the man who received it to the printer who put it in type, and that it was only read in proof and in the paper. No one had told him that with Mr. Winter's copy corrections were sacrilege and criticisms rank blasphemy. So, in his ignorance, he began to transcribe [illegible] the hieroglyphics. At a quarter to one o'clock the night editor, full of trouble and anxiety and looking for this identical copy, came across the young man at his task.

"I have been waiting for that just one hour," he said.

"Well, you will have to wait another hour. I was not employed to translate. I have struck a sentence in this copy that paralyzes the English language, and I will straighten it out if I [illegible]"

"The sentence you struck," returned the night editor as he lifted up the copy and started with it upstairs, "will be in the managing editor's plainest English, and you will receive it to-morrow, unless I am mistaken."

Mr. Winter's copy as heretofore goes direct to the printers.

Mrs. McLean's Beautiful "Piece"

Mrs. Donald McLean is Regent of the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She is one of the most active and most earnest of the workers in the patriotic societies of this country, and her name is well known in every part of the United States. She takes a great interest in all that appertains to American history. Several times she has been almost elected head of the national body of which she is one of the most distinguished ornaments. Mrs. McLean is a daughter of the late Judge Ritchie, of Maryland, and she holds an enviable place in the social life of the metropolis. Among Mrs. McLean's varied charms is the gift of oratory. She is a forceful and eloquent public speaker, and her addresses upon patriotic topics would make a small library in themselves.

Last winter there was a meeting of the national order in Washington and, of course, Mrs. McLean was present. She spoke in various places, and one of them was the Adams school where she appeared by special request. The mother of one of the pupils knew of this engagement and impressed upon her little daughter the need of remembering every word that Mrs. McLean said. When the child returned home her mother asked her how things went.

"Beautifully," replied the little one.

"Did Mrs. McLean make an address?"

"Indeed she did. She just spoke her piece beautifully. You ought to have heard it."

Mr. Lauterbach's Convenient Telephone

The trials and tribulations of the Third Avenue Railroad, of New York, have brought again into prominence its legal adviser, Edward Lauterbach, once President of the New York County Republican Committee. While holding this office Mr. Lauterbach, who is one of the busiest and most prosperous lawyers in the metropolis, was overrun with applicants for political places. Their perseverance would have driven a less wily man to the bad, but Mr. Lauterbach rigged up a dummy telephone, of which this is the first written description. The wire was grounded, and secrets poured into its receiver were as safe as if spoken in a tomb without witnesses.

A man would come into Mr. Lauterbach's office and query him thus:

"How about that job in the appraiser's office, Mr. Lauterbach?"

"Let me see, your name is—"

"Jones—Thomas J. Jones, of the Ninth District."

"Oh! yes. I remember perfectly. Haven't you heard from that yet?"

"Not a word."

Ring, went the dummy telephone bell, and the following single-handed dialogue between Mr. Lauterbach and himself took place:

"Hello! Central. Give me the Republican County Committee. Is that you, Mr. Manchester? I'm Lauterbach. All right. How about that job in the appraiser's office for Jones, of the Ninth? Eh? More delay? I'm surprised. I told you I wanted that fixed up a month ago. [illegible] once. Well, it is time. What's that? [illegible] there is something better in view if Mr. Jones can wait? That's good. You will write to him about it? All right. Don't let any more delays occur. Mr. Jones is one of our best men and we can't afford to keep him waiting. I'll ask him to call down and see you next week about it. Good by."

Ten minutes after Jones, of the Ninth, left the office, his chest inflated with honest pride, while Secretary Manchester was reading a hastily written note from the President, and was wondering whether the supply of plums would hold out until all the hungry patriots had their fill.

The Goddess of Liberty at the Photographer's

The tallest woman on the American stage is Miss Mary Tull, who, besides her decided histrionic talent, has won world fame as the favorite model of some of the foremost American sculptors for their recent goddesses of liberty. Miss Tull's height, which is considerably over six feet, naturally limits her field of endeavor on the stage, but in her especial line of parts it is not exaggerating to say that she stands head and shoulders above her rivals. On a Western tour some time ago a program printer misspelled her name, calling her "Miss Mary *TALL*." The management at first declined to pay the printing bill, but after the program man, who was also the manager of the local theatre, had visited the show and seen the actress he refused to deduct a cent, claiming that if Tull was not her name it ought to be.

Last fall, in New York, Miss Tull was photographed as the Goddess of Liberty in a Broadway studio, and in answer to a telephone call, she hastily left the gallery and went into the adjoining building, neglecting, meanwhile, to remove her classic draperies. As she stepped on the street a small crowd gathered to view the unusual sight. She was only in evidence a fraction of a minute and then she returned. A man asked a boy what the excitement was.

He replied: "They've moved the Bartholdi statue from the bay and are making a picture of it in the gallery."

The Man from Montana

By Ellen Mackubin

WHEN Madame de Poix announced her sister's engagement, the world to which they belonged—the world of self-exiled Americans which vibrates between Paris or the Riviera and Switzerland or Homburg—was volubly amazed.

"It is the old story of the porcelain pot and the iron [illegible] disguised as a bit of bric-à-brac and a silver nugget," somebody suggested. "Silver comes from Montana, does it not?"

"But beauty is not improved by growing *rococo*, as is bric-à-brac," somebody else laughed. "Madame de Poix doubtless feels even Montana a good haven after Claire's extended voyage."

"Claire will never go to Montana," still another declared. "Nevil is multi-millionaire, and Madame de Poix will settle him in Paris; she is such a capital [illegible]."

The lady who deserved this eulogy was that moment occupied in her own apartment with the costs of her [illegible].

"[illegible] is delightful, Claire," she was saying complacently. "He could not be more anxious to hurry the marriage and arrange things as I desire if he were a romantic boy, instead of a man who has made a fortune which might justify him in some [illegible]."

"[illegible] he is rather romantic," Claire answered, [illegible] up wistfully from a contemplation of her superb engagement ring. "He talks so much of—of love."

"What else should he talk about, you foolish dear? Especially [illegible] still blush as charmingly as when you were [illegible]!" Madame de Poix laughed.

"But I am twenty-eight, and love seems as far from me as ——"

"As the next room," her sister interrupted gayly, while a servant announced that Monsieur Nevil was in the salon.

"[illegible]," Madame de Poix added gravely—for duty, according to her perception of it, was as entirely the law of her life as of a soldier's—"duty will make love for your husband as easy for you as it has made it for me."

The color deepened yet more in the delicate oval of Claire's cheeks as she arose.

Though hitherto her sister had been confessor to every action and nearly every fancy, she could not tell Adelaide that Nevil had received her promise to marry him with a fervor she was sure Baron de Poix could neither have uttered nor understood, and which she felt to be, if not beyond her own comprehension, yet quite beyond her repetition.

Six weeks since, in the perfumy Swiss garden where chance of travel had brought together two whom every law of environment and circumstance had set far apart, she had shrunk from this new interpretation of that which she had been taught to believe a merely necessary episode in every woman's life.

"I—I do not think what is called 'love' can be as worth trusting as liking," she faltered to the big man who held her slim fingers in his strong grasp and smiled at her—a smile so confident, yet so tender, that something fluttered oddly in her throat. "I—I am not a girl, I have heard of 'love' before, but it never really meant much—and affection such as my sister's is strong—oh! the very strongest thing I know."

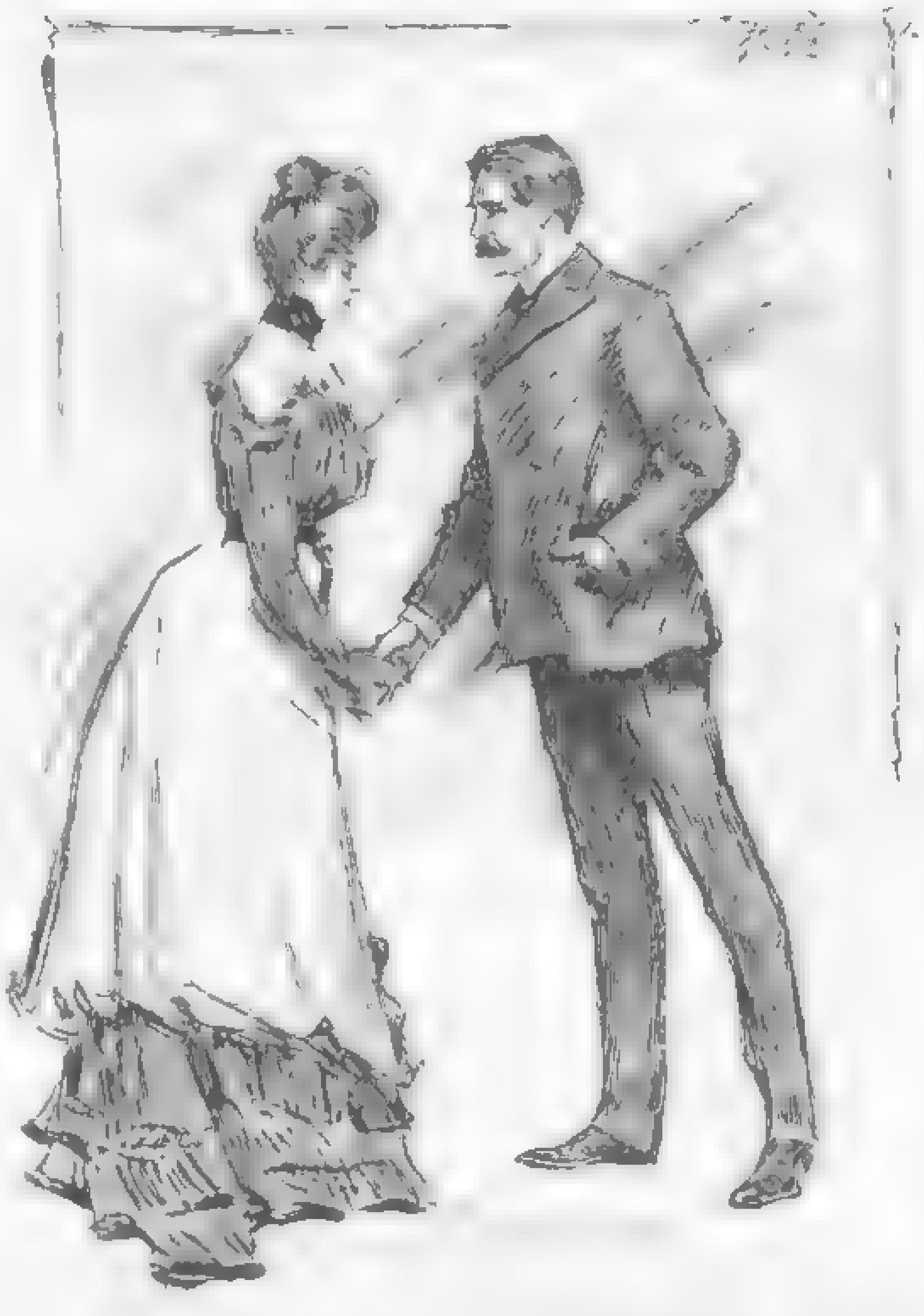
"But not so strong as the love I shall teach you," he declared. "How am I sure? By my own heart! You have been asleep all these years, like the Princess in the fairy tale and I thank God for it—because love woke her at last, and I love you enough to make a plain man from Montana into a Prince who will rouse you from dreams to realities. Only give me time, my Princess," he added, his eager voice steadying as she turned away.

All her life Claire Sylvester had been a beauty, a treasure wherewith her mother and sister hoped to retrieve a lost fortune. Gentle, reserved, she yielded herself to this home affection which formed the centre of her existence within the pageant of gay flattery which surrounded her abroad. But marriage for a portionless beauty, however admired, is difficult of achievement in continental society, where every bride is expected to bring a dower; and there had been no marriage offered to Claire which either mother or sister could press upon her fair youth. Four years since the mother had died, and Adelaide had unexpectedly married an elderly Baron, who condoned her lack of "dot" for the comfort so excellent a *ménagère* would bring to his widowed household, where soon there would be a couple of daughters old enough to require a chaperon. Faithfully, during the succeeding seasons, Madame de Poix had taken her sister from one fashionable resort to another, and Claire, her heart aching for her mother's loss, had grown weary of this exhibition, though justifying it as a woman's natural vocation, because Adelaide so considered it—and Adelaide was the wisest, the most conscientious of beings.

Then, in the previous summer, the eighteenth birthday of the Baron's eldest daughter had forced Adelaide's unwilling admission that her appearance in society must mean Claire's retirement, as financial reasons forbade toilettes for two *demoiselles*.

And on that very day came the man from Montana!

Possessing a fortune and a reputation which his bankers and the American Minister alike vouched for as being beyond question, eager to make a settlement for Claire, he seemed, if not the titled ideal of Madame de Poix's fancy, yet a husband with whom her sister's future would be safe. She had welcomed him as answer to prayer, and without doubt of Claire's content.



—"Tell me that I have not hurt you!"

[illegible]

Their wedding day was only a week distant on a certain afternoon, when Claire found in his greeting something beside the joy at sight of her with which his glance was always eloquent.

Presently he grew silent, gazing into the fire with such preoccupation that she spoke twice before he became aware of her speaking.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "Do you mind saying that again?"

Claire was not used to divine the moods of even those most familiar to her, but she understood the troubled eyes which six weeks since had been a stranger's.

"I am afraid you have had bad news," she began.

His eyes brightened swiftly.

"Does that fear bring you nearer to me?" he asked, lifting her hand to his lips, and Claire found that she was bending toward him as he sat beside her sofa. "It is worth considerable anxiety to see you stir a little, my Princess."

"There is bad news, then?" she insisted, and did not withdraw her hand.

"No news at all, since I have asked for it [illegible]," while his look of anxiety returned. "There are rumors in to-day's papers of a big crash in Western mining stocks, and a mention of my name as the chief victim. But, though I cabled at once and there has been more than time for a reply, I have heard nothing."

"A big crash? You a victim?" she repeated confusedly, "surely you are safe?"

"You remember my doctors sent me over here for a [illegible] after a close call with typhoid fever?" he said slowly. "Well, my partner, whom I trust as I trust myself, has acted for me in every deal during nearly half a year, and I am responsible for his losses, even as I profit by his gains."

"If one trusts, I think one's trust should not be shaken by a rumor," Claire murmured, her glance drooping to the clasped hands lying on her knees—his so brown and strong: hers so white and fragile.

"That theory is worthy of your sweetness," he said, and the subtle doubt in his voice brought Claire's glance back to his eyes again, "and you are little given to theories. Is it because those you hold are well tried, or because——?"

He arose restlessly.

"I'm going to my hotel," he exclaimed. "I did not tell my man to bring a cablegram after me, and one may come at any moment."

He stood frowning at his boots for an instant, while Claire gazed at him wistfully. How vigorous, how courageous he looked. Yet how much he wanted comfort just now—and wanted it from her!

Claire was accustomed to have comfort bestowed upon her with caresses and soothings. But to have comfort sought from her, with such dumbly obvious desire, was a new experience, and one which fluttered her breath to speechlessness.

"Will Madame de Poix let me come back after dinner?" he asked, picking up his hat. "I daresay I shall have news by then which will make me better [illegible]."

"Of course you may come," she answered, and, coloring softly, she held up her cheek to him in dainty, deliberate, French fashion.

"*Au revoir!*" she said.

He turned from her with an unsteady laugh.

"That is not the way the Princess awoke," he exclaimed, and left the room.

Again Claire withheld her confidence from Adelaide. She felt vaguely that in her sister's esteem the anxiety which disturbed Nevil would discredit him, and she dreaded that lady's astute conjectures thereupon. Never had she been so impatient of the slow movements registered upon the drawing-room clock. Yet slow as the moments seemed, eleven sounded at last, and Madame de Poix, whose nap came to an end at the same moment on each of their stay-at-home evenings, arose with a yawn.

"*Chérie*, did you quarrel with him this afternoon?" she asked gayly, while Claire put away her embroidery.

"He had correspondence which probably detained him," Claire answered serenely.

But she stared at her image in her bedroom mirror with curiously shining eyes.

"That is not the way the Princess awoke!" she repeated half aloud—and hid the shining eyes.

When Nevil's card was brought to her next day she entered the salon by one door as her sister appeared by the other.

He took Madame de Poix's offered hand briefly and turned to her.

"You have heard?" she exclaimed without greeting. "[illegible]"

"I have heard that my partner is dead and that I am ruined," he [illegible].

[illegible] there were lines about his blue eyes which had not been there yesterday, yet his glance was calm, his voice was steady. [illegible] and uncertainty had vanished together.

"Ruined!" gasped Madame de Poix; "surely that is impossible! A fortune of millions does not disappear in a night like Aladdin's palace!"

"It did not disappear in a night," he said gravely. "It has been weeks, perhaps months, in going. I do not know the details, but the result is certain."

"Good Heavens!" cried Madame de Poix. "This is very [illegible]!"

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Nevil has, [illegible]. Wait a little in your own room and I will send for you—if [illegible]."

"Please do not go," Nevil exclaimed. "I have little to say, because I have heard little, yet your sister, Madame, is entitled to be told that little [illegible]."

He paused. He grew visibly paler.

"The bitterest loss with which this news confronts me is not the collapse of my fortune, nor even the death of my friend; it is that I am in honor bound to offer your sister release from her promise to marry me."

Claire's beautiful frightened eyes flashed one glance at him, which saw in his steadfast gaze only a somewhat haughty composure.

She turned away, covering her eyes with her hands.

There was silence.

"Your words, Mr. Nevil, anticipate my request," Madame de Poix began presently. "They are all that can be said by an honorable man, who, I am willing to believe, was as deceived as we concerning the condition of his affairs when he led my sister into this unfortunate position."

Nevil made a step toward Claire.

"The wealth I have lost shall be mine again before I am five years older, and I do not shrink from the struggle!" he [illegible]. "But you—perfect flower of luxury and of cultivation—you would droop in sharing such a struggle. Unless you found strength where other sweet women have found it who have gone into exile with the men they loved." His voice sank.

Madame de Poix—her own eyes dim—prayed that Claire might not see the passion of tenderness and longing which transfigured him, and her prayer was granted.

Claire neither spoke nor lifted her face from her shielding hands—and how should Nevil guess that her silence was guarded by a dread that, once away from the pain of this parting, he would be gladly rid of so helpless a burden?

"We do not blame you, Mr. Nevil, for a disaster which, we are convinced, finds you as unprepared as ourselves," Madame de Poix said smoothly, "but, both as our due and from sincere friendliness, I must ask some explanation of how such a calamity has been brought about."

Claire sank into the nearest chair, her arms upon its tall back, her shut eyes pressed against her arms.

She heard his voice, firm though monotonous; she heard questions and ejaculations from her sister, but of the words either spoke she heard not a syllable. She, who never in her life had thought for herself, was bewildered in this chaos of fast-crowding thoughts. He was going from her, he whose presence during six weeks had dimmed her memory of the years which had gone before his coming. He was going, and she could not keep him. He did not even ask her to go with him. He who had been sure that the love of which he talked so much was a worker of miracles. He accepted without dispute a belief that her silly, helpless self could never find place in the struggle for which he was already eager.

The voices ceased. An instinct that he was beside her roused Claire. She arose to her feet and faced him as he stood holding out his hand.

"Tell me once that I may repeat it to myself a thousand times—tell me that I have not hurt you!" he exclaimed.

But Claire was dumb. The strange language her heart was learning is no easier to utter in its first lessons than others which mean less.

A great yearning—a great surrender, burned in his gaze.

"A little more and I should have won you, my Princess, but as it is—good by!"

He caught her in his arms. Quivering kisses, which until now had reverently touched her fingers, rained on lips and cheeks and brow.

"Forgive me, sweet!" he panted. "Next week you would have been my wife!"

Then she was free—and a door closed heavily.

How long was it before Claire became aware of her surroundings again? She found herself mechanically drinking orange flower water in her bedroom, while Adelaide, busy with the same French panacea for disordered nerves, regarded her with kindly anxiety.

"Say something, *chérie*," she impl[illegible]. "Such a change in our life surely needs some words."

"I have just learned them," Claire said slowly; "I will write them to him."

"What will you say?"

"What a woman must say to the one she loves when he is troubled—'Come to me!'"

"Loves?" repeated Madame de Poix. "You who yesterday declared that you knew nothing of love?"

"To-day I know only the beginning," Claire answered humbly, "but he has taught it to me, and he—I think he will be glad to go on with the lesson."

"Nonsense! He is fond of you naturally—you are very charming—but his mind is too filled with money getting for his heart to ache.

"Adelaide, if the Baron should lose his fortune, would you give him up?"

"It would be my duty to stay with him. I am his wife."

"And next week I should have been Nevil's wife," Claire said [illegible].

Adelaide sat down beside her. She was very kind, very sensible, and though after half an hour of argument in a circle she was also very much vexed, yet she remained the careful sister whose will had been law to Claire for nearly thirty years.

Nevil was gone, Madame de Poix in substance remarked. There should no blame be said of him which her influence could prevent. He had behaved like an honorable man of the world in releasing Claire without more ado. It was not his fault that he had left her in a position which it was difficult to contemplate calmly. The trousseau, for example, had advanced too far to be countermanded, and must be paid for. Yet, with alterations, some of the dresses would do for Elise, and perhaps, if God were good to them, Claire might yet require a trousseau with another bridegroom. But she must not fret. She must bear her position with dignity and without tears—tears which faded a complexion and dimmed eyes uselessly.

There were no tokens of such devastations as Claire listened, her head drooping a little, and all she said was a murmur between the pauses of Adelaide's eloquence:

"I must see him again!"

After a while a servant announced the carriage for *Madame la Baronne* and Adelaide arose at once. She never kept the horse waiting—he was a well bred horse though past his prime, and the Baron, with perhaps a fellow feeling for him, did not like his time in harness wasted.

She kissed Claire with a sigh and went away. To-morrow everybody would know, and therefore it would be unseemly that Claire should have been seen driving in the Bois on the day of her fiancé's departure.

When her sister was gone Claire remained motionless half an hour longer, while the light which had dawned in her soft eyes burned steadily.

She paused again after she had opened her desk.

She meant to tell Nevil all her heart held for him. Yet nothing was written when she sealed her note but the th[illegible] words she had told Adelaide she should send him.

Then she rang—once—twice. There was no response.

This was an obstacle she had not anticipated.

Nevil was to leave Paris that evening, Adelaide had said. Some messenger for her note must be found at once. She dared not risk delay and she walked to the door. It was locked.

Claire stood staring at the white panels, a flush, which was [illegible] of her first revolt, stealing into her pale cheeks.

Adelaide had resolved that her will should rule in the future as it had ruled in the past. The past had been ruled in kindness. Kindly should the future be ruled also. But between the past and the future Nevil stood.

"I *will* see him again!" Claire cried aloud.

Through the stillness which followed that cry there floated up from the courtyard the voice of a woman singing. Though the air ran riot and the voice was coarse, Claire's [illegible] thrilled to it.

The *concierge* was sitting outside her *loge*, in full view of this bedroom window. The *concierge* owned keys of every apartment and of each room in the apartment.

Claire possessed that boon bestowed upon those who lack imagination: if she saw but a little way she saw that little very clearly and quite unperplexed by cross lights.

"*Bon jour, Madame Martin,*" she cried from her window.

"*Bon jour, Mademoiselle,*" the *concierge* responded.

"I cannot find my key, nor can I make the maid hear my bell. Will you come up and free me?"

"At once, Mademoiselle."

Five minutes later, drooping her discreet eyes that they might not betray her perception that Mademoiselle had been obviously a prisoner, the *concierge* took the note and promised its immediate dispatch.

Claire went into the drawing room and stood watching the clock on the chimney.

Nevil's hotel was only half a mile distant, near the Arc de Triomphe. His train, which must be the "Calais Express," would not start until eight. There were yet several hours before his departure. Suppose the messenger did not find him in his rooms? Suppose Adelaide returned before he came to her?

Claire's heart beat yet faster. Not easily does a gentle soul fling aside the fetters of a will which has hitherto held it imprisoned—none the more easily when those kindly meant fetters have scarcely been felt until now.

Yet the delicate lips set themselves; the light burned steadfastly in the soft eyes.

Face to face with Adelaide she would say to him——

Dear God! What should she say to him? She who grew breathless at the sound of a closing door and of a quick step in the corridor. Within the threshold Nevil paused.

"I know why you sent for me," he said hurriedly. "You were frightened this morning. Not until I was gone did your conscience remember that you owed me some faithfulness—or protest of faithfulness—you who were to be my wife next week! You sent for me to tell me that you are ready to fulfill what would have been your duty a few days later——"

He broke off. He stepped nearer, flinging out his hands with passionate repudiation.

"I release you from any claim or fancied claim of duty. To know that you were so bound to me through the y[illegible] struggle which must come would make me helpless for that struggle. I will not accept your self sacrifice——"

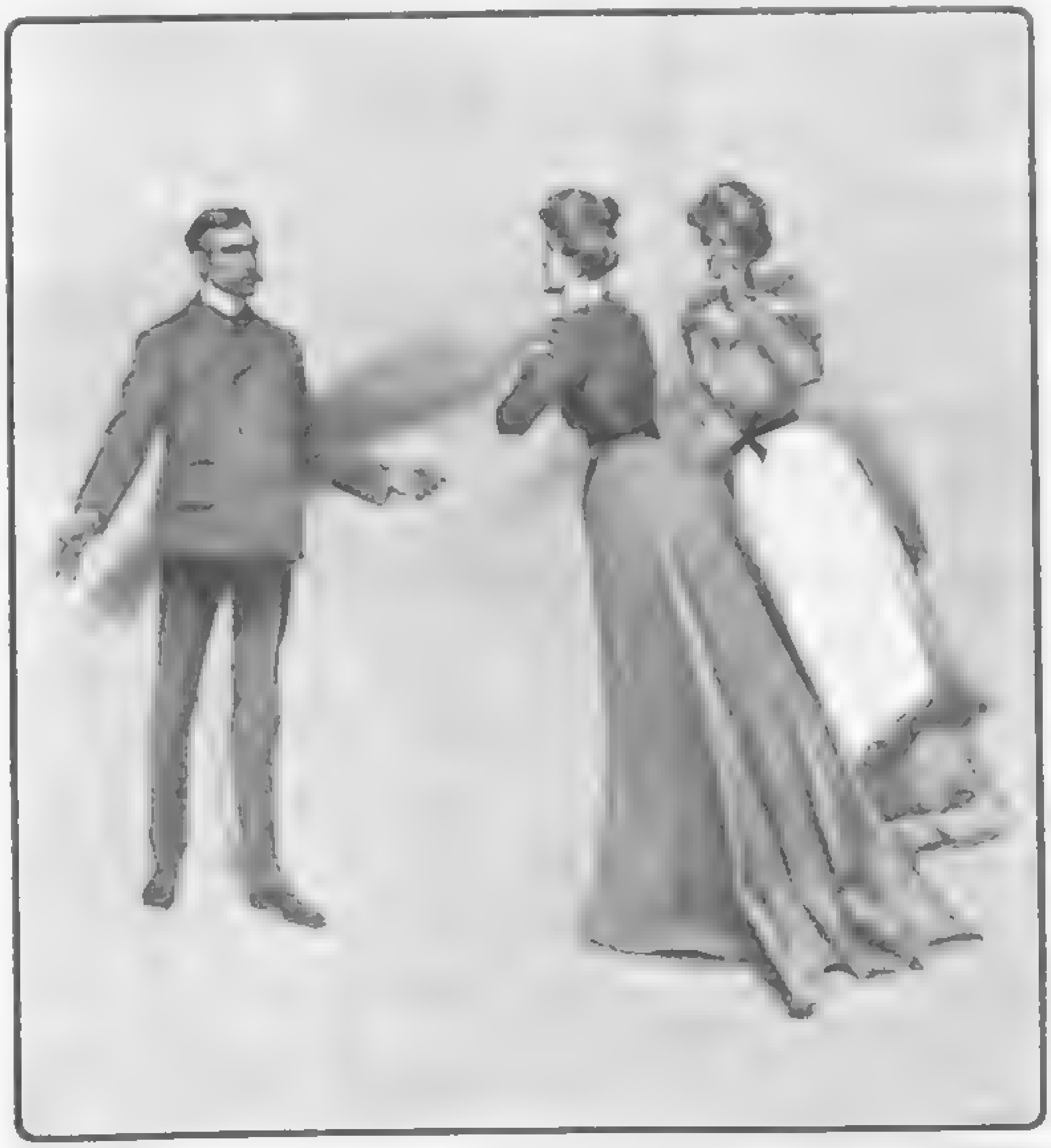
She had doubted what she should say to him. She had trembled at the saying of it, but now, in the very presence of his vehement rejection, she doubted no longer.

She went swiftly to him and put her arms about his neck.

"Was this the way the Princess awoke?" she murmured—and kissed him.

When, somewhat later, Madame de Poix entered her salon she displayed that rare endowment of experienced generalship which bears defeat in such manner as to give it some appearance of victory.

Perhaps she was not sorry to have her sister's future provided with a happiness of which Claire permitted no doubt—since her own responsibility for its wisdom had been forcibly prevented. At all events, a quiet marriage took place in her apartment a couple of days earlier than that fixed for the ceremony—and the world, when it heard fragments of the story, declared the man from Montana to be more classic than barbarous, since he had inspired a fair statue with life.



"RUINED!" GASPED MADAME DE POIX. "SURELY THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE!"

* * *

One Disposal of the "Unearned Increment"

NOT long ago a young man in St. Louis attracted some attention by refusing to accept $2000 sent to him by the managers of an estate in which he was interested. He said that he did not want the money for the reason that he had not earned it. Certain property had increased in value to such extent that there were profits to divide. In the payment of dividends the check for $2000 was sent and refused. The young man, whose name is James Eads How, a [illegible]son of the man who built the St. Louis bridge and the New Orleans jetties, and son of James How, for many years Vice President of the Wabash Railroad Company, said that he preferred that the money should be given to the poor. He suggested that a committee of five men should dispose of the fund in the interest of the needy. The committee was selected and the money was so distributed.

Mr. How was genuinely sorry that the story got out. For two years he had worked quietly, spending his time and money in St. [illegible] and other cities where it would do the most good. He had abandoned the profession of his father [illegible] teaching—in order to devote himself to actual work among the needy. He left the home of his family and took up lodgings in a part of St. Louis where it was possible for him to be in daily touch with the subjects of his interest.

Mr. How does not believe in organized charity as the phrase is generally applied. He wants to know for himself whether this or that family, if intelligently helped, will be the better for it. If not, he wants to know the reason, for its value in estimating the worthiness of another case. Labor and its [illegible] form the basis of all of Mr. [illegible] reckonings. He believes that the unequal distribution of wealth—even granting that the man of wealth applies his talents and his energies, and that the exceptionally poor man fails to master his opportunities—is subject to correction. His practical experiences and observations may help him to work out a solution of the problem that has disturbed all of the thinkers of the century. Mr. How thinks that, as a rule, large inheritances are not good for the fortunate beneficiary, and he is quite sure that their bestowal upon a young man is not good for community interests.

He believes that much of the great wealth of the land should pass to the community. Distribution should begin anew, always with the consideration of fitness and worthiness in mind.

Mr. How contends that alms given right and left cause an increase of crime and pauperism. The community brings wealth to the individual, and it is this community an[illegible]tertwined workings, he thinks, that should be con[illegible] by the individual in the redistribution.

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The Ordeal of Laughter

SINCE Thersites attacked the great son of Atreus, and would have prevailed through ridicule had not Ulysses beat him about the shoulders with his sceptre, every man who has aspired to a high place, every statesman who has argued for a great cause, every scientist, inventor and discoverer who has blazed out a new path for progress has had to dread the shafts of ridicule more than the attacks of ignorance.

Trial by fire is a hard test, but trial by laughter is the supreme ordeal. Men will face death when they would run from ridicule. A serious attack on a new movement serves but to solidify it, where a sneer would often disperse its forces. And so laughter has become the logic of unreason; a sneer its final argument. For it is hard to think and easy to laugh, and most men fear not to laugh with the crowd lest it turn and laugh at them.

In religion, in literature, in politics, what man would destroy he first makes ridiculous Ingersoll, laughing and sneering at religion, crowded the lecture-rooms of the country, where Ingersoll, serious and logical, would have faced empty benches. Hobson, the hero, was swallowed up and forgotten for the moment in the great guffaw that greeted his indiscretion. It is not the abilities, but the waistcoats of Woodruff that are attacked, not the record, but the teeth of Roosevelt that serve the cartoonist in good stead. In the Senate, a few weeks ago, it was not the able argument of Beveridge that was answered, but his mannerisms that were burlesqued. Thersites was on hand, and the Senate roared at a bit of humor as crude as its own peculiar idea of courtesy.

All this is as it should be. A great idea or a great man is never laughed down and out. In the end the sceptre of common-sense prevails. For, though the crowd loves its laugh, it usually distrusts the man who provokes it, and unconsciously begins to respect the one who perseveres in his purpose despite it. And if ridicule has its abuses, it has its uses. It punctures the sham for all time and strengthens the real to its final triumph.

* * *

Success or failure is more a matter of character than of cash, more a case of doing than of dollars.

The Right of Private Opinion

THERE is a growing feeling among persons of culture that a man's private convictions are sacred, and that it is impertinent to question them. Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, when asked by a meddlesome person if he had any religious belief, replied in the same spirit, "None to speak of."

Every individual, however humble, should insist strenuously on the right of private judgment, and repel the assumption that there is any culpability in not absolutely accepting the prevalent political or religious beliefs

I have been surprised at the number of intelligent people who publicly echo the current beliefs for fear of social odium, though confessing grave doubts regarding them in private.

The dread of sweeping criticism makes cowards of us all, and prevents honest expression of convictions. People applaud the accepted doctrines, yet all the time, like the ancient augurs, they are laughing in their sleeves. They expect men to say conventional things in public, and then complain that they talk platitudes.

Therefore it is wise not to meddle with individual opinions. Even children should not echo their elders' views like little parrots. Every rational man should read John Stuart Mill On Liberty, and cultivate a tolerant spirit toward those who entertain contrary opinions. Otherwise, democracy is a failure and freedom of thought impossible

We should display "sweetness and light" in argumentation, and concede that there is a reverse side to the [illegible] that others may be at least partly right. It is idle to [illegible] thets or to brand men as "traitors," "infidels" [illegible] "anarchists" because they differ from us.

Sagacious persons decline to discuss politics or religion in mixed gatherings to avoid hard feeling. Franklin's tactful and suggestive manner should be imitated by every one who seeks to persuade. Matthew Arnold practiced the same suave and insinuating methods, and Gladstone converted his bitterest opponents by his candor and fairness.

—CHARLES F. W[illegible]

* * *

It is easy to revere friendship—it is hard to trust it

How Figures Lie

"I DO NOT believe in theories; I believe in facts and figures," says the practical man. Here is an individual who can be made to believe anything. Suppose he should say, "I do not believe in logical processes that lead to conclusions, but I do believe in facts that may be misrepresented and figures that can be juggled," you would say, "The man is a fool" And he is.

Let this individual open part three of the census of 1890 He will find that there are 79,032 more married males in the United States than married females! As the widowed are separately tabulated and as the women of Utah would incline the balance the other way, the numbers, making deductions for Utah, should exactly correspond

A few months ago the Rochester Herald took the annual report of the New York State Board of Charities, where it is stated that the inmates and other beneficiaries of State institutions number more than 2,500,000, and said that "two and a half million people in a population of 7,000,000 receiving charity may well create a surprise in the foremost State in the Union." Indeed it may, but it is not nearly so surprising as the Rochester Herald's failure to see how such figures are obtained. Obviously there are a number of individuals who figure more than once

That very curious conclusions can be made to follow from statistics may be illustrated in those which deal with pauperism. England has the greatest number of paupers in the world (twenty-eight in each 1000), and Italy very nearly the lowest (ten in each 1000). This ought to prove to your devotee at the feet of the statistical Buddha that Italy is more prosperous than England! All it does prove is that organized poor relief in England is more systematic and thorough. In the United States paupers will not number more than two or three in each thousand, but this would not be a measure of our prosperity over England, for we certainly are not four times as prosperous as England. Sig. Lombroso not long ago stated that "wealth leads to crime," and this is the way he proved it: Rhode Island, the richest State in the Union (with an estimated wealth of $200 to each inhabitant), shows a high percentage of crime, while Dakota and Alabama (the first having thirty dollars, the second twenty dollars to each inhabitant), show the very lowest percentage of criminality!

Another wonderful fact which the statistician has discovered is that so few great men have great sons, and this, in common understanding at least, has been established as one of the laws of heredity. But look at it. If great men had great sons there would soon be an overplus of great men, or, to have great men at all, the level of greatness would have to be raised much higher. If a large proportion of the sons of great men were idiots, *that* would be an important fact, but as most of them are, like most of the rest of us, men neither greatly above the average in ability, nor greatly below it, the equilibrium which Nature strives to preserve is not seriously imperiled. If we consider the proportion of great men to the rest of us, the number of those who have had offspring greatly endowed is not small.

It used to be thought that the sons of clergymen were apt to be worthless "ne'er do weels," and there were statistics for that. But De Candale, the distinguished French *savant*, says that the sons of ministers have contributed to science more eminent men than has any other class. He might have added, too, that they have also swelled the ranks of the poets, theologians, and not a few of the military heroes of the past

On statistical absurdities such as these great reputations are built. Belief in them is a world wide superstition. Germany is probably most profoundly deluded by them, but England and America are not far behind. I do not say that statistics have not their use; the contention I advance is that everywhere they are made to supply the place of pure reasoning, and that to multitudes of minds they stand for conclusions almost always irrational, and not infrequently immoral

—JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

* * *

Keep the dollar moving, but don't let it roll too far away.

Going with the Current

A GREAT French poet, in a moment of exhilaration, exclaimed, "Fear nothing, man; Nature knows the great secret and smiles"; but a smaller French poet, not able to interpret universal life, felt only the hindrances to his own selfishness and cried out, "I have arrived too late in a world too old" The point of view makes all the difference.

Each man takes his stand where his own character finds most congenial footing. In religion, politics, philosophy, art, we obey the law of personal gravitation. Voltaire would have perished had his intellectual nature been fed upon what nourished Gladstone or Bismarck. Darwin moved the intellectual world with a lever so different from that used by Martin Luther, or Milton, or Leibnitz, that we can scarcely [illegible] Napoleon I rearranged the [illegible]; so did George Washington; but how antagonistic were the currents of energy going out of those two batteries! Contemporary, mutually repellent, yet working together like mighty cog wheels in a vast machine, the tyrant and the father of freedom unwittingly joined their forces to urge forward an era which should represent the splendid materialism of one and the exalted philanthropy of the other.

It is worth while to be serene and thoughtful in a time when all around us the cables binding us to the past are snapping like rotten whipcord. Let us not be hasty in concluding that any one force is breaking the old lines. "Nature knows the great secret and smiles," even though some of us may have "arrived too late in a world too old" It is of little moment, indeed, what any one of us thinks or needs, the movement of things proceeds by a law of majorities. What the prevailing aspiration dictates is the trend of civilization.

Many of us may fondly dream that Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison and Franklin set the bounds of republican institutions and chalked out the periphery of political permanence. But the gravitation of life is greater than the wisdom of any generation of statesmen. We individuals may differ touching what ought to be; yet what will be is the resultant of all the world's forces, good and bad. Europe's conflict of interests permitted us to set our flag on many islands and to thrust a splinter of freedom deep into the Orient To save its own equilibrium for a brief time, the Old World stood by and saw a thing done which makes certain a general disturbance of its cherished plans for the future. Press the crust down here and it will rise yonder. England helped us to add a great importance to our civilization—she waved a hand of restraint in our behalf when powerful nations threatened interference—and now the inevitable reciprocity makes it sure that British civilization will inundate Africa.

W[illegible] [illegible]ed too late in a world too old"; but the cables [illegible] to snap under the strain of a resultant composed of all the world-influences. Call it Destiny, call it Progress, call it Decadence, call it the waxing of Maturity; but, by any name or no name, the movement goes on irresistibly, to glory it may be or to cataclysm. This is not fatality; it is the flow of life, the current of which obeys the prevailing aspiration of the world.

— MAURICE THOMPSON.

* * *

The modern temptations: for men, politics; for women, bargain sales

The Essence of Good Judgment

GOOD judgment is a perfect balance struck between intuition and reason. The masculine mind is capable of good judgment when to its indigenous reasoning powers is [illegible]ed the intuitive sensibility of a woman—to a moderate degree. A woman has good judgment when to native intuition she prefixes and affixes temperately masculine logic. To Hermia's lament, "I would my father look'd but with my eye," the intelligent Theseus replied, "Rather your eyes must with his judgment look."

There are two distinct methods of making worldly success: one is by means of bold, speculative strokes, the other by patient accumulation; but one way is as dependent upon good judgment as the other Before a speculator is worth his wage his mind must both feel and think, whether he deals in wheat, pig iron, copper or manuscripts—the latter [illegible]ertain of all quantities

[illegible]r must judge wisely in order to balance one stone while adding others to the pile he is building. The successful stock broker says he "feels the market"; the politician "feels the pulse of the people"; the publisher "feels the public taste"; but all of this feeling would be no more conclusive nor productive than that of the woman who in argument insists upon a fact being so "just because," were not the stock broker, the politician and the publisher familiarized with speculative cause and effect by a variety of previous experiences pertaining thereto. On the other hand, if these gentlemen claimed their impulses entirely, depending solely upon reasonable conclusions in the matter, great opportunities would invariably be lost, and frequently minor ones

If the mother of a son who has acquired a harmful smoking habit were able to sort out in her own mind the floating ends of conviction from intolerable prejudice, she could strike a balance of temperate judgment enabling h[illegible] to assist her son to control his weakness wisely, easily, [illegible] of goading him into worse intemperance by indiscriminate nagging and opposition.

Good judgment in minor daily matters hinges upon a clear understanding of the relation of things gained by experimental comparison of order with disorder, harmony with the inharmonious. Judgment is invariably bad when colored by prejudices confining our vision to one standpoint—that at which we have arrived by means of arbitrary personal inclination irrespective of extraneous motives and standpoints bearing pertinently and logically upon the matter.

Good judgment may be pronounced deliberately or swiftly, according to the temperament of the judge, and quick judgment need not necessarily be bad judgment, although it often is so. Any fair-minded person with an eye for both sides of a question can cultivate good judgment

—ANNA FARQUHAR.

Americans *in* Paris

THE most popular comic artist in France, I really believe, is F M Howarth. There is not a comic paper from the Sourire to the little Illustré Amusant that does not reproduce his grim and extraordinary little pictures without words. In the French "Comics" for this week he figures five times. You might not think that Mr. Howarth's humor was essentially Parisian It had never struck me that it was. But, after all, your Parisian is a good deal like other men, a home-keeping, amiable creature, fond of a joke with harmless merriment in it

And when he is done with Mr. Howarth the average Parisian, it would seem, reads Marion Crawford Two of Mr. Crawford's stories are appearing serially in the daily newspapers. I have heard so much of our great American writer, "Monsieur Crawfore," that I have come to believe that Poe, Hawthorne, and all the rest are not worth remembering

Queen Wilhelmina's Marriage Problem

JUST at the present moment it is Mr. Robert W. Chambers who is having his hour of success. Every really intelligent Frenchman comes at you with "*Changbare! quel génie!*" As that is a little my own opinion I bought La Vie Illustrée yesterday and read an installment of Les Conspirateurs—part of the tenth and eleventh chapters. Now, there is nothing so fascinating as finding yourself in the middle of a stirring novel without quite knowing how you got there. For instance, in Mr Chambers' conspiracy I found a German Prince and a young American Captain who looked so much alike that even the Grand Duchess herself couldn't tell them apart On the next page I discovered that the Prince loved either the Queen of Holland or a peasant lass who looked so much alike that you couldn't tell one from the other—at least in photographs. Will Prince Edric marry the Queen of Holland in the last chapter? And what will become of the peasant lass? I do not know. Probably I never shall know. And that is the charm and beauty of it. For months, it may be for years, I shall go through life hypnotized by Mr. Chambers' problem. And when in time the Queen of Holland marries some one (as I shall see by the newspapers), I shall always wonder whether it is the Captain disguised as the Prince or the Prince masquerading as the Captain

Unless—but I do not know—still it is not impossible—unless the Prince and the Captain are one, and the Queen is really the peasant girl, changed in the cradle; it is possible. At any rate this is the problem that is keeping all Paris awake these rainy days and nights.

Huck Finn a Boulevardier

THERE are two American names that you can conjure with anywhere in Europe—Mark Twain and Bret Harte Huckleberry Finn is as well known to the small French boy as he is to the tanned youngster of the States And perhaps it would surprise you—though it should not—to know that the great French critics consider this the best book written in America since Hawthorne's day They will explain to you that it is not only fine literature, but that it is, as well, essentially racial and American. As for Bret Harte, he has almost been adopted into French literature. All this is agreeable to the right-minded American. He is pleased to see the spread of American ideas and grateful to the men of letters, those torch bearers. In this connection I should say that The Red Badge of Courage will shortly appear in a French translation—the work of Monsieur Henri D Davray, an accomplished translator—and thus Mr. Stephen Crane will become, vicariously at least, an American in Paris.

General Kitchener's Optimism

A FEW months before the Transvaal war broke out General Kitchener was in Paris. A French journalist whom I know called on him and brought away a very definite impression. General Kitchener is a calm, self-centred, steely man, who has only one passion and one aim in life—his business of being a soldier. His opinion of women is anything but flattering—probably because he is not married. In Egypt he used to assure his young officers that "falling in love ruins more good soldiers and spoils more promising careers than anything else." It is the old theory of the painter who "loved his art" and feared that, should he marry, his paint brush might be jealous of his wife

"What do you think of the project of disarmament and universal peace?" General Kitchener was asked.

"I don't think of it," said the General

"Do you think there is any chance of a European war?"

"Well," said the General thoughtfully, "this confounded peace has been so violent it can't possibly last much longer.'

The Awful Weight of a College Education

IN THE offices of the American Commissioner to Paris there are ten or fifteen—they flit about so I've not been able to count them—slim, young college boys, with brushes of football hair, yellow shoes, creased trousers and other appurtenances American They feel the dignity that weighs upon them as representatives of the land across the sea and are doing all they can to spread the United States language in Paris. Underneath Mr. Peck's offices in the Avenue Rapp there is a big and new and spick-and-span café. It has become almost an annex to the offices above stairs. I dropped in there yesterday to see Mr. John B Cauldwell, the head of the art department. He was chatting with some of his friends, so I sat down, ordered a cup of coffee and waited A half dozen of the college boys came in and took a table near me One of them wanted ginger-ale. He asked for it calmly. "Oh give me a bottle of ginger ale

The unhappy waiter shook his head

"Ginger ale," the young man repeated crushingly.

The waiter waved his hands in helpless agony

"Why don't you talk French?" one of the young fellows asked "I thought you could talk French."

"So I do," said the other indignantly and he added, "Garsong coffee."

It was a compromise

Where Mr. Woodward Got His Accent

THE one man in the American delegation to the Exposition who speaks really good French is Mr Woodward, the associate commissioner. He has attended dozens of meetings and banquets since he has been here and on almost every occasion he has been called on for a speech. He gets up, smiles, says the prettiest things imaginable in a French that is at once academic and perfect—perhaps just a bit too perfect to be a Frenchman's French—and then he sits down and is applauded The other day at a breakfast of the foreign commissioners he made quite a hit

"His French is capital," I said

"Yes," said a Parisian confrère, "but he has that—that American accent "

Mr. Woodward overheard the remark

"Yes," he said with the air of one disclosing a secret, "I'm an American "

It was a wise remark; I have never understood why an American should be expected to infect his French with a German accent or Japanese inflections.

Mr. MacKenna's Misadventure

THE youngest of the American correspondents in Paris is Mr. Stephen MacKenna, who represents a syndicate He has a theory of life that, to me at least, is peculiarly attractive. His idea is that a young man should get through life on his own legs. When the Greek war broke out he decided that one who could read Homer should go and fight the Turk When he landed in Athens an amiable Greek picked his pockets—taking watch, money and letters of credit Mr MacKenna set out on foot for the scene of the war One day he came upon a little troop of Greek soldiers. The lieutenant could talk French in a way, and Mr MacKenna explained that he had come to save Greece. The lieutenant kissed him on both cheeks and made him a corporal. They went to battle.

When the fighting was over the corporal was mustered out and paid off. While saving Greece he had earned eighteen dollars. When he reached Marseilles he discovered he did not have money enough for a ticket to Paris He determined to walk. Day after day he tramped along the pleasant roads of France, conning Greek poetry. One evening as he entered a little village the peasants shouted

"There he is—that's the man!" and fell upon him, tied him and stowed him away in a dungeon under the church

The next day they put him in a cart and drove him to the nearest town. As they jolted along the peasants would come and poke him with sticks and say, "Assassin!" At last he was arraigned before some tufted official, and without much trouble convinced him of his identity. They had taken him for a murderer who made a specialty of killing lonely shepherd lads A few days later he walked into Paris and returned to the university.

Mr. Whistler Again

A COLORADO millionaire—extremely millionaire—one who is getting up an art gallery, went to Whistler's studio in the Rue du Bac. He glanced casually at the pictures on the walls—"symphonies" in rose and gold, in blue and gray, in brown and green

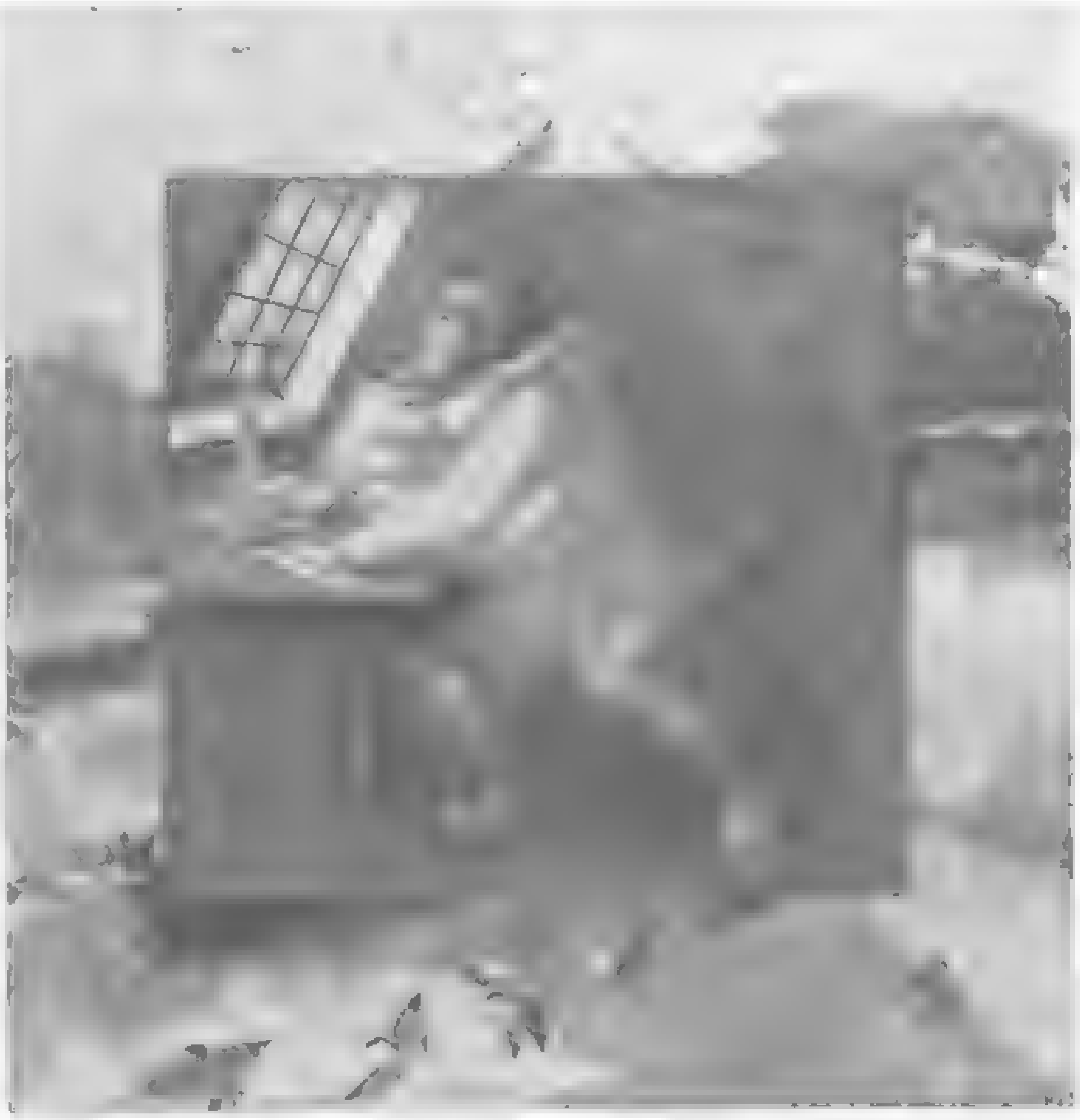
"How much for the lot?" he asked with the confidence of one who owns gold mines

"Four millions," said Whistler

"What!"

"My posthumous prices," and the painter added, "Good morning "

—VANCE THOMPSON



PIERROT'S RETURN

By Bliss Carman

Over the roofs of the town
The smoke-red moon goes down.
The winter settles on the lost sky-line
And on this heart of mine

The days are come, Pierrot,
Wherein thou must forego
The broad green open world and mountains blue
Thy happy summer knew.

No more the whispering leaves,
The rain-drops on the eaves,
The woodland voices of hill-brooks at noon,
The leisurely wind's rune.

No thrushes now for thee
At break of day, to free
The *largo* of their silvery interludes
Through the green solitudes.

No sea-turn from the shore
Will come with pebbly roar
And lull, where the quiet marshes bright and wide
Are brimming with the tide.

Wood-path and orchard air
Exchanged for street and stair,
The simple habitude of old earth's joys
For motley and madcap noise

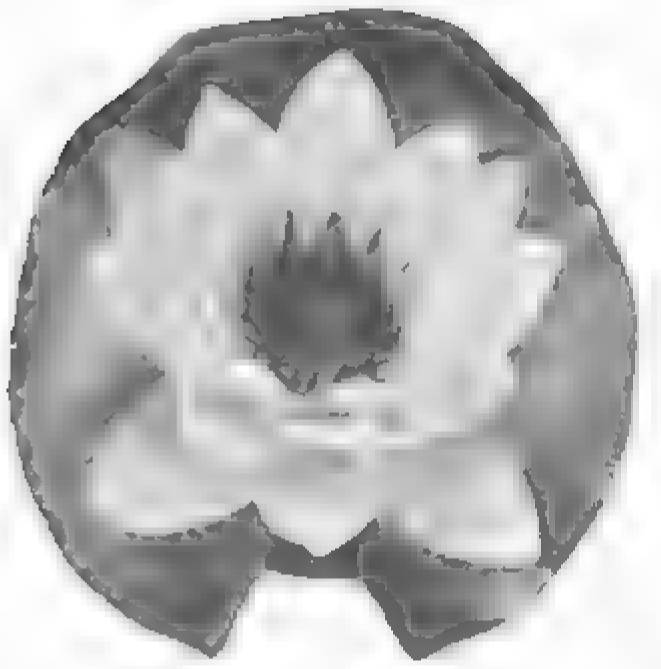
Immured within a room,
Pierrot, must thou resume
The customs of the city, gray and cold,
That make thy spirit old!

Freedom and air and light
And golden age, good-night!
Ah, lonely moon, where heaven and roof-line blend,
Be thou Pierrot's friend! . . .

A step on the entry floor?
And pausing at my door?
Surely my comrades cannot have found me yet
Entrez . . . Pierrette! Pierrette!

Aquatic Gardening *for* Amateurs

By René Bache



WATER gardening — a branch of horticulture hitherto neglected and almost unrecognized — is beginning to attract a great deal of attention in this country as well as abroad. One beneficial result of the new departure is the awakening of popular interest in an extensive though little known class of plants which possess characteristics of form and beauty peculiar to themselves. An immense variety of such "aquatics" can be grown so easily in any pond that it seems a shame to leave any water surface in a landscape bare, for with the help of only one or two water plants the ugliest mudhole in a meadow may be transformed into a patch of blossoming loveliness enchanting to the eye. The cultivation required is so simple as to demand [illegible] labor and no special skill, while the [illegible] all plants desirable for this kind of gardening are readily obtainable, only a few — such as the seeds of the Victoria Regia, which cost five dollars a dozen — being expensive.

Half a century ago water gardening was [illegible] confined to a few show places in Europe, such as Chatsworth, the country seat of the Duke of Devonshire, where the first Victoria Regia fetched from Brazil unfolded its incomparable blossoms; but not until twenty-five years later was the art introduced into the United States. Since then, however, it has made rapid progress, and to-day water plants are under cultivation in most parts of the country. In fact, the propagation of them has become an important industry, several firms making a specialty of growing aquatic plants for public parks and for sale to private individuals.

Any area of fresh water [illegible] much more interesting by green and flowering growths that it is rather unusual at the present time to find in a pleasure ground an artificial lake destitute of vegetation, while even the fountains in most city parks are made beautiful in summer with vari-colored lilies and other plants — aquatic gardens, one may call them, on a small scale. Some of the earliest experiments in this kind of horticulture were begun twenty years ago at the Government fish-ponds near the foot of the Washington Monument at the National Capital, and now the half dozen glassy lakelets are fairly covered each summer with lilies of nearly every hue of the rainbow, only a few of them being native to the United States. Doctor Hessel, the superintendent of the ponds, is an enthusiast on the subject of water plants, and he has effected a number of crosses between tropical water lilies and hardy Northern varieties, obtaining hybrids that will winter out of doors in this latitude.

These lilies are easily crossed and many very beautiful and striking ones have already been produced by such artifices, the most notable achievements in this line being credited to a Frenchman named Latour-Narliac, after whom one of the most exquisite hybrids is named. But the finest of all was originated at Chatsworth — the superb *[illegible]*. The first blue water lily was fetched to Europe from Zanzibar twenty-one years ago, and the loveliest [illegible] ones are likewise African, but some of the latter hue are native to the United States. Of hardy varieties now under cultivation six are white, four pink, four yellow and one a dark crimson. Of tropical kinds, five are blue, from sky to very dark, three white, three red, and one pink. Five varieties open their petals at night, about eight o'clock, and shut them at 10 A. M., each blossom unclosing itself three nights in succession.

The first public park in America to make attempts at water gardening was that of Fairmount in Philadelphia, but since then the beauty of Central Park in New York has been greatly enhanced in this way. There are now two aquatic greenhouses in Pittsburg and two in Chicago. Formerly there was such a hothouse attached to the Executive Mansion in Washington, but it was destroyed by fire during Andrew Johnson's Administration and it was never rebuilt. In the White House conservatories there are two or three brick tanks filled with water, in which rare blue lilies from Australia, purple ones from Zanzibar, red ones from India, and yellow ones of domestic breed are propagated for the fountains. It is an interesting fact, by the way, that the first Victoria Regia that bloomed in the United States was grown in the White House aquatic nursery.

The Victoria Regia, which may fairly be considered the most remarkable of all aquatics, is a native of Brazil, where travelers first found it blooming in streams tributary to the Amazon, its leaves, six feet in diameter, looking like enormous trays, with edges turned up four inches all around. Indian women in that part of the world, while gathering the seeds of the plant for food, put their children upon the floating platters, which afford so good a support that a single one of them is capable of upholding an ordinary man. It is said that the leaves grow sometimes at the rate of half an inch an hour, or eight inches a day, while the flowers attain a width of more than a foot — in fact, they can be made to reach fifteen inches if the water is artificially warmed. They are white when they first open, and exhale a delicious perfume resembling that of pineapples, but on the second day they turn pink. One of them will serve very well as a corsage bouquet — or might do so were it not for the prickles which cover the stalk up to the very petals.

VICTORIA REGIA — HENRY A. DREER, RIVERTON, N. J.

Landscape gardeners nowadays are accomplishing wonders with waste water spaces and bog holes which happen to offer themselves for utilization. If you are so fortunate as to have a pond on your premises, you may choose for water gardening among many kinds of ornamental aquatics. There are water poppies, with bright, lemon colored flowers; water snowflakes, whose [illegible] star shaped snow crystals that fall; [illegible] hyacinths, and parrot's-feather plants of exquisite foliage; wild rice, with panicles of bloom on stalks six or eight feet [illegible]; and, by no means to be forgotten, the famous Egyptian papyrus. This last is a kind of reed, from which in ancient Egypt the inner rind was cut lengthwise in strips. The strips being laid parallel and close together another set of strips was placed transversely across them, and thus was formed a sheet which, after being pressed, hammered and dried, presented a fair surface for ink.

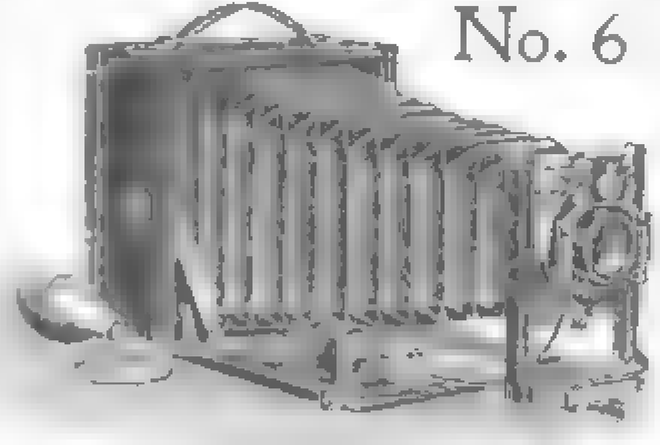
The seeds of all these plants may be bought from dealers, as well as those of a number of curious and interesting floating ones which have no roots in the soil, but gain their sustenance from the water, being upheld by bulbs filled with air. These latter, indeed, are among the oddest of vegetal species, possessing as they do no fixed habitation, and spending their lives in drifting about, like so many aquatic tramps. Another queer pond dweller is the lattice-leaf plant, the living skeleton of the vegetable world. Its long fleshless leaves consist simply of a midrib and the primary nerves.

The most interesting and beautiful of all water plants, however — with the possible exception of the Victoria Regia — is the lotus, which seems originally to have been native to India, though, perhaps through transplantation, it grew wild on the banks of the Nile before the earliest of the historic dynasties. In ancient times the people of the Nile Valley made bread of its big seeds, which were called "Egyptian beans" by the early Greeks and Romans. At feasts the guests wreathed their heads with lotus flowers, and at a funeral it was customary to give one blossom to each mourner. The lotus, indeed, was considered sacred, being an emblem of the Nile and the symbol of the creation of the world from the waters. Its influence on architecture has been enormous, its leaves and buds appearing in the capitals of classic columns and in every sort of antique decorative carving, while in sculpture it is a constant *motif*. The art of Japan, into which country the plant was imported long ago, is inspired by it to a greater extent than by anything else in Nature.

A single seed of the lotus, thrown into a pond, will soon cover the water surface with a wealth of huge leaves and superb blossoms, the latter resembling gigantic pink tulips. When the petals fall they leave behind them seed cups, which in appearance are curiously like the "rose" in the spout of a watering pot, each hole containing one large seed.

Mr. E. D. Sturtevant, an authority to whom the writer is indebted for much of

POND LILIES (Nymphaea William Doug[illegible]) — HENRY A. DREER, RIVERTON, N. J.



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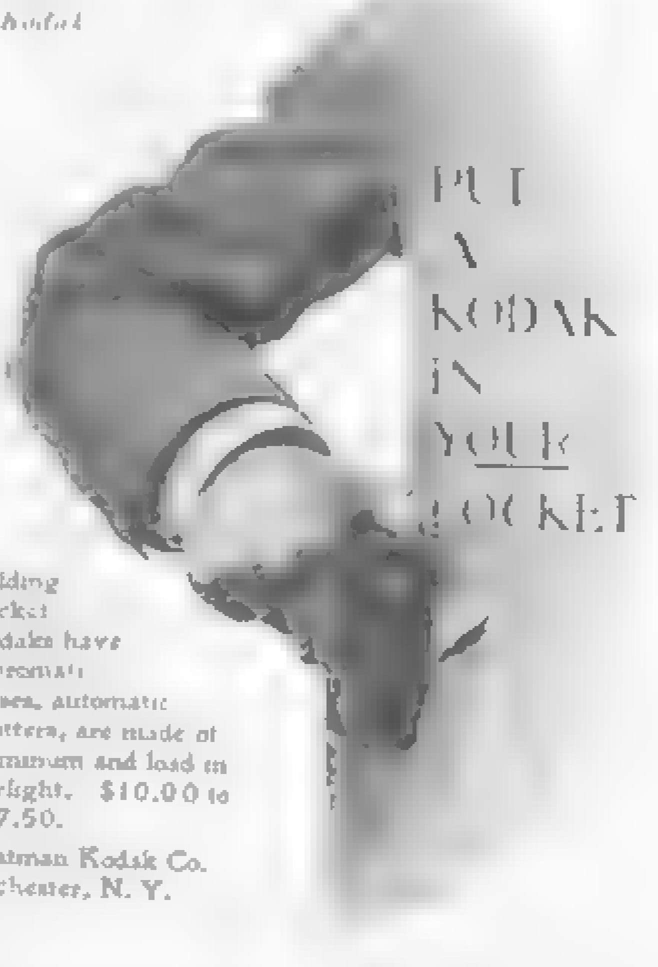

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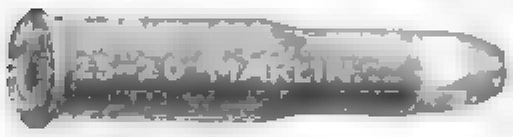

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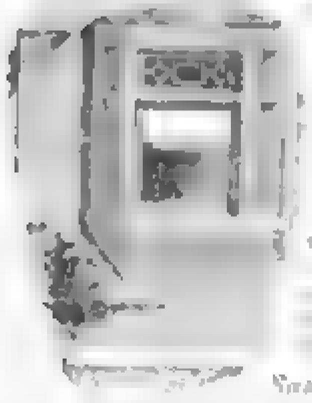

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WATER GARDEN IN THE ESTATE OF TIMOTHY M. GRIFFING, ESQ., AT RIVERHEAD, L. I.

the material of this article, says that "the hardiness of the lotus having been demonstrated, there is no reason why it should not be made to cover shallow ponds from Cape Cod through all the coast region of the Middle and Southern States, or why it should not become as conspicuous a feature in American life and art as it is in Japan."

If you are an aquatic horticulturist and feel so disposed, you may build in your pond a miniature island, just a few inches higher than the surface level of the water, and on it you may cultivate various interesting bog plants, among which the most curious are certain carnivorous species, such as the "vegetable butcher," known to science as the *Dionæa muscipula*. This last is the famous plant, found only in North Carolina whose every leaf is a trap—a pair of gaping jaws that wait patiently to capture any fly or other insect which may walk in attracted by the sweetish stuff inside. A victim once enticed thus far, the jaws close with a snap and the "butcher" digests its prey at leisure.

Not less remarkable are the various pitcher plants, likewise at home in boggy places which distil alcoholic liquors in graceful receptacles and make drunk the hapless cockroach or the imprudent bluebottle and afterward devour them. There is a pitcher plant in Borneo, by the way, that captures frogs and eats them—nor is this a fable, be assured though it sounds like one.

Supposing that you have no natural pond convenient for your aquatic farming, you can always construct an artificial one. You build it of stone or brick—say, thirty feet long by twenty wide, and two feet in depth, and for the bottom of it you use old brickbats or broken stone, overlaid with cement. Into this tank, when filled with water, you put boxes of mould, covered with an inch or two of clean sand, but the soil must be very rich, for in Nature water lilies grow in shallows where alluvium full of plant nutriment is deposited, their roots, often as thick as a man's arm, forming a network over the bottom. Of course, the artificial pond must be in a warm and sunny place, and the water must be freshened often enough to supply the waste of evaporation and to prevent it from becoming stagnant.

Some water lilies may be propagated from seeds in shallow earthen saucers filled with water, and, after they are well sprouted should be planted separately in pots of rich earth. From the pots when big enough they are to be transplanted to the boxes in the tank, and thereafter they will manage their own affairs. Other kinds are raised from bulbs, while some hardy species native to this part of the world are reproduced by chopping up the roots and planting the pieces. The Victoria Regia may be grown in the same fashion by putting the seeds which are as big as peas, into a tumbler of water and leaving them to sprout, after which they should be potted. This ought to be done in early spring, and the water must be kept warm, at a uniform temperature between eighty and ninety degrees Fahrenheit. In June the young Brazilian wonders are ready to be transferred to the tank or pond, where they will develop with astonishing rapidity, a single plant covering a space thirty feet in diameter.

Requiring so much room, the Victoria Regia is better adapted to a natural water space than to cultivation in a tank; but lesser water lilies will make a fine show in an artificial pond of the size described. In autumn the boxes should be removed from the tank, the lily roots being then divided and placed anew in pots of fresh loam, so as to be ready for planting out again in spring. The tubers of tropical species, however, in order to remain alive and dormant, have to be kept over the winter in damp moss in a place where the temperature is not over fifty degrees. If the latter precaution is neglected they are likely to sprout prematurely.

Speaking of building an artificial island in a pond suggests a word or two about the celebrated "floating gardens" of ancient Mexico, which represented a very singular and interesting development of aquatic horticulture. A century or two ago these gardens were quite common on the lakes of that country, being made raft fashion, with a wicker substructure overlaid with earth, in which plants, and sometimes even trees, were made to grow. They were used chiefly for purposes of pleasure, being anchored out and fastened by means of long poles driven deep into the bottom. Usually they were rectangular in shape, averaging forty feet in length by fifteen feet in breadth—though some of them were much greater in size—and on the larger ones there was apt to be a small hut in which the cultivator lived. The soil spread upon the rafts was exceedingly rich, being scooped up from the lake bottom, and, being continually moistened by the water from beneath, produced a wonderful luxuriance of vegetation, including the choicest vegetables and most exquisite flowers.

These raft gardens must have been very beautiful, but none of them are now to be found in Mexico. The so-called "floating gardens" of these days which are so great an attraction in the neighborhood of the City of Mexico do not float in reality, but are formed of strips of solid ground intersected by canals through which visitors are propelled in canoes. They are made by heaping up the earth to a height of two feet above the water, and yield plentiful crops of vegetables, fruits and flowers. In the canals beautiful water lilies often line the way while many of the gardens are one mass of variegated flowers.

VIEW OF SECTION OF WATER GARDEN WITH LOTUS IN BLOOM. HENRY A. DREER, RIVERTON, N. J.

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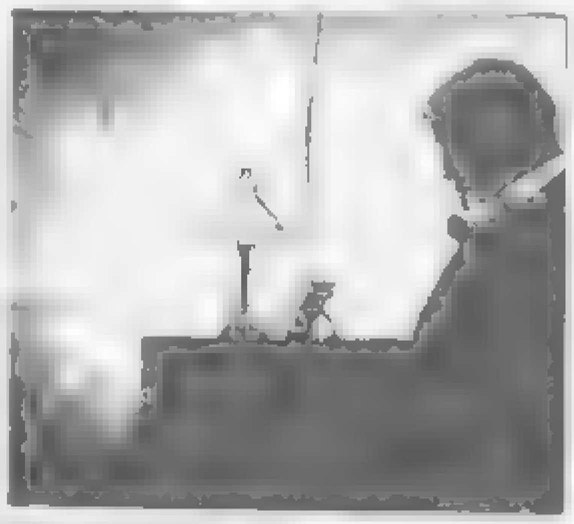

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The Island of the Innocent

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I HAD just buried my treasure

This was the most important event in my life up to that time—more important by far than the mere acquirement of the treasure. Many boys of eight—I was eight—as well as other persons, have treasures, but few, since the time of [illegible] Kidd, have had the charming sense to bury them

We were leaving home and going to a far off place. It was not at my suggestion nor even with my approval. In permitting it I was merely indulging a whim of my father and mother. But as a provision against future poverty, the sensible thing for me to do was to bury my treasure

This treasure was interesting. It consisted of three silver dollars, gloriously large, of fifty cunning little dimes, of a gold bracelet made in semblance of a serpent, and all springy openwork so that it nearly scared me to death when I put it about my arm, because it seemed to leap and coil and cling; and a silver snuff-box, set with red and blue garnets in imitation of the American flag

Hiding a treasure is not a thing to be done in open daylight. No, no—no, no! It should be done in the mysterious hours. I knew that. I slept but little the night before my great incident. There were reasons.

On ordinary occasions two brown earth urchins came trudging down out of the Hills of Silence and sat themselves hard upon my lids and stayed there immovably the night through. But on the eve of great events, such as Christmas or the Fourth of July or my birthday, these little friends of mine had, apparently, to go off about their own business, and they sent to me, in their lieu, two fluttering, inconstant sisters from the world of opening and shutting flowers, and these pretty creatures seemed no sooner to poise upon my eyes than they were off again and my naughty lids flew open with as much energy as the cover of my beautiful snuff box The comfort of all this was that I became acquainted with the gray thoughts that come hooded in the night, and the curious misshapen dwarfs called fears that skurry about the bed of a child who sleeps alone. Moreover, I had been enabled to see the sky in the early dawn when it was like one of my mamma's Japanese prints—gray like a dove's dark breast, with two broken bars of pale pink marking it. It seemed to me that Nature was often very Japanese.

The morning of the treasure hiding I arose at four. That is what the clock said—four There were some stars out, and a large, low, yellow one in the West looked at me very hard. I ran out my tongue at it. No star could scare me

The apple trees had been in bloom a trifle the day before, but something had happened over night—I had heard the wind calling to me like a big boy in the dark—and now the orchard was all pink and white. As the warm air came creeping up from around the earth I saw the white veils of the blossoms part and the pink faces look out. There was perfume all about me and the wind kept blowing it to and fro

I cannot tell what made me do it, but I sat my treasure—it was in a pretty tin box—[illegible] on the ground and ran up and down the orchard as hard as I could, and I laughed so loudly that a number of birds advanced to the utmost twig of their home-trees and reminded me that the sun was not yet up

But in the very thick of these reproaches the sun advanced a ruddy face above the hills and shamed them, and reminded me that it was time to be at work

I climbed a tree which stood, by actual count, exactly in the centre of the orchard, and crept out on the longest branch till I got to a certain hollow knob

"It will be easy to remember that hollow knob," I said to myself, "and when I am old and poor I shall come back here and climb out on that branch—I shall be all in rags, with a long white beard—and drop my lead and find my treasure."

I sat still for several seconds thinking about this, till a squirrel came from his hole and questioned me from a neighboring tree. Then I sank my plummet, let fall my line, and dropping after it recklessly, I dug and dug till I had an impressively deep hole

Then I buried my treasure and scattered twigs and leaves and blossoms over it, refraining, with a wood craft which commended me marvelously to my own approval, from overdoing it. Then I went back to my home, and by the exercise of all of my will, forced myself to eat breakfast as if my life were the same open book it had been only yesterday

The next week I and my parents mo[illegible] away. We went very far and settled in a place where I could no longer hear the se[illegible] Neither could I see apple trees in bloom [illegible] hills flushed with green. There were hill[illegible] it is true, but the smoke of many smelters—blue and green smoke, corrosive and evil—quenched the glory of the hills and forbade the trees to grow

I learned many new things and became acquainted with some new boys, and, almost before I knew what was happening, I grew up.

Growing up has its penalties. I was sent away from home to college, but instead of going East as I had expected I would, I went West and studied at the university nearest the sunset I met a dear girl there whom I married later, and, as I had no wander-year after my college course, I and my young wife started around the world together

I told her about the treasure one night when we were sailing up the Yang tse-Kiang She clapped her hands gayly.

"We will go dig it up together," she said. "We will do it by moonlight. Can you hear the surf from the orchard, Ted?"

"Oh, quite plainly! And, if the moonlight is not too bright, we can play that the treasure consists of 'pieces of eight' and Spanish doubloons."

"No, no!" cried my dear. "It is not necessary to pretend anything. This is one of the first times in my life in which I have found everything so delightful that I do not need to pretend."

"Very well," I laughed, "then what we shall find will be a red tin box containing three dollars, gloriously large, fifty cunning dimes, a serpent of gold that springs and coils and clings, and a silver snuff box set with blue and red garnets in the pattern of an American flag"

My dear young wife died before our long marriage journey was completed, and I, dreading to go back to the town where the sulphurous smoke killed the green things and poisoned the air, determined to begin [illegible]ously the work for which I had endeavored to fit myself at college

Metallurgy had been my study, and now I turned all my attention to it, and, because my energies were so concentrated, I presently made something of a mark for myself. I began to receive commissions from institutions of one sort and another, and so it came about that, in the course of the next thirty years, I traveled much

I got into a foolish way—because my life was so nomadic, I suppose—of thinking a great deal about the time when I was a boy and really had a home. I had entered a formula in the first notebook which I ever possessed, of the place of the buried treasure, and I never got a new notebook without devoting the top of the first page to this entry.

"Centre tree of apple orchard—long limb pointing to the South—directly under hollow knob—seven paces from the tre[illegible]

I planned to go some time and forget all the knowledge that burdened me and the people I knew and the work I had to do, and follow these directions explicitly and dig till I came to my treasure. It seemed to me that when I found it the labor and pain of the years would slip away like a river that flows to the sea.

The time came at last. I had two months for a vacation before setting off for the Andes. So I went to the old town and up the dusty road—it was late in the summer and the grapes were ripe—to the house. It looked ludicrously mean. I laughed aloud when I saw it. I went in and told the woman who lived there who I was.

"You are quite welcome, Mr. Burton," she said. "You must stay right here w[illegible] [illegible] of course."

"I wish I might have the room I used to have when I was a boy, Mrs. Edwards. It was the room with the double gable-window"

"It is my son's room, but you may sleep in it"

"You have a son?"

"He is back of the house. See him yonder. He is marching up and down with a wooden gun over his shoulder."

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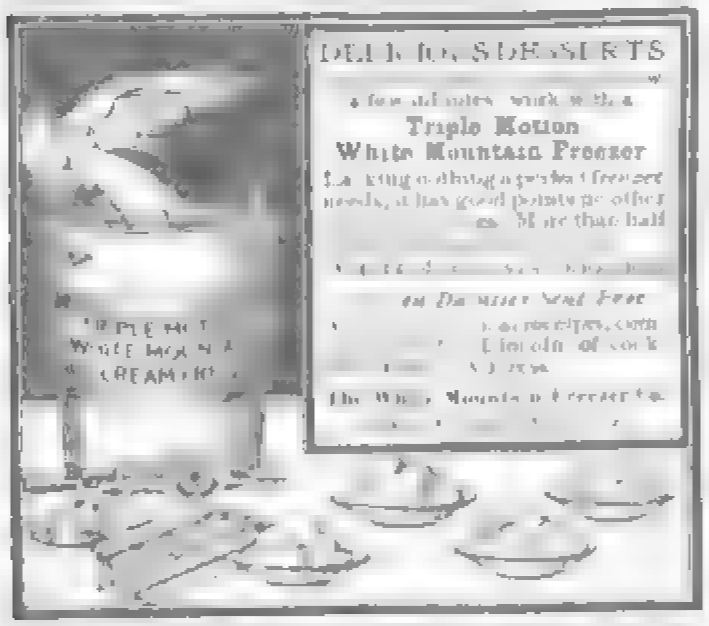
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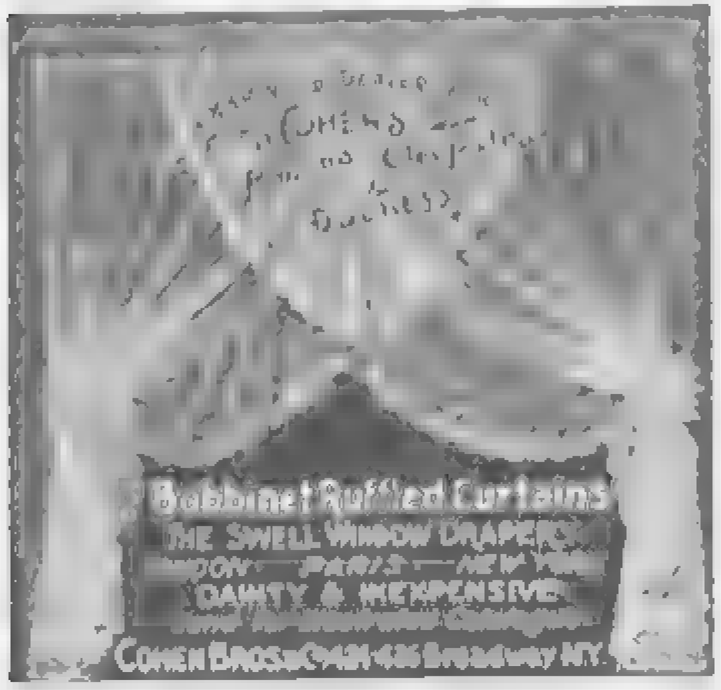
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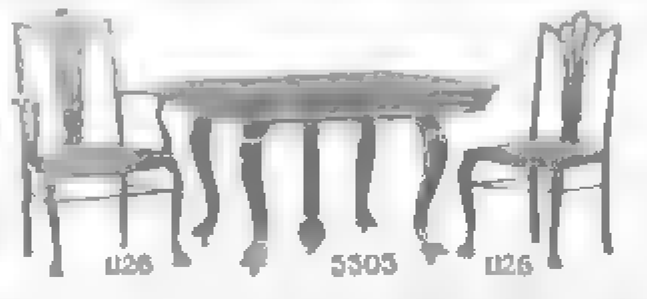

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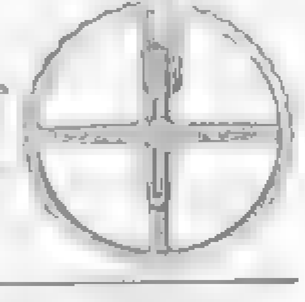
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salute. He presented arms with his wooden gun. "Lieutenant, what is your name?" I [illegible]d. He grinned, delighted

"Ted," said he

"No!" I cried, "it can't be!"

"Why not, sir?"

"Because that is my name At least it used to be." I thought of how it looked now. Edward Thomas Burton, with a lot of joyless titles strung after it, and sighed. Times had been much better in the days when I had been called Ted

"Come, walk in the orchard" I urged

"The orchard is no good any more," said he "It is too old"

"But I am as old as the orchard, Ted, yet I hope I am some good."

He was shy and said nothing, and I felt that he was thinking that he had not yet made up his mind.

"Did you ever search for buried treasure?" I inquired

A light came into his eyes. "No," he exclaimed

"I know where there is some," I said

"Where?" he half whispered I opened my notebook and read

"Centre tree of apple orchard—long limb pointing to the South—directly under hollow knob—seven paces from the tree."

"In this orchard?" queried Ted

"In this and none other!"

He began to run and I followed him. But when we had got to the heart of the orchard I had a good deal of trouble in identifying my tree. Some of the dead trees had been cut down and the centre of the orchard was no longer a thing definitely to be determined I decided upon my tree with hesitation, for the long branch which I had expected to find had been broken, some prodigal season, with its weight of fruit

"I fear we shall have great trouble in finding our treasure," I said. I took seven paces from the tree, and then I remembered that my present pacing must be at least a third greater than the pacing of my short legs in that unforgotten dawn

[illegible]

He did and we drove a stake

"But we [illegible] our search by daylight"

"Oh, [illegible] sir"

"Arrange for me to sleep in your room to-night and we will creep out by moonlight."

We were too excited to say more. We waited for the night. We were clever—our ingenuity and cunning were really unsurpassed. We secured permission to sleep in the same room, I in the bed, Ted on a cot.

At four I arose and put on my clothes.

"Come, Ted, come! The moon is high, the tide rising. We must be gone"

Ted sprang out of bed dizzily and I helped him into his clothes. Passing the mirrors the bright moonlight afforded me a glimpse of my whitened head

"Out upon it!" I muttered. "Can a man never forget?"

I crawled out upon the woodshed. Ted followed me I had desired the sensation of an awful drop, but my feet touched the ground when I let myself over the lowest end of the shed

We started for the orchard, stopping every few steps to listen

"No sound of a keel grating upon the beach, messmate"

"No, sir"

"No hoof beats on the highway"

"No."

We went on to the place. By my directions Ted had brought his wooden gun

"Pace you here!" I commanded [illegible] success of this adventure depends upon [illegible] watchfulness." I dug for ten minutes. Then I relieved the sentry

"I will watch and you may dig," I said I put the gun over my shoulder and began my beat. Suddenly there was a cry

"The box, sir!"

I no longer had need to feign an interest I dashed to the spot

"Give me the shovel," I commanded, earnestly this time

"Must I go on guard?" asked my little friend wistfully

"No, no! We may both be needed to exhume this mighty treasure"

We did, indeed, together lift the tiny box from its resting place. I pried back the rusted lid. We bent our heads together in our eager curiosity. Within were three dollars, gloriously large, fifty cunning dimes, a snake of gold that leapt and coiled, and clung, and a silver snuff box set with blue and red garnets in the pattern of the [illegible]

"Who does it belong to?" whispered Ted It seemed great riches—a king's bounty

"Half and half," I replied "It is ours by half and half." We divided with amicable agreement Then we crept through the orchard, past the pump, past the chopping block, to the shed I paused there

"No keel grating the beaches?"

"No, sir!"

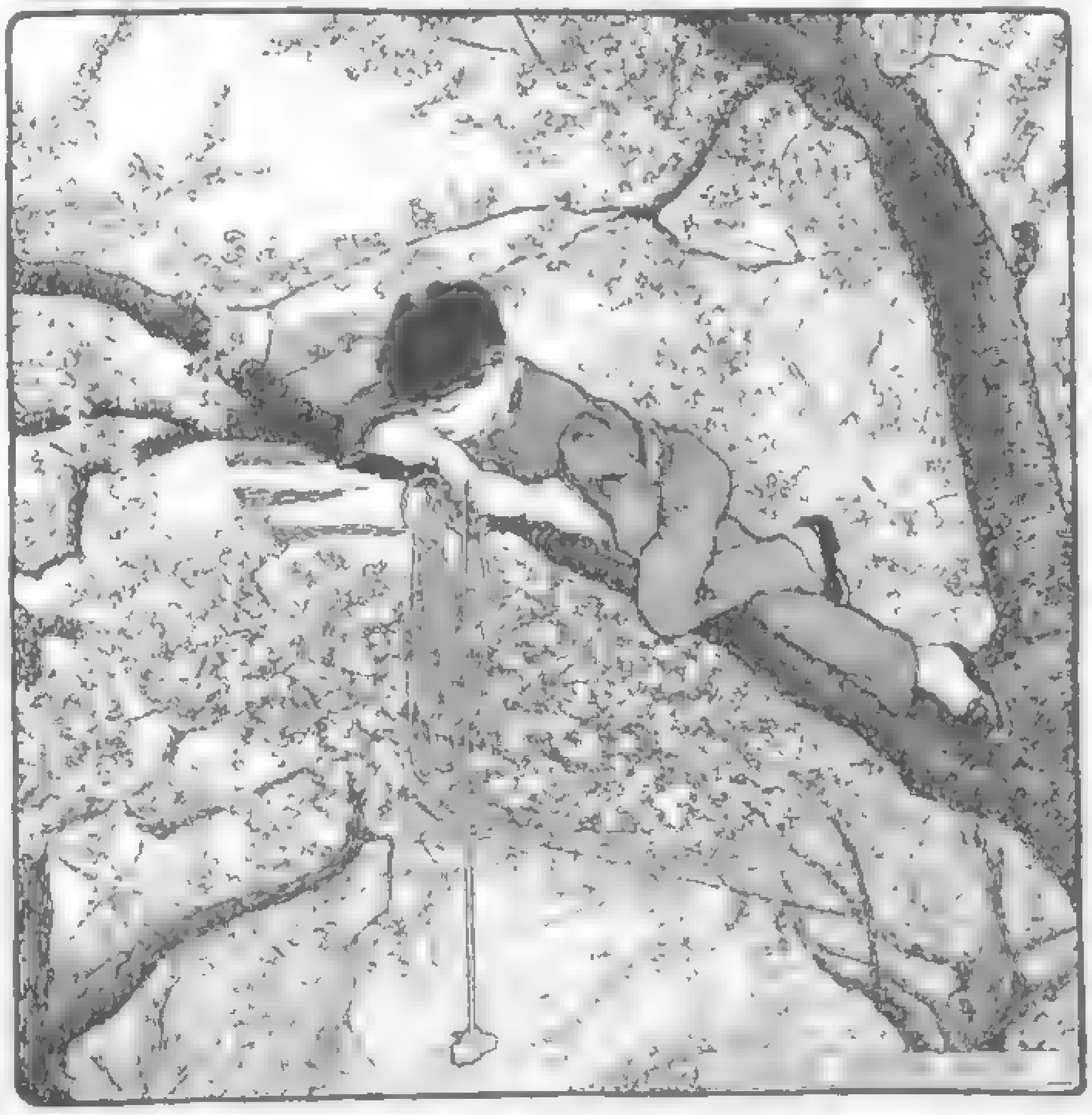
"No hoof beats on the road?"

"No"

"Our treasure is saved!" I cried devoutly

I lifted my messmate to the roof and climbed up after him

The next day I left to visit my people in Montana. I might have stayed longer in the shadow of the orchard. But something warned me to hasten away while the dew was fresh on my delight



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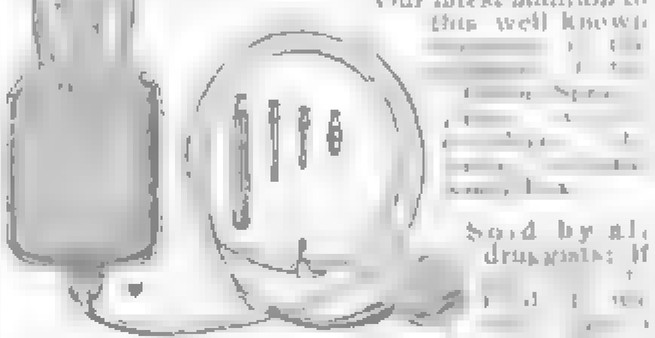

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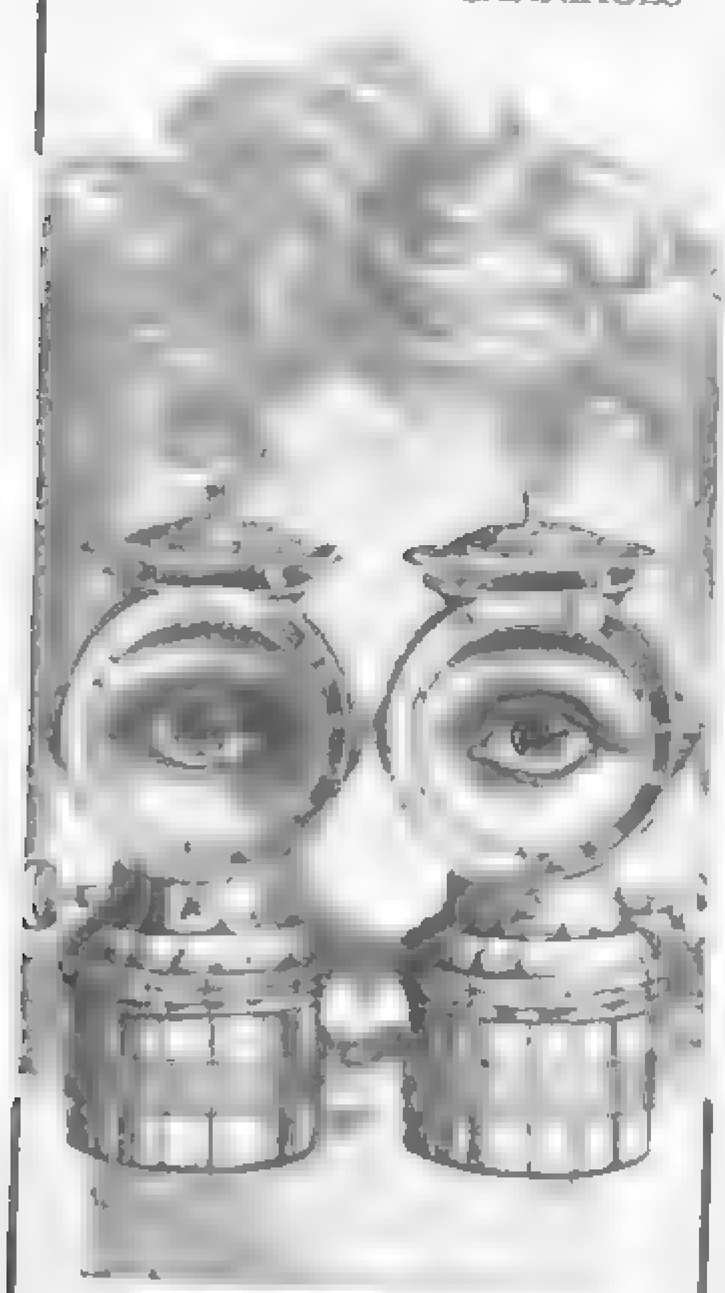

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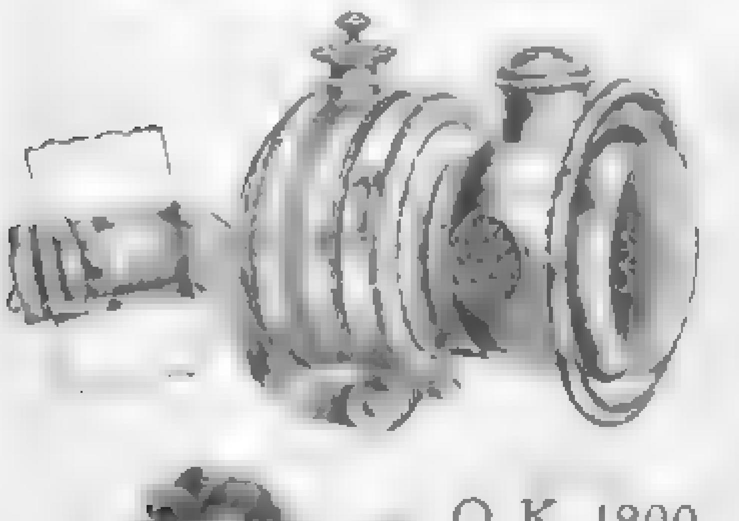

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, April, 1900

"THERE is no Canaan in politics," declared Wendell Phillips, and I think from present indications that there is scarcely a Republican in Congress who won't heartily indorse Wendell Phillips. I know for certain that Robert will, for his experience in explaining himself to his constituents and to the Legislature proved a Herculean task, for the more he explained the less they understood. I was becoming very uneasy after Robert went out to Spruce City when I received from him an urgent telegram that was in the nature of a desperate appeal for help. It read thus:

> [illegible] Senator P——. Ask him to get permission from headquarters to reveal [illegible] and reason for coercion of my vote [illegible] House."

I was almost paralyzed by this telegram, for it was proof positive that there was something more under all this business than any politician has yet admitted, and it proved that Robert had been dragooned in his vote in spite of his denial to me, and that his position in consequence was trying, even untenable. I wasted no time in thinking over the situation, for it is only a fool who stops to think at the wrong time. I made an impressive toilet. I masked my uneasiness with a bland, sweet smile, for I felt that my face should be "no February face, full of frost and storm." I called my carriage and drove forth like any damosel of old to do battle against the wicked for my liege lord. I made up my mind that I would face the whole Committee of Ways and Means, or the "peace committee," or even the Napoleon who is thought to have the Senate in the hollow of his hand and to command the party and its mercenaries. I might, perhaps, even be driven to beard the Caucus in its den. I assumed a bravery I was far from feeling and decided not to let "I dare not" wait upon "I would."

When I reached the Senate Chamber I found no Senator P—— anywhere visible. I sent to his committee-room to no avail, and finally I had recourse to the ever delightful, obliging Mr. Ransdell, the Sergeant-at-Arms, who promised to unearth Senator P—— if he were in the Capitol. So I took up my place in an inconspicuous corner of the gallery and idly watched the Senate while I waited. There was not much to engage the attention unless it was the spick and span new spring suit of Senator Wolcott with its glimpse of pink and white striped shirt. I found myself trying to decide which was the better set-up man in the Chamber, Senator Wolcott or Senator H[illegible]. The latter looks like a well-to-do Wall Street broker dressed in the height of fashion, and while I was comparing these two men a third one entered who pushed them both closely as to style and get-up. This was the new Secretary of the Senate, Mr. Bennett, who was resplendent in a brown suit with a shirt that was decorated with wide bars of sky blue.

From these three exponents of spring styles my attention wandered to Senator Hanna, who always gives the beholder the idea of being the most rushed man in the chamber. His mail was just being brought in when my eye chanced to light upon him. He clutched at it with his chubby hands, tore it open, snatched at his eye-glasses in a breathless sort of way, adjusted them, and then began to roll his eyes from side to side all down the pages of his voluminous letters. When he was at last through with his correspondence from the debris of crumpled sheets and torn envelopes that lay all about him one would have supposed that a paper manufactory had been wrecked close to his desk.

But I was not long diverted by the Senate, for just here I heard my name spoken and found Senator P—— beside me.

"Still searching for the mystery of it all, Mrs. Slocum?" he asked in debonair fashion. Then he added abruptly:

"You've heard something that worries you?"

Alas! for the mask that I thought I was wearing, for this keen-eyed man had penetrated to my anxiety at once. I answered:

"I'm in that perplexed state, Senator P——, which somebody says is worse than worst necessity, and I've come to you with 'What shall I do?' on my lips," and I handed him out Robert's telegram.

He read it once, carefully, then again and folded it between his fingers while he contemplated me gravely.

"Come down with me to the café. We'll talk it all over while you take a cup of tea."

At this I laughed, for the idea of taking a fateful cup of tea, knowing the reputation that tea served in cups has in the Senate restaurant, was most amusing. The Senator laughed at his own little slip and said:

"Oh, well, you know that I did not mean literally tea; tea is only the generic name with me for luncheon. Will you come?"

"No, not to-day. I feel that I must work, not play. I do not know what is at stake, perhaps, and Robert needs help. Can you help him?" I asked.

"I will do my utmost. Did he tell you the exact position before he went away?"

"No, that's just it; I am working wholly in the dark."

"That is only what most of us are doing, Mrs. Slocum. I think I know exactly what the position is, for we had talked this thing all over. I think I know what pressure I can bring to bear to secure this permission and I will use it."

"But what of me?" I asked, seeing that my rôle was to be cut.

"Well, you would better go home and on your way telegraph him that you have left it all in my hands, and that I will wire him and keep him advised all the afternoon of what I am able to accomplish. I will report to you later in the day of my success or failure."

"Senator P——, you do not believe it possible that Robert could have been led into anything by all this pressure that will impugn his——" I hesitated to put it into words.

The Senator answered heartily:

"By no means, Mrs. Slocum. His only error, if there be any error at all, has been that they applied the party lash to him, and he has been made to believe that there is nothing more powerful or worth while than party allegiance. It is only when we are old [illegible] and thick skinned, and have nothing more to lose, that we learn to defy the party lash, and to pretend that there is something stronger and better than party [illegible]."

"And that is——?"

"National allegiance."

"I will send Robert a telegram that everything is in your hands and that you will wire him, and this evening you will come and dine with Page and me and you will tell me all that happens?"

"I will tell you all that I can, but I may not be able to give away the secrets of the prison house in their entirety, Mrs. Slocum."

This was agreed upon, after which I left the Capitol.

All that afternoon Page and I roamed from one end to the other of the District of Columbia. By roaming I mean, of course, driving. Page, seeing that I was anxious, tried to divert me by telling me many interesting things about the District. My attention was attracted to a crowd of negroes in which there was a sprinkling of white men, and I exclaimed:

"It is a fight, Page."

"Ah reckon that's jus' what it is, Mrs. Slocum. They're jus' havin' their primaries."

"Primaries!" I echoed in surprise. "Why, Page, I thought there was no voting in the District of Columbia!"

"Neither is there, Mrs. Slocum. We're a Te'ritory. We sen' delegates to the convention who mos' always disgrace us. You see, in the District it's like the old cause of complaint, it's taxation without representation an' when people get all outdone with the way things go an' kick an' kick against what they think are wrongs, why then Congress jus' steps in an' wipes it all out, all 'cept the taxes. We never heard of their wipin' out any of the taxes."

"But why doesn't somebody get up in Congress and introduce a bill to change the form of government and give you the vote?"

"Oh! my gracious, Mrs. Slocum, we don' wan' to vote. That would be only pilin' up our miseries. But we would like somethin' like home rule here. Why, mos' all our local offices are filled by outsiders. You see it's jus' like this," and Page waxed eloquent

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife was begun in the Post of February 3. Each paper is complete in itself.

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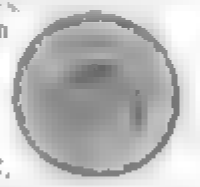

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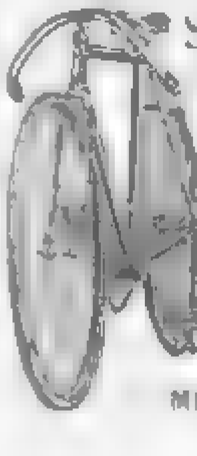

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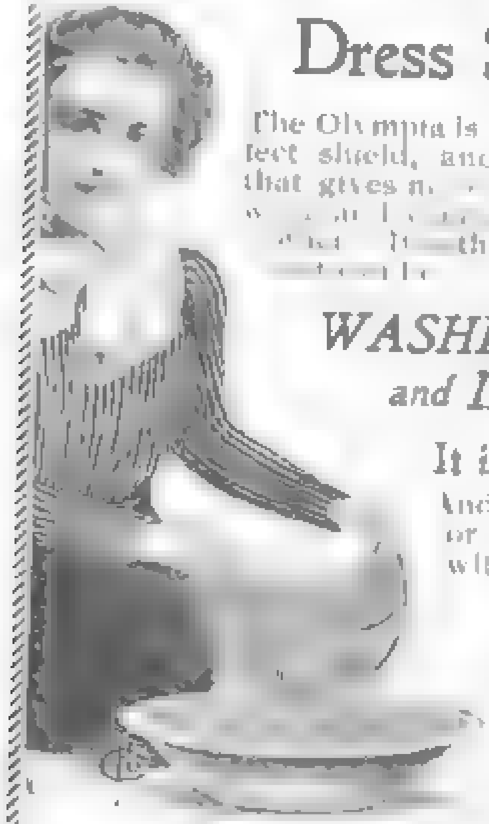

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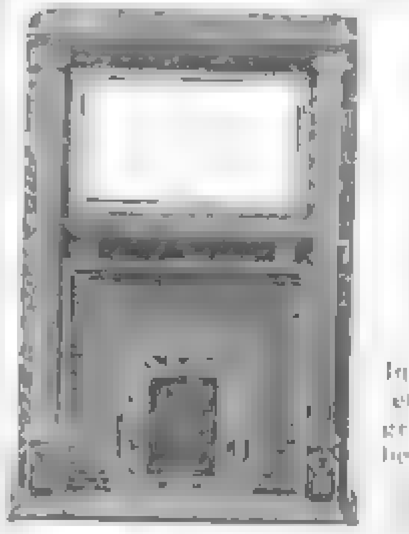

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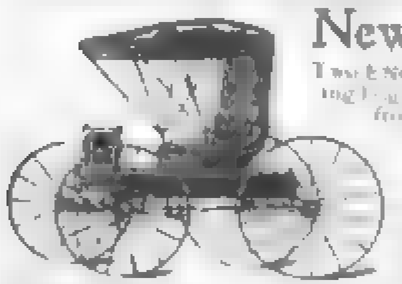

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as she turned to me in her explanation "You see, Mrs. Slocum, there ain' really anythin' here for men to do, no openin'. There's no business but the small trades that supply the town, an' the professions hol' little or no inducements. No lawyer can get beyond a local reco'nition; they never can hope for the Supreme Bench, not even hope for an o'dinary district judgeship."

"I don't see why not," I said.

"You ain' goin' to catch any President makin' a local appointment, if he can help himself, for he has always a political debt to pay, or a political future to think of, an' what's the use of wastin' anythin' on a community behin' which is no State an' no vote. An' this hol's good with every position in his gif'."

What a queer state of affairs! I don't see why men stand it. "I should think that this condition of the local offices could be remedied if you had the vote," I said.

"Ah think the las' state would be worse than the firs'. But you jus' ask Senator P—— about all this, an' see if he don' tell you the same thing. Look at the young men growin' up here. I don' recall many native born men who have attained anythin' in the District. There seems to be a lazy, pa'alyzin atmosphere here which kills any ambition any one might have, an' then there ain' any openin's if there is any ambition. I don' know jus' where the mischief is, but it's somewhere in the sixty square miles that make up the District of Columbia."

I was depressed by Page's outlook and gazed at her dismally. She added laughingly: "One thing, Washington is the paradise of all womankind. We have equal rights with men, for if we can't vote neither can the men, an' another blessed good thing: women who own real estate can sell it if they want to without so much as [illegible] from a husband, while no man can sell a stick or stone of his property without his wife's consent."

When we got home that afternoon it seemed interminable until night and the dinner hour arrived. I had been in hopes of having a telegram from Robert, but none had come for me, and the evening papers contained no news of any change in the situation at the Capitol, save that the "peace committee" had been discharged and that several hot speeches had been made in caucus, one of which had been by Senator P——, in the course of which he had done some plain speaking.

Scarcely had Senator P—— arrived and dinner been announced when Page and I were all eager attention. Senator P—— looked faded and careworn, and I would not begin the subject that was uppermost with me until his face had relaxed its tension somewhat. Finally he said:

"Well, Mrs. Slocum?"

"Well, Mr. Senator?" I [illegible] I asked, "What success did you have?"

"Well, my success has been of the sort that Henry Ward Beecher says is 'full of promise till you get it,' and that has been about the way of it to-day. I have sent numerous telegrams to your husband this afternoon and am expecting one final one from him here to-night."

I could scarcely wait to have the Senator tell his tale in his own way and rushed precipitately to the main issue.

"Will they permit him to tell the true inwardness, or the truth in this matter?" I asked anxiously.

His face darkened, and he said slowly and dubiously, "Yes."

I drew a long breath of relief and was about to speak, when he interposed.

"Your husband is to explain to his constituents by telling the truth, and telling it so that no one will understand or be any the wiser."

Silence fell upon the table, and I suppose I was looking very downcast, for Senator P—— spoke again in a cheerful and confident voice.

"Mrs. Slocum, when I found how things were going this afternoon and that I could get no satisfaction at headquarters, I determined to take the matter into my own hands. I've seen too many young politicians turned back in their careers by this fetich of party dependence, and so I mapped out a course of action which I have telegraphed your husband in all its details, and if he follows it out I think that all will go well and that no serious harm will have been done him. I am expecting to hear from him again to-night. I asked him to wire before midnight so that you should know the best or the worst before you sleep."

I don't know that I ever before felt such a lump of gratitude as rose in my throat. I was about to rush into a volume of sentimental though genuine thanks, when a furious peal of the bell, followed by the appearance of my footman with a card, changed the scene. I put out my hand for the card, but the man passed on to Senator P—— and said:

"Some gentlemen in a carriage, sir, are waiting at the door and would speak with you upon something urgent." And he handed out the card.

Senator P—— looked at the written message on the card. A hard, determined look settled upon his face. He spoke in a quiet, even voice.

"Say to the gentlemen that I am engaged and that I shall not attend. Stay, though, I will write it," he added.

He hurriedly scribbled something on the card and as he wrote a dark flush mounted to his face. It was clear that he was controlled by some powerful emotion either of anger or resentment. When he held the card up to read what he had written, I saw plainly on the other side of it a name. It was that of the 'Napoleon' who is thought to be pulling the strings of the legislative puppets. I said hesitatingly:

"Do not let us interfere with your [illegible]"

He shook his head, and when the footman had left the room, said:

"It is a plan laid to force me into a compromise, but I gave them my ultimatum to-day. I will neither be coerced nor shaken from my position."

Page brought out her banjo and half sang half-crooned quaint negro melodies, until all three of us were soothed into a peaceful frame of mind, from which we were roused late in the evening by Robert's dispatch to the Senator.

While he was tearing off the cover I was breathless with a half dread of what it would contain. The Senator drew a long breath and ejaculated a satisfied "Ah." Then he handed the telegram to me. It read:

"Have put your plan in operation. It will work. I shall pull out. Will wire to-morrow."

The Senator rose to take his departure and I tried to express to him my gratitude for what he had done for us, but he bluffed me off as men generally do when it gets down to that part of a transaction. It was only after he had gone that I realized that I had been all day in an atmosphere of plots and counterplots, that Robert had committed a blunder, had been pilloried, had been saved, and not one blink of the truth did I have. Truly, "there is no Canaan in politics."

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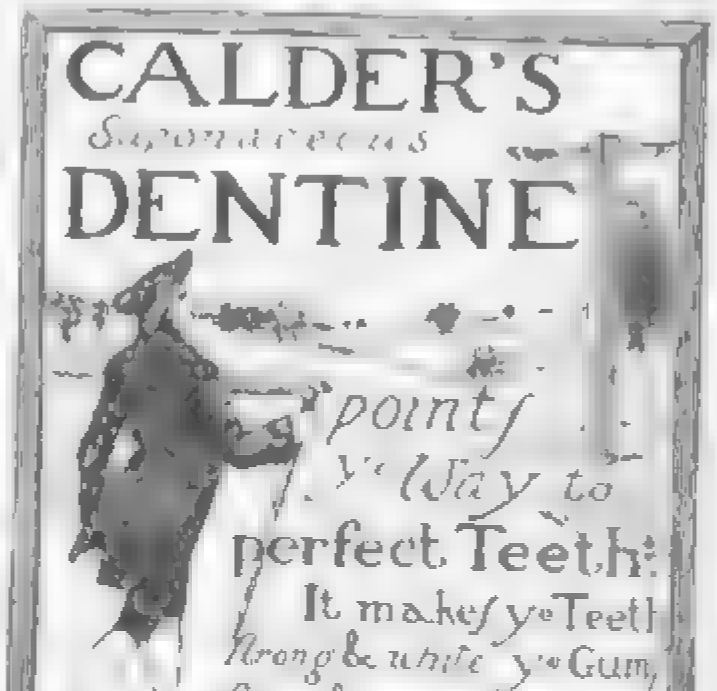

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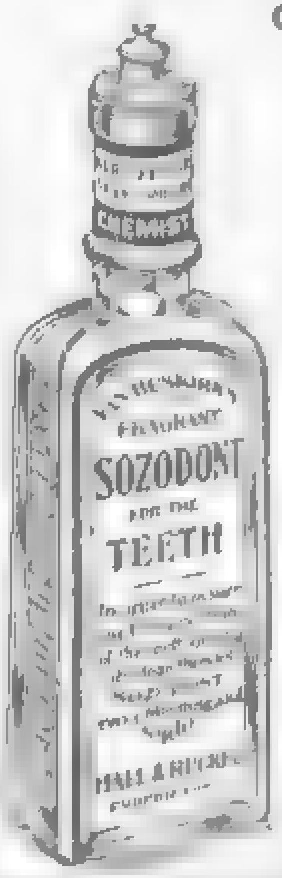
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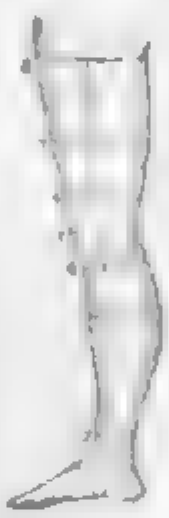
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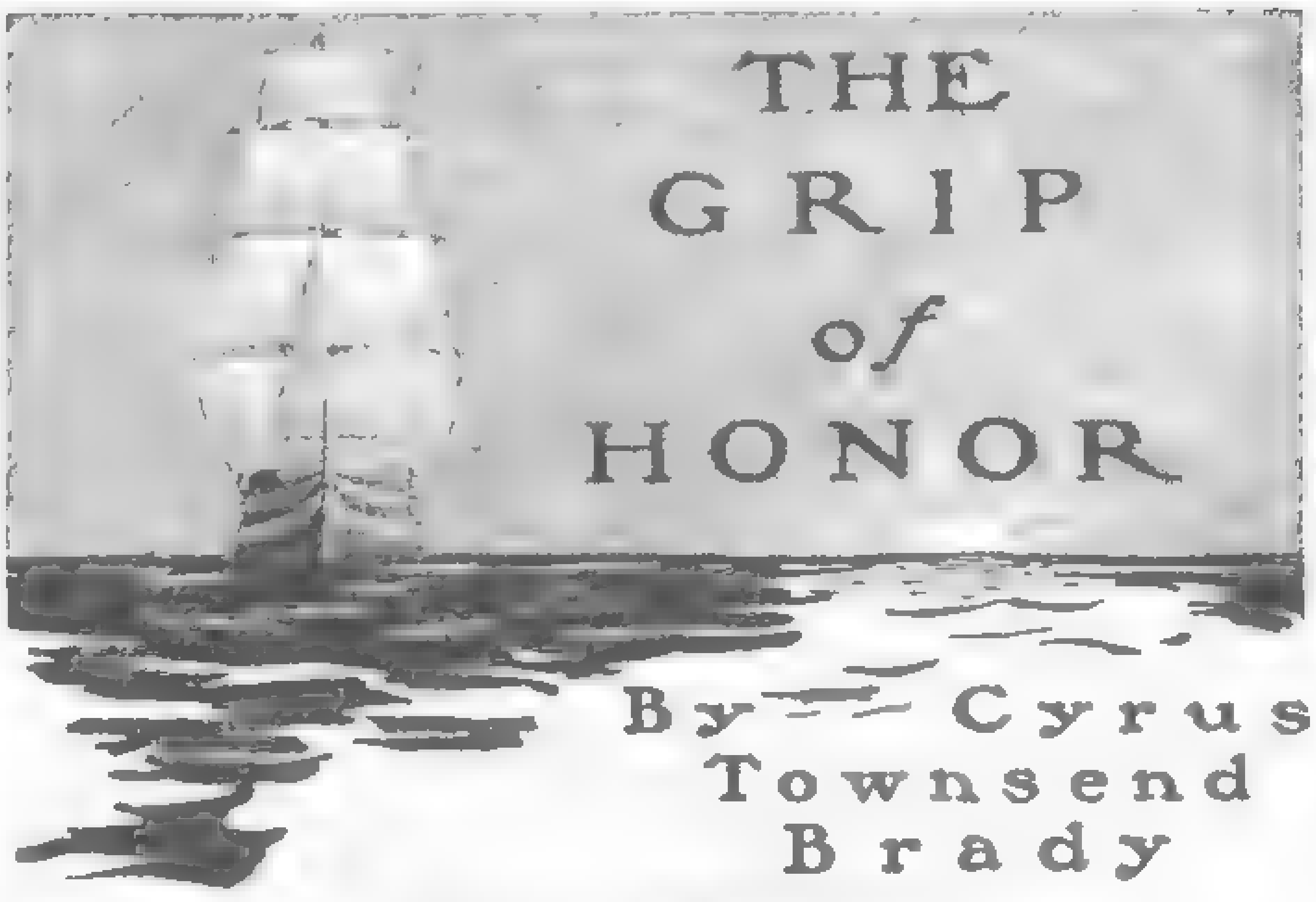

THE GRIP of HONOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

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CHAPTER XXII

AND now happened the incident which finally decided the battle. By Jones' orders quantities of hand grenades, a small, high [illegible] about the size of a large apple had been placed in the tops. After the battle in mid-air, in which the Americans had gained possession, he shouted out that they be used in [illegible] with his instructions. Fanning [illegible] with a bucket of grenades [illegible] the extreme end of the mainyard[illegible]. Wrapping his legs around the yard he sat down and, leaning against the lift, deliberately threw his bombshells, one by one, down the open main hatchway of the Serapis. The powder boys of the latter ship had been bringing charges of powder for the various guns from the magazine, and, as many of the guns had been put out of action by the American fire, the supply had been greater than the demand. A large pile had been carelessly allowed to accumulate upon the deck. One of the grenades caromed against the hatch combing and fell into the centre of the charges.

There was a detonating crash, so loud, so terrific, that it actually seemed to annihilate even the roar of the battle. Twenty or thirty men were killed or badly wounded by the explosion, and the rest of the English seamen were dazed and driven from their stations by the concussion. The clothes of many were actually ripped from their bodies so that they stood naked and wondering, though they were otherwise unhurt. A long moment of ghastly silence followed this catastrophe on the Serapis. Men everywhere paused with bated breath to wait the issue. The S[illegible] dragging the Richard, reeled and [illegible] under the shock. The last calamity broke the strength of Pearson's endurance and ended his resistance. He could fight no more. Was it the Devil himself who commanded the other ship? The English Captain sprang aft to the flagstaff. A great English standard had been nailed to the spar. With his own hands he tore it down.

The battle was over! At the same moment the mainmast of the Serapis, undermined and eaten away in its heart by the gnawing attack of the quarter-deck guns of the Richard, came crashing down, a hopeless ruin, carrying down some of the Americans as it fell.

"*They have struck their flag!*" cried Jones, who had sprung upon the rail at the moment of the explosion and had witnessed Pearson's action. "Cease firing."

His voice rang through the ship with such a note of proud triumph as has rarely been heard within the fought-over confines of the narrow seas.

"They have struck! The ship is ours!" rang from man to man among the Americans. Wild cheers broke into the night in an ever-increasing volume of sound.

"Send Mr. Dale to me," said Jones to young Brooks as the flag came down. The midshipman had been wounded but still kept his station. As Dale came running toward his Captain, Jones cried:

"Muster a boarding party and take charge of the prize. The fight is over."

But no, the battle was not over. A few moments before, an English shipmaster among the prisoners had succeeded in escaping through the rents in the shattered sides of the two ships and had told the plight of the Richard to the First Lieutenant of the Serapis. With this information the men on [illegible] deck had been rallied, and, led by their officers, had returned to their quarters and had resumed the battle. They, too, were heroes. Mayrant, who ran aft from the forecastle as he saw Pearson strike his flag, jumped on the rail by Jones' orders and followed Dale upon the deck of the English ship.

Such was the confusion of the moment, that as Mayrant leaped on the deck he was actually run through the thigh by a pike in the hand of a wounded British sailor. Pearson was standing alone as if dazed on the quarter-deck of his ship, holding one clenched hand against his breast, with the other grasping his trailing flag. In his face was that look of defeat and despair which is the saddest aspect of baffled, impotent [illegible].

"Have you struck, sir?" cried Dale, stopping before the English Captain.

"Yes," was the grim reply. Pearson's voice was a broken whisper.

"I am come to take possession."

"Very good, sir," said Pearson bitterly, and, dropping the flag, he reached for his sword.

Just at this moment the First Lieutenant of the Serapis came bounding up the hatchway from the deck below.

"A few more broadsides, sir, and they are ours," he cried impetuously. "They are in a sinking [illegible]"

"The ship has struck, sir, and you are my prisoner," interrupted Dale quickly, seeing the necessity of promptness.

"Struck! This ship! Your prisoner!" cried the astonished Englishman.

"Yes, sir. Your sword," demanded Dale. The man hesitated.

"Disarm him," cried the American. Two or three of the boarding party closed around him.

"Sir," asked the Englishman, turning to [illegible] Captain, "is it true that we have struck?"

"[illegible]," answered Pearson hoarsely.

"My God!" cried the junior officer of the prize. There was a momentary silence.

"I have nothing more to say, sir," he added. "I will go below and call off the men."

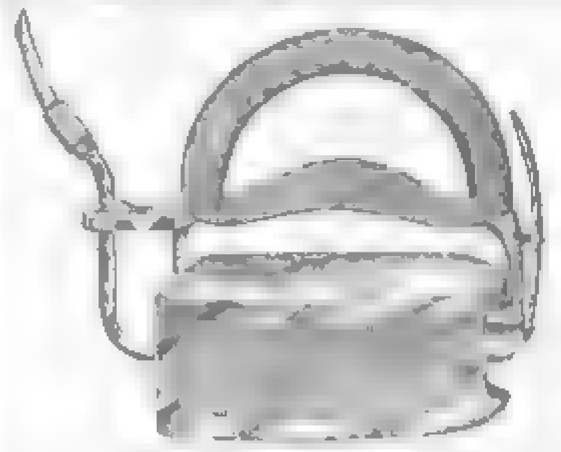
"No, sir," interrupted Dale, "you will accompany your Captain on board our ship at once. Pass the word to cease firing. The ship has struck."

As the English Captain and his First Lieutenant stepped over the rail upon the high poop of the Richard, the roar of the guns died away, this time for good. Seizing a dangling rope they swung themselves inboard and found themselves face to face with a little man in a tattered uniform, hatless, covered with dust, powder-stained and grimy with the soil of battle. Blood from a wound in his forehead had coagulated upon his cheek. Nothing but the piercing black eyes which burned and gleamed out of his face in the darkness bespoke the high humanity of the man.

"Is it——?"

"Captain John Paul Jones, at your service, gentlemen."

"My sword, sir," said Pearson, tendering it to him formally. "I regret," he added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ungraciously, "to be compelled to strike to a man who has fought with a halter around his neck."

"Sir," said Jones with a magnanimity as great as his valor, "you have fought like a hero, and I make no doubt that your sovereign will reward you in the most ample manner . . . Mr. Brooks, escort these gentlemen to my cabin."

The two ships were now cut adrift, Dale remaining on the Serapis to take command. He had sat down a moment for rest, and as he attempted to rise to his feet he fell to the deck, discovering only in that way that he had been severely wounded.

By the most heroic efforts of the prize crew on the Serapis and the remaining men on the Richard, the English prisoners were driven back into the hold, the flames subdued and some semblance of order restored. Cottineau had captured the Pallas after an hour of good hard fighting and the victory was with the Americans. But it had been purchased at a fearful cost. There is no battle on land or sea in the world's history in which the percentage of loss was greater than in the battle between the Serapis and the Richard.

About seventy per cent. on the Serapis and over fifty per cent. on the Richard had been killed or wounded and the Bon Homme Richard was in a sinking condition. She had been literally beaten to pieces. It was not safe to remain upon her decks. Consequently the prisoners and the wounded, groaning in anguish, were removed to the Serapis. In the early morning, the brave ship which had earned undying immortality in her worn-out old age, because for three brief hours John Paul Jones and his men had battled upon her decks, sank forever beneath the sea. The great battle-flag under which she had fought had been reset and fluttered above her as she went down.

The refitting of the prizes for the returning voyage was at once begun. To anticipate events, it is recorded that Captain Landais, the jealous and false hearted Frenchman who had so treacherously manœuvred the Alliance, was subsequently court-martialed and dismissed the service. He should have been hanged from her highest yardarm.

CHAPTER XXIII

"THE battle is on," said O'Neill in the small boat to Elizabeth, "and I am not there. O God! give us a little breeze," he cried. In anticipation he swung the oars inboard, stepped the mast once more, and then resumed his place by her side.

"God is good to me," she said at last; "He will not let you be there to be killed. You have had trouble enough and have run enough risks. He wishes to keep you for me."

O'Neill shook his head.

"My place is there, my duty is on yonder deck. Would that I had returned to the ship without going up to the castle!"

"Why, then," she said reproachfully, "you would not have seen me."

"I know," he replied, "but then I should be in my rightful place, fighting where I belong. Coventry would be honored in doing his duty, the Admiral would be happy, your marriage would take place ——"

"And you," she cried, womanlike placing him in the balance as opposed to all the rest, "would you have been happy?"

"Happiness has nothing to do with it," he answered impatiently, "it is a question of duty. I have been a fool."

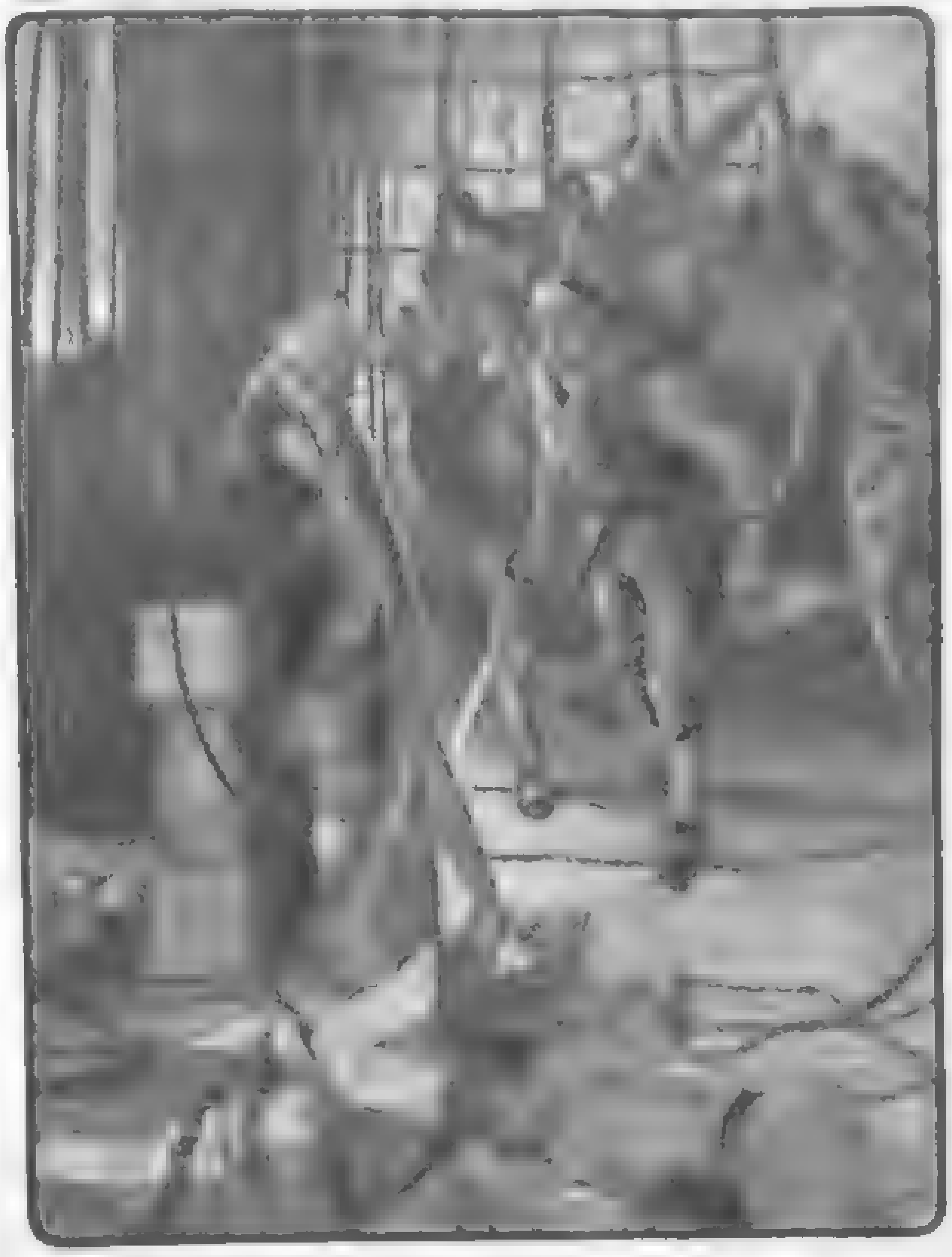
"Has the fool been rewarded in accordance with his folly?" she asked him. "Nay, look at me before you reply," she cried imperiously, turning his head until his eyes looked into her own. The face of the girl, the limpid light of her magic glance allowed but one answer.

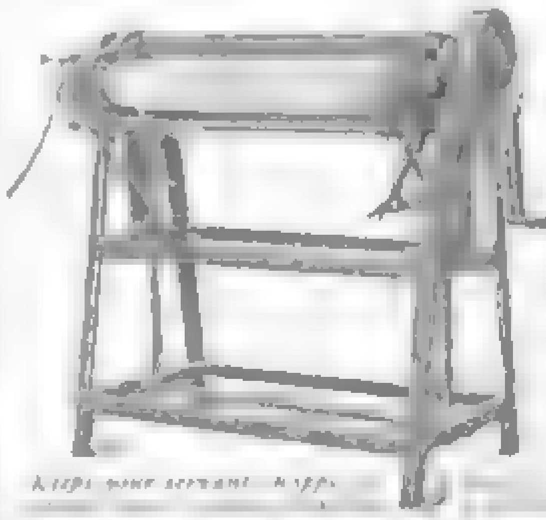
"I say no more," replied O'Neill, kissing her softly. "You are right; I have you; you are worth it all. I will try to be a philosopher about the rest."

Meanwhile the intermittent cannonading had been succeeded by a steady roar of artillery which reverberated and rolled along the surface of the water. The Scarborough, some distance to the northwest of the Serapis and the Richard, was apparently hotly engaged with the Pallas, while the Alliance seemed to be sailing back and forth between the two groups of combatants pouring in a random fire upon friend and foe alike. Great clouds of smoke, punctured by vivid flashes of light, overhung the ships.

Back on the heights above the town the people swarmed. O'Neill could picture the old Admiral walking up and down the terrace, glass in hand, while he surveyed the battle. There seemed to be little manœuvring, except on the part of the Alliance, and the combat appeared to be a yardarm-to-yardarm fight. Once or twice the roar of the battle died away temporarily, and the smoke, blowing off to leeward, disclosed the

"HAVE YOU STRUCK, SIR?" CRIED DALE

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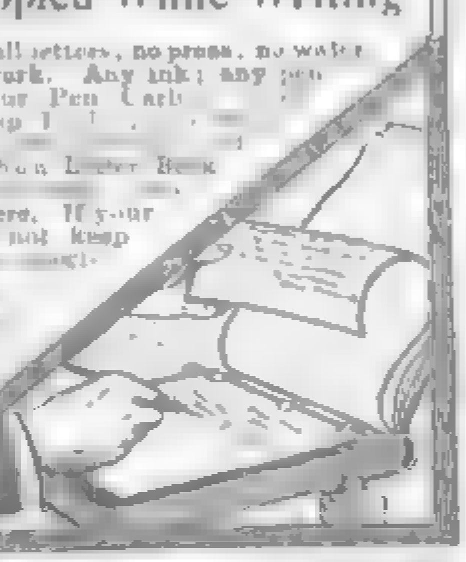
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two ships side by side. Sometimes great wreaths of flame, which told that one or the other ship had been set on fire, would leap up into the air.

The feelings of the young officer can be imagined. Adrift in that little boat and watching the awful combat, not even the presence of the woman he loved could compensate him for his absence. The fever of the conflict possessed him. His breath came hard, the sweat stood on his forehead. He prayed as never before for a breeze to take him to the fight. He murmured incoherent words which told the [illegible] something of the terrible longing in his bosom. So the long hours wore away.

Toward eleven o'clock they heard a [illegible] explosion, and then the roar of the battle slackened and finally died away. When the smoke drifted off the two ships were lying side by side. Farther off, almost hull down, were the Scarborough and the Pallas, which had ceased their fight some time before. The battle was over. Who had won? It was a question he could not answer.

The breeze so long wished for now sprang up once more and the little boat gathered way and began to slip through the water again. The sky had become overcast; it grew very dark, the wind freshened steadily, and finally blew so strong that it required all the skill and address of which O'Neill was possessed to keep his unsteady little craft from capsizing. At length he was forced to drop the sail and take to the oars to keep afloat at all. About two o'clock in the morning a squall of rain came down and they lost sight of the ships. Toward daybreak the wind moderated again and they were enabled to set sail once more. The ocean was covered with a dense mist, and they could see nothing. As nearly as O'Neill could judge without the aid of a compass, he headed the boat toward the place where they had last made out the two ships.

"We ought to pick them up in a few moments now and learn our fate," he said to the frightened, exhausted girl crouching in the stern sheets in her wet, clinging garments. The night had been too much for her, her physical strength had almost given way, though nothing could abate the affection he saw shining still in her tired eyes.

"Learn our fate? How is that?" asked Elizabeth, rousing herself a little.

"If Commodore Jones has been captured," he answered, "I have but to give myself up and redeem Coventry, and — you know the rest."

"Yes," she replied wearily and listlessly, "let it come — we have fought a good fight, you and I — we can do no more; and the other alternative?"

"Why, in that case," he said, "we will be there, under our own flag, he too will be saved, and our troubles are over."

"What think you of the prospect?" she asked, brightening a little.

"It is difficult to say. The Serapis and the Scarborough should easily be more than a match for our whole squadron. The Richard is almost worthless as a fighting ship; as I said, Landais, who commands the Alliance, is insane. I can't prophesy what Cottineau will do with the [illegible] but we have one advantage."

"And is that a great one?"

"The greatest — it may have decided the battle in our favor."

"What is it, then?" she asked.

"It is not 'what,' but 'who,'" he answered smiling.

"Who, then?"

"John Paul Jones himself! He alone is worth a thousand."

The light from the rising sun, assisted by the fitful wind, began to dispel the mists of the morning.

"See!" cried the girl, "there, right ahead of us. Are not those the sails of a ship? What ship?"

As she pointed at a rift in the mist there appeared for a second the light canvas of a great ship. Following her outstretched finger, O'Neill caught a fleeting glimpse of it but saw nothing to reassure him as to the result of the battle; the sight struck terror to his heart. Such canvas as that was never set above the decks of the Richard. As he gazed, the mist closed around them again, and the ship had vanished.

"Ah! 'tis gone, but I am certain I saw it. Which was it?" she continued, hastily rousing herself at the prospect of decision. "'Tis a ship, but which one?"

"The mist is thinning again, 'twill clear away in a moment, and we shall see more distinctly then," he answered evasively.

"She was making toward us, I think."

He could not bear to dash her hopes with the assurance that it was not the Richard, though he had at once resigned himself to death in consequence of his glimpse. It was useless to try to fly, for the mist was rising in every direction, and before they could go a hundred yards they would be visible to the ship in front of them, now shoving her huge bulk through the thin clouds of vapor which enshrouded her. The next moment the mist rolled away. The sunlight flooded the heavens, the breeze tossed the [illegible] into a thousand white-capped waves. It was morning. Some one on the ship had apparently seen the little boat with its two occupants at once, for an officer had leaped to the rail.

"Boat ahoy!" rang out over the water. The great white frigate, deep-sunken as if deeply laden, was moving sluggishly through the water and was almost upon them.

"The ship!" screamed the girl.

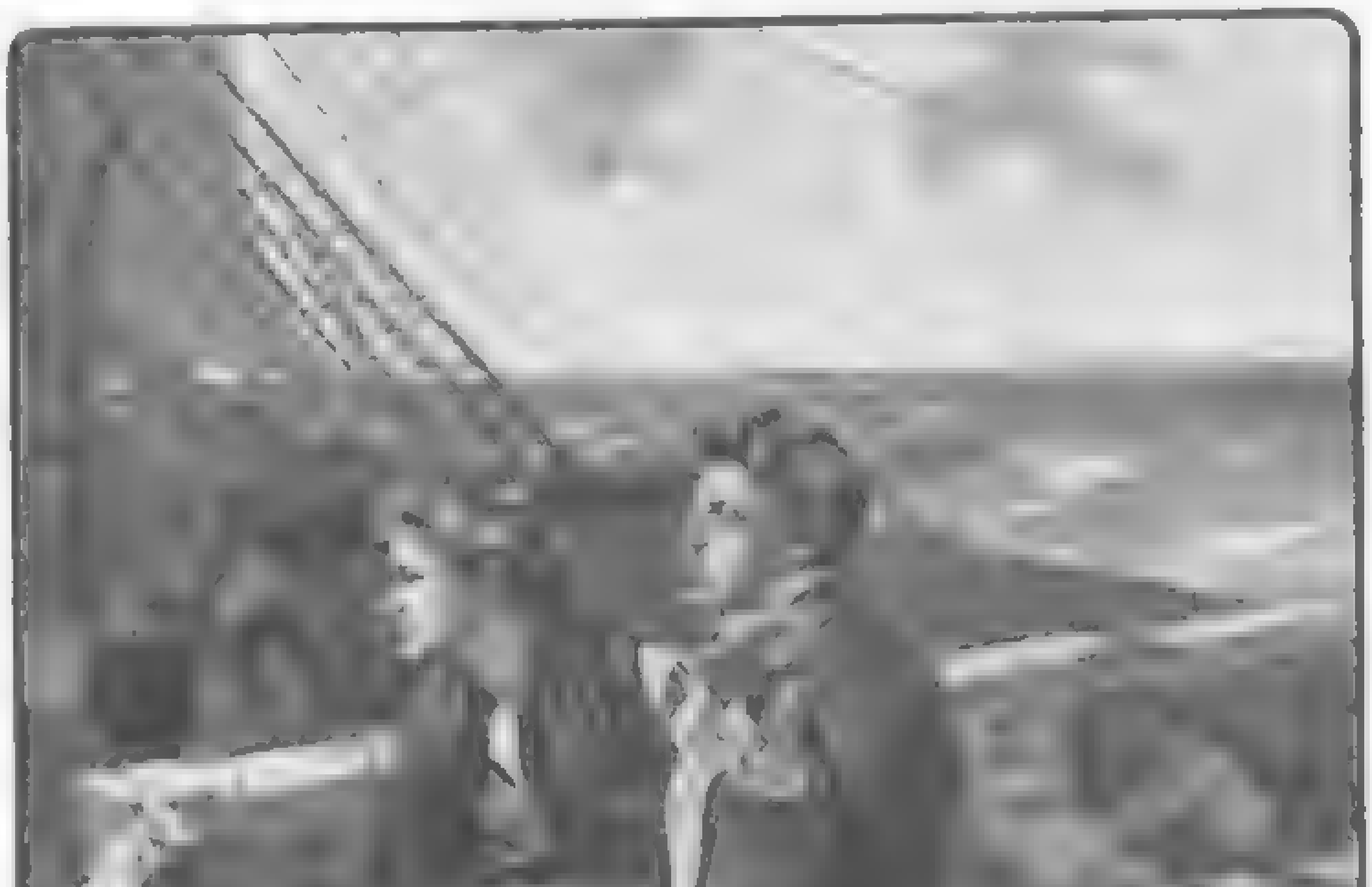
"It is the Serapis," answered O'Neill sorrowfully.

"Ah," she said, sinking back exhausted, "after all, it is over. I shall never survive you."

"Boat ahoy, there!" again cried the officer standing on the rail, pistol in hand; "answer my hail or I fire. Who are you?"

"I am your prisoner, escaped last night from that ship," cried O'Neill. "I wish to deliver myself up."

"Come alongside, then," said the officer turning inboard and giving a sharp command. The way of the ship was checked and she was thrown up into the wind. As her broadside slowly swung opposite O'Neill he saw that her mainmast was gone and that she bore evidence of having participated in a tremendous action. Away off to the northeast, too far off to distinguish them, a litt



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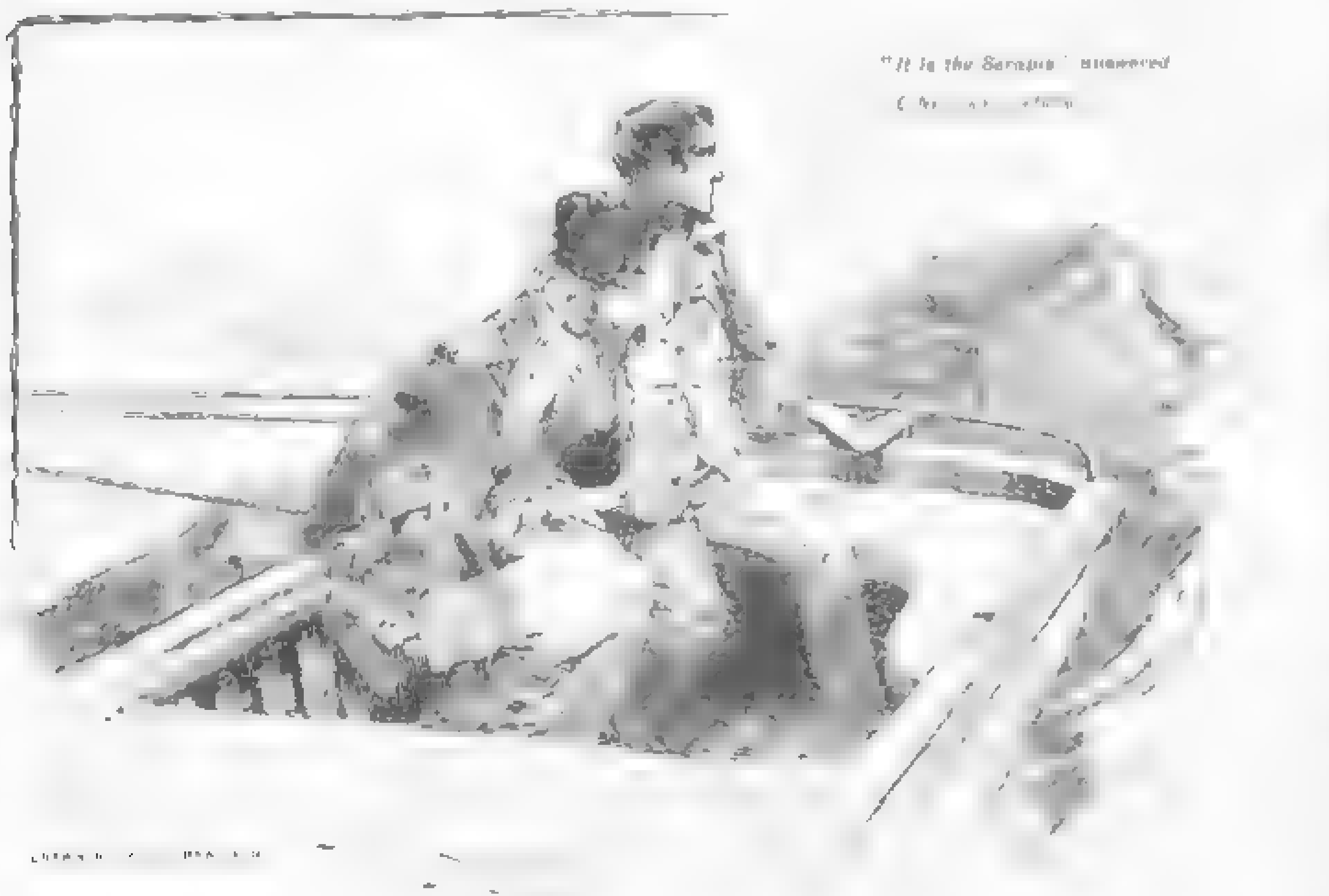
cluster of ships was seen on the horizon. There was no sign of the Richard that he could see. In a few seconds the boat was brought alongside the gangway. Elizabeth clambered up the ladder with his assistance, and they stepped upon the deck. A frightful scene presented itself.

The deck was covered with grime and blood, and a handful of men, most of them wounded, were endeavoring to effect some restoration to order. "How horrible," murmured Elizabeth. "Take me away, I cannot bear it."

O'Neill caught her in his arms; a little more and she would have fainted.


"It is the Serapis," answered

"Good Heavens!" he said. "In all my battles I never saw such a ship! What a frightful scene! They didn't get off without a fight," he added slowly. An officer, with head bound up in a handkerchief and his arm in a sling, was approaching them.

"Sir," said O'Neill, saluting the while, "I am the officer who escaped last night. I deliver myself up to—why! it's Stacey!" he cried, recognising a brother officer of the Richard. "What do you here, man?"

"'Fore God, it's O'Neill!" exclaimed the other. "Glad are we to see you, man, but this lady—this is no place for her."

"She goes with me," said O'Neill briefly; "but you?"

"This is where I belong."

"And they have captured you, I suppose?"

"No, the ship is ours."

"And the old Richard?" cried O'Neill.

"Abandoned and sunk," answered the young officer. "She was cut to pieces by the Serapis' fire, but we have this ship."

"Thank God!" cried O'Neill fervently. "And Captain Jones?"

"Aft there on the quarter-deck."

"Come, Elizabeth," he cried, offering his arm; and, assisting her, they made their way with difficulty to the quarter deck.

"Ah, O'Neill, thank God I see you alive again," said Jones, his face beaming. "We got there in time, then, I see."

"Yes, sir, thanks to this lady."

"Madam, you are fit for a sailor's bride," said the little Captain.

"'Tis high praise, sir, from Captain Jones, I protest," she answered, rallying herself in the relief of assured safety.

"Would to Heaven that I had been with you in this battle," cried O'Neill gloomily.

"I wished often for you," answered the Captain. "The poor old Richard was torn to pieces under our feet. We could not stay on her longer, so we had to come here. How go your love affairs?" he added in a whisper.

"Well, indeed, sir. We are to be married at once, sir."

"You may have the Chaplain of the Serapis for the purpose."

"When he last officiated for me he was reading my funeral service," replied O'Neill.

"Ah, well, that's over now, thank God," sighed the Captain. "And this lady . . . Madam," he said, turning to Elizabeth, "I bade you welcome to a ship once before; it is a different ship now, but the welcome is the same."

"Know you aught of Major Edward Coventry, Captain Jones?" said Elizabeth. This time it was she who remembered.

"Why, he lies on the deck yonder, dying. he wouldn't let us take him below. Do you know . . . but I forgot; he was your friend."

"Take me to him," she cried hastily, and in a moment she was kneeling by his side. They had made him as comfortable as possible with cushions and boat cloaks, but his hours were numbered. His head was thrown back, his face ghastly pale. Blood stained the linen of his shirt about his breast. His eyes were closed, the end was at hand.

"Poor fellow!" murmured O'Neill. "He died for me," and then he briefly recounted the circumstances of their escape.

"Do you know how he was wounded, sir?" he asked.

"It was my own hand that struck the blow," answered Jones. "Would it had been otherwise. There was a moment in the action when they sprang to board; he leaped upon the rail, cutlass in hand, he was a fair and easy mark; I met him with a pike which I buried in his bosom. He fell back smiling. I remember that I thought it strange to see him smiling at that time, even in the heat of the battle—too bad—too bad."

The man stirred a little and opened his eyes. He looked about him vacantly, but consciousness began to dawn again and with the dawn came recognition. It was the face of Elizabeth bending over him. There, back of her, was O'Neill. He began to comprehend.

"Elizabeth," he murmured, "my death—not in vain—then."

"Forgive me—forgive me!" she cried brokenly. "Oh, forgive me! I did love you."

"Yes, yes," he said, faintly smiling, "but—not like——" he glanced at O'Neill. "You, too!" he murmured, "make—her—happy. Father," he cried suddenly—his mind wandered a little—"I did it because I loved her."

"Oh, Doctor, can nothing be done; is there no hope?" cried O'Neill.

"None, sir," answered the surgeon.

CHAPTER XXIV

"THERE'S a boat coming alongside, sir, flying the Admiral's flag," said a midshipman to Captain Jones.

"Ah, that will be our friend, Lord Westbrooke," he said, turning toward the gangway. "Show him to me if he comes on board." In a moment the stately form of the old Admiral stepped through the gangway and he looked about him in astonishment.

"Bless me, what a fight! I knew that rebel was a desperate man, but I never imagined anything like this. Captain Pearson!" said he imperiously. "Where is he?"

"Here, My Lord."

"I congratulate you, sir, on——"

"Stop, sir!" cried the Captain in great agony, "you do not understand——"

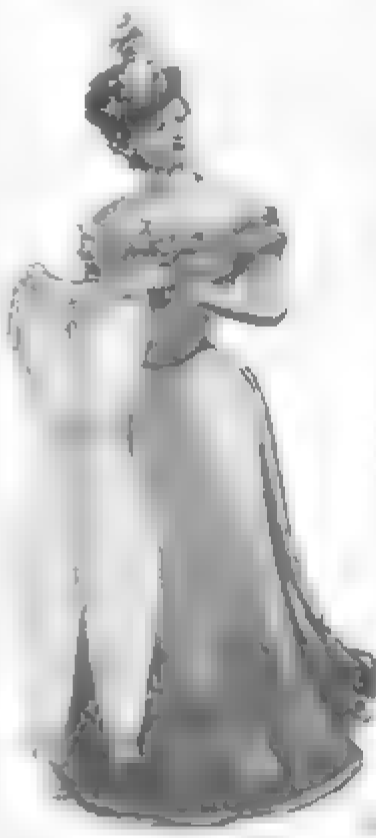
"What!" cried the Admiral, "the Serapis—"

"Belongs to the Navy of the United States, sir," said a calm voice at his elbow.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the old man, turning to Jones. "And the Richard?"

"We sunk her, sir," answered Pearson, "but it was useless."

(Concluded on Page 1016 of this Number)



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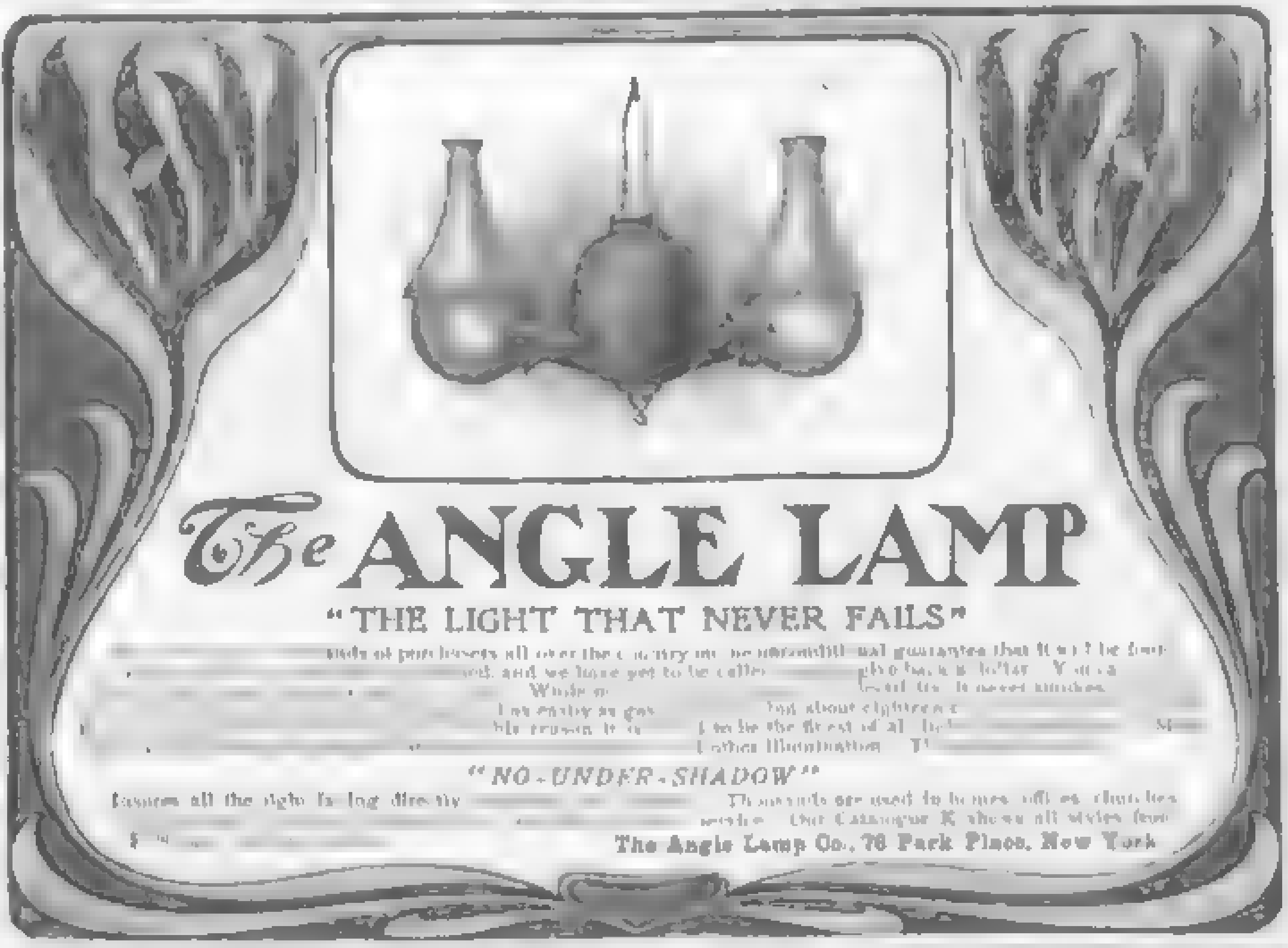
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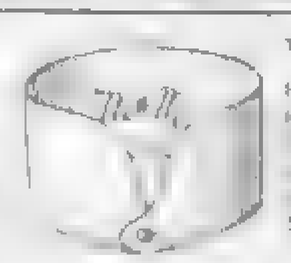
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The Money Matters of the Young Business Man—By Thomas B. Bryan

MONEY is so vitally related to morals that there need be no excuse for giving it first consideration in an examination of the personal side of a young business man's life. More than all else, perhaps, its use or abuse will determine his success or failure in the field of manly attainment. No matter how splendid may be his intellectual endowments, how pleasing his personality, or how satisfying his friendships, if he has not the capacity to master his private money affairs he will become their slave, and enter the struggle for the rewards of life with an annoying handicap always ready to discount the full force of his best endeavors.

Owing to the unfortunate fact that many men of superlative genius have been notoriously indifferent to the condition of their personal money affairs, it has become a common thing to regard this slackness concerning things material as inseparable from mental brilliancy. Nothing could be more absurd. Indeed so strongly is the opposite view entertained by men of keen observation and of successful business careers, that it may be asserted with confidence that the young man who voluntarily and deliberately faces his personal financial problem gives a striking proof of genuine moral stamina.

Always Know Just Where You Stand

There is far more cowardice in regard to this kind of stock-taking than is ordinarily believed. In fact it may be stated that, as a general rule, only the wealthy and the very poor are in the habit of knowing just where they stand. The former are apt to possess the financial instinct in a strong degree, and this reckoning is, therefore, temperamental. It is calculated, also, to minister to personal pride and satisfaction.

On the other hand, so minute are the affairs of the very poor man that he has no difficulty in determining at any moment his exact standing.

Between these two [illegible] persons. It is a large class, and [illegible] many and varied elements, but, in the main, its members are neither so poor that the whole scope of their personal finances is indicated by the actual coin in the family purse, nor are they so accustomed to the system and exactness which attach to the management of large enterprises that the "trial balance" has become an established institution, a habit of life. Scores of men who apply a reasonable degree of system to the main enterprise engaging their attention stop short of the final application and do not strike a balance in their private affairs. This attitude often arises from timidity, from a hesitation to face the facts in their entirety. They are satisfied to know that this or that venture has done well; but *to marshal all their obligations* in one column, their assets in another, and then strike the balance which gives them absolute knowledge of their position, is an act which requires a peculiar kind of courage on the part of men of a certain temperament.

A vast number of calamitous failures might have been prevented had their victims formed the habit, early in life, of knowing the exact state and condition of their personal finances, and of making this accounting at regular and frequent periods, instead of waiting until confronted with final disaster. Know where you stand; look your "private finances" squarely in the face, put your worldly condition into "cold figures," and then apportion your expenditures in accordance with that showing. This will prove one of the most wholesome acts of mental discipline to which any young man can possibly subject himself.

The Choice of Living Quarters

In the proper apportionment of personal expenditures the most important problem is that of living quarters. If one is single, he is generally forced to choose between the private boarding house, the hotel and the bachelor apartment. If married, his range of selection is enlarged by the addition of the flat.

There is one sure principle which may be applied in all matters of this kind: keep as close to the home as possible. The young man who does not often—let us say daily—come under the refreshing influence of a domestic atmosphere misses from his life a great sustaining force. For this reason every young man not able to live in his own home is fortunate if he can find the nearest approach to one—that is, to become a member of the household of a private family. His part in the family life may be very small, but he is the better by just so much. The daily contact, no matter how meagre, with a home is salutary and often vital to the development of manly character. Nothing is more certainly conducive to moral disintegration than existence without the purifying ozone of a home atmosphere. It is the vitalizing breath that steadies the head and feeds the heart. It checks the tendency to moral laxity, and compels the young man to recognize the soundness and wholesomeness of what may be termed the common moralities of life. A young man making his abode in a family home finds his moral anchorage exempt from that strain which usually exists in hotels and public boarding-houses.

Bachelor apartments are in growing fashion and favor among young men of fair incomes. Certainly this mode of householding is not to be indiscriminately condemned but it lacks that wholesome and steadying element so vitalizing to morality—genuine home atmosphere. The same observation applies with equal, if not greater, force to life either in hotels or public boarding houses. Better find a place in a family of very modest circumstances where the true domestic feeling pervades the atmosphere, than to be surrounded by luxuries in a place devoid of a home altar. No close observer of the various forms of metropolitan existence can escape the conviction that there is something essentially frivolous in hotel life, and that this phase of existence fails to feed the heart, to nurture the richer faculties, and to stimulate studious application.

The Bachelor's Chambers and the City Flat

Next to the private boarding house, the modern bachelor apartment offers the most comfort, cheer and seclusion. Intellectual and moral growth is practically impossible without a fair degree of isolation. Sound mental digestion requires solitude, and the reason why so many metropolitan lives are hopelessly shallow and barren is because this element of isolation and its consequent invitation to spontaneous reflection, self-examination and serious thought is lacking. [illegible] the bachelor apartment is less [illegible] the room in the hotel or public boarding house, and therefore more conducive to habits of studiousness.

Thus far I have had in mind only the unmarried young man of business, but, within clearly evident limitations, most of the conclusions arrived at will apply with equal force and fitness to those who have assumed the responsibilities of marriage. The modern city flat seems peculiarly adapted to the exigencies of economical housekeeping—the kind with which family life is generally begun. Its compactness and studied conveniences make it easy for the young mistress of the new home to do her own work, and this is not generally to be regarded as a hardship, but welcomed as a wholesome and beneficent opportunity for the expression and cultivation of domestic tastes. Young business men set up their own homes in the city flats oftener than under any other kind of shelter, and therefore one word of counsel on this point may not be unwarranted. In selecting a flat be willing to stretch your purse a bit, or to curtail some other expenditure, in order to get quarters which are well lighted. No economy could be more ill advised than the sacrifice of sunlight in family rooms. This element is vital to the good cheer of the entire household; lack of it is enough to impair the health and cloud the temper of the family.

The Important Problem of Dress

The problem of dress is far from trivial, yet it is not one difficult of solution. When regarded in its business aspect it is well worthy of serious consideration. It is quite impossible, under ordinary circumstances, to separate the clothes from the man in the impression which the latter makes upon those with whom he comes in contact. The young man who fails to clothe himself in keeping with the prevailing modes, and with the character of his occupation, neglects a valuable, and often a powerful, ally. In so

Editor's Note — This is the first paper in a series of papers by Mr. Bryan on The Personal Affairs of the Young Business Man.

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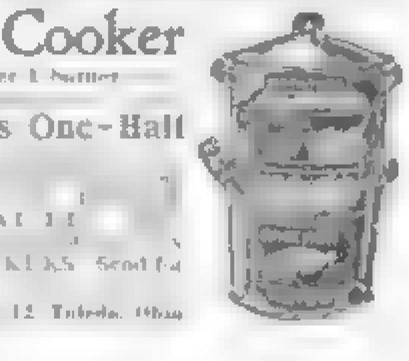

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doing he makes a needless sacrifice of an important advantage, one, indeed, of greater consequence than he would believe—greater, perhaps, than could be wished

Adequate and becoming apparel makes a stronger impression on the person it clothes than on any who observe it. If every business man now going about his affairs in garments which are a little below the reasonable standard of presentableness could be clothed with those which fully meet this requirement, the business world would feel a sudden and unaccountable impulse of no mean proportions

So far as business apparel is concerned, there is a moderate limit beyond which the most favored may not go and still adhere to the canons of good taste. The suit in which the "merchant prince" goes to his desk does not present to the average observer a richer appearance than the business suit of the proprietor of a small and struggling enterprise, provided the latter dresses as well as he can afford, with due regard to his best interests. In these days, a well made, well fitted business suit may be bought for a comparatively modest sum, and little is to be gained in point of appearance by a more lavish expenditure, unless for garments not in keeping with the modest requirements of business use. Good taste is the most reliable guide to the selection and wearing of appropriate apparel.

Few graver mistakes can be made by a young business or professional man than that of withdrawing himself from society

Such withdrawal is occasionally met with on the part of strong and serious aspirants for success in business, young men with kindling ambition, and of signal energy and ability. They labor under the erroneous impression that even a limited indulgence in the pleasures of social life makes too great a demand on both purse and time.

Social intercourse is a fundamental demand of human nature, and if this is not satisfied the development of the individual is checked and stunted. The normal mind has an irrepressible longing for the friction of social contact which corrects the sharp and unseemly corners and angles of personality, and fits the individual to a unity with his fellows. To neglect this influence is to put aside a sure and beneficent aid to development The young man who affects the company of men to the exclusion of society in its broader sense, and shuns the private parlor to shine in the club, makes a grievous mistake The influence of women of refinement and good character is the best that any young man can have, and, without it, he is sure, sooner or later, to suffer in the esteem of others, if not in his own opinion

THOMAS B. BRYAN

The Church, the Stage and the Concert

Since money is the theme now under consideration, contributions to the church should not be overlooked. These will naturally be made if there be church membership, as there should be. But, in any event, they are a perfectly legitimate item in the apportionment of a young man's income even in the absence of any active denominational connection. The non-church member should contribute on the broad ground that he is better for having something invested in this great civilizing agency. It gives him a personal and vested interest in the greatest moral enterprise of the Christian era

For the same reason there may be warmly recommended the habit of church attendance independent of church membership or of doctrinal assent, if on no other basis than that of intellectual and moral progress. More exalted issues may follow

One of the highest privileges of metropolitan life is that of seeing the best the dramatic stage affords, and of hearing the finest music

Though the variety stage is always to be avoided, high comedy is one of the most refreshing, innocent and commendable forms of the drama. It relaxes the tension of the mind keyed too high by unremitted attention to business and helps to keep it in normal and wholesome condition

The best tragedians only should be seen, and those plays only which are free from objectionable features, and which have exalted and unimpeachable motives

More potent and subtle than the influence of the drama is that exerted by music. It elevates the sentiments, enriching and refining one's nature to a degree little understood This is particularly true of classical and church music of the highest order. But in this as in every other expenditure, let the rule be inflexible, never to go beyond one's means, or even so near to the limit as to incur danger of embarrassment, or the use of a farthing not one's own.

Safety and Progression in Investment

Where to place the savings is an important consideration not easily covered by general advice. The savings bank is the suggestion which generally comes first to mind, and for very small sums, a few dollars at a time, this may be well. But even here it is most desirable to exercise the greatest caution and to profit by the counsel of elderly and experienced business men in the selection of the bank It is to be hoped that the Government will establish Postal Savings Banks to insure absolute safety of deposits

As soon as the savings amount to a sufficient sum to warrant it, more profitable investment may be had—with like reliable counsel—in well secured bonds, or, better still, in the purchase of real estate in a growing city. It is not more difficult to select bonds which afford the maximum of safety than to choose a bank which is proof against dishonest management, or the disastrous runs in time of panic; and the bonds have the advantage, generally speaking, of bringing a higher percentage of interest than the large bank pays the small depositor. But well chosen realty in a city of actual and inevitable growth, presents, perhaps, the most solid and remunerative form of investment

To close this treatment of young men's savings, the writer ventures to versify a proverb worthy of constant remembrance

> 'Despise not the penny, though petty it sounds,
> For pennies breed pennies, and soon become pounds.'

* * *

At the Window

By Margherita Arlina Hamm

A POT of lilies on the sill,
A face behind the pane,
Within my heart a sudden thrill
Which words cannot explain.
Faint echoes stirred within the brain
Of melodies long still;
Fair features brought to life again
Without or wish or will—
A pot of lilies on the sill,
A face behind the pane.

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The American Girl in Musical Paris

By Madam Emma Nevada

PARIS is the one place on earth where one can make a truly great success and the hardest place on earth in which to fail. Out of the fullness of many years' experience in the French metropolis, I counsel the American girl who would succeed in the musical world to go to Paris—under certain conditions, and by all means to remain at home if these conditions are not fulfilled.

When a young girl tells me that she is going to Paris, alone and with little money, to study music, I tremble. I know what it means. I do not care if she has the making of a real artist. If she is pretty, so much the worse, for the temptations in her pathway will be doubled. If she has no mother, brother, or constant chaperon to attend her wherever she goes, her struggle will be a very bitter one. I do not hesitate to affirm that to send a poor girl to Paris alone to cultivate her voice is nothing short of a crime.

I have seen American girls come to Paris by twos and threes, take up residence in some obscure *pension*, and travel about the boulevards with the independent air of American girls in our own great cities, under the impression that their very independence clothed them with divinity and protected them from insult. Such is not the case. Conditions in Paris are not those of New York, and public opinion is merciless. As for the many professors of music, they are very exacting; and the unchaperoned girl gets very close scrutiny. If she is found to be poor, even if her voice is of exceptional promise, she is politely bidden to apply elsewhere. There are plenty of American girls who aspire to musical honors who are not handicapped by poverty. In fact, the wealthy ones have made it very difficult for the poor girl, who must, by sheer force of genius, break through this barrier of indifference, if not of contempt, mingled with pity.

The Need of a Home for Women Students

I hope that there will be in Paris, before many years have passed, an institution where American girls can be made comfortable under pleasant conditions and in an artistic environment. The many millions that are spent in apparently useless charities would find here a worthier cause, to my mind. Such a refuge for the American aspirant who had taken honors in competitive examination, making her eligible to its privileges, would afford her a home during her student career, preserve her from the snares and pitfalls of Parisian life, hedge her safely against the scheming trickster, and afford her counsel to the surest end in her profession. At the present time such an establishment is sorely needed; for, whatever the discouragements of those who have gone before, and whatever their adverse advice, there will ever be a constantly increasing battalion of American girls from all parts of the Union seeking a hearing in the great metropolis, each girl imagining that she can lead all her sisters in the struggle and rank with the best of all time.

In nothing is there so much delusion as in the judgment of incompetent persons with regard to the voice; and great is the ruin that this delusion has brought about. In an institution such as I suggest the American girl could very soon discover her place and her possibilities in the musical world. Situated in the central part of the city, such a home could provide a place of comfort and repose as well as diversion and companionship; and, musically, its possibilities would be immense. Here is an opportunity for some millionaire to do a generous deed. At present there is no such hospice of homely comfort, encouragement and good cheer. The American girl finds her *pension* and settles down to hard work, and the struggle is often a very lonesome one.

Hard Work and Much of it the Price of Success

The first condition of success is that the aspirant shall have a voice; then she must have money, and she should have a constant friend and protector in her difficult journey and be prepared for the hard work which naturally follows. On the subject of hard work it seems that I could write volumes. The great bane to the musical profession nowadays is the prevailing delusion that long and bitter labor to the great end is not so necessary now as in times past. I do know, however, that there is more poor singing throughout Europe now than ever before. Indeed, I heard operas in Italy some months ago that ten years ago would have been hooted and hissed from the stage. The craving for the luxuries of the profession without its labors, the glamour of the footlights without a struggle to achieve a high artistic ideal, these account for the rarity of a perfect musical performance. Unwillingness to work and work hard, on the one hand, and the increasing inroads of wealth on the other, tend to reduce the standard of excellence. For, when young artists shirk their duty and managers are greedy for gold, pushing forward mediocre talent because that talent can pay for the privilege, we have a combination that seriously threatens musical standards the world over.

The Competition of Wealthy Students

I can recall scores of cases in point—young girls of exceptional beauty and voice, compelled by poverty to remain in the background, while others with only mediocre talent, who happen to have money with which to buy a Parisian success, are blazoned on every street corner and heralded as stars.

"What's the use?" said an impresario to me one day when I brought to him an American girl who had a magnificent voice, hoping that he would interest himself in her welfare. "There are plenty of American girls over here whose frocks are lined with thousand franc notes. Why, your candidate is so poor that she is actually dowdy in her last year's gown!" And this with an inflection that implied a crime on the applicant's part. He would not even try her voice.

Now another case in point, of the opposite nature. An American girl of great wealth was flattered into the belief that she had a phenomenal voice and that she must go to Paris to cultivate it. Her mother accompanied her thither, and together they went the rounds of the musical professors. Some of the better ones would not undertake the girl's musical education at any price, while others were willing—at a price.

But before very long the inevitable arose when there came complaints of lack of application and of mingling work with dissipation; and when the daughter of millions was spoken to sharply during a lesson the mother took exception and hurried her daughter away in high dudgeon to another professor. After three years of Parisian life the applicant has made no particular progress, while the good husband and father has been pining away with a broken heart in his native city, his home broken up, and only inevitable failure in store for his child. Meantime, while achieving nothing herself, the rich American girl has with her lavish expenditure of money made it more difficult for the humbler sister who really has the talent and the capacity for hard work, but who has not the money to push herself forward.

A Rude Health a First Essential of Success

Another condition which is not to be overlooked is the physical one. The training which the student undergoes is a very severe one. Nothing short of a perfectly normal physique is capable of maintaining it. I recall the case of a beautiful American girl with an exceptional voice who was compelled to give up solely on this account: she was always in the hands of her doctor, and certainly could not hope for an easier life when in the actual struggle for popularity later. The strain of a night's singing is immense, and the nervous tension calls for a thoroughly vigorous and sound vitality. Midnight suppers and other dissipations of Parisian life are fatal to artistic success. To a regular life and most careful diet I owe my success as a singer, for the voice is as tender as a soul, and the least departure from perfectly normal living manifests its corroding influence upon the vocal organs. The aspirant, then, must have a good physique

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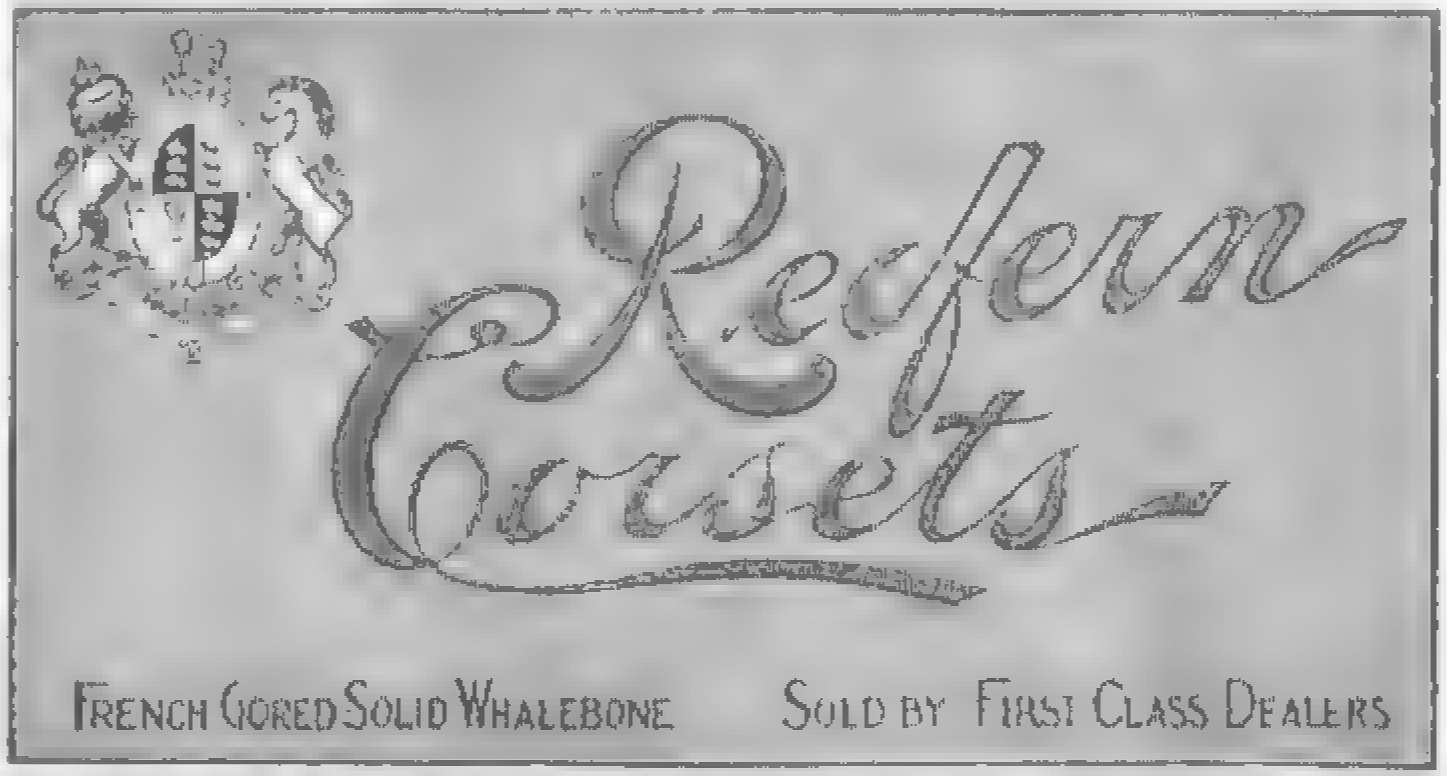

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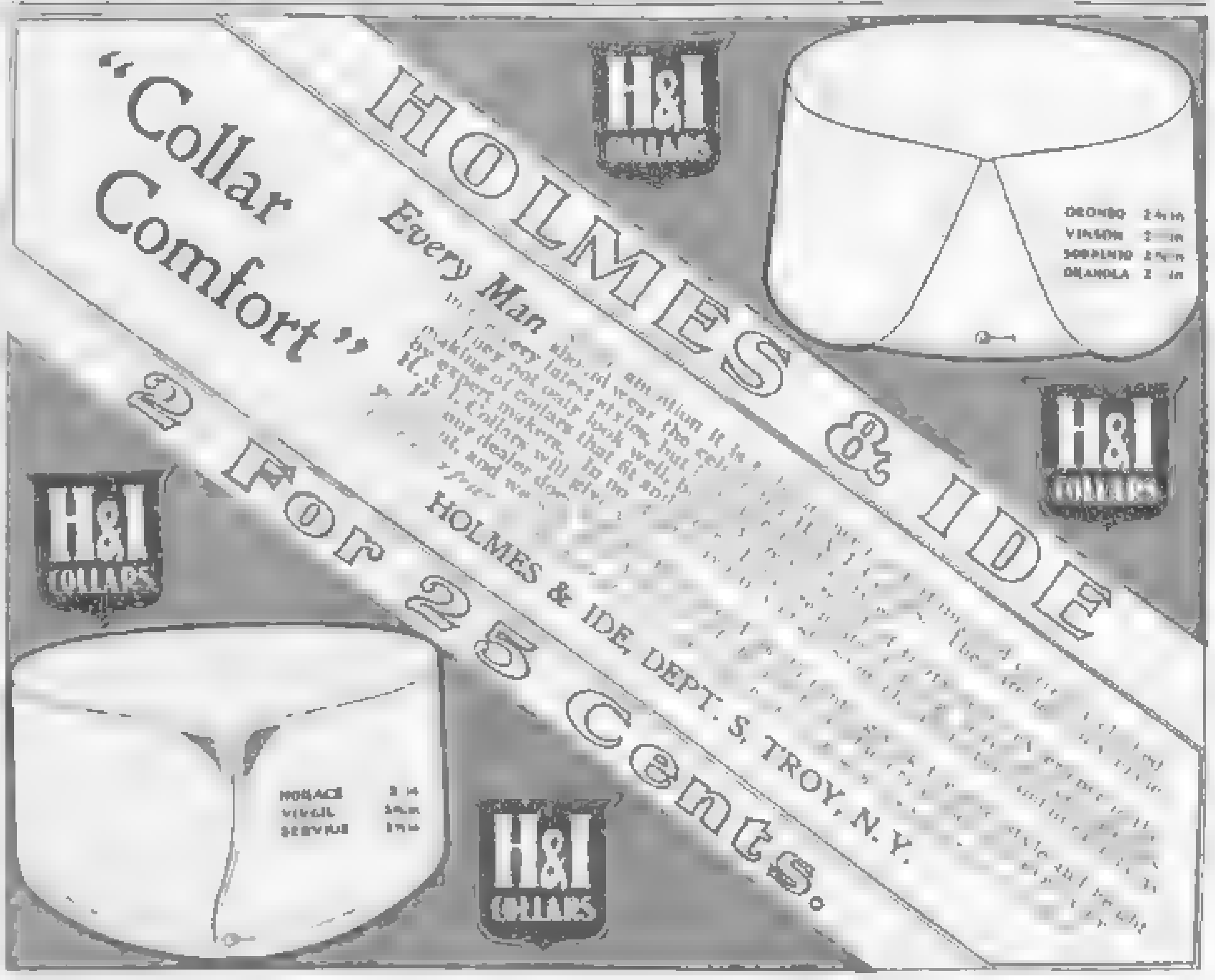

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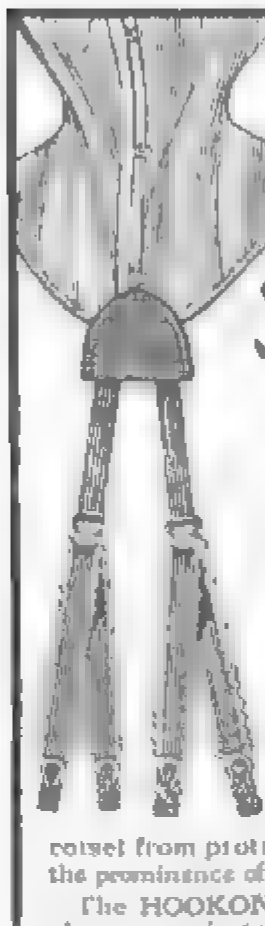

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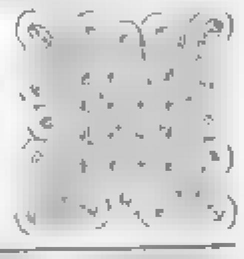

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and maintain a high standard of health through all her student years. By that time regular life and ways will be so much a matter of custom that she will maintain them throughout her career as an artist

Of the many professors in Paris I shall not speak, for that draws me toward a matter of professional choice. There are some who are at the very top, but precious few they are, indeed. From these few great professors of music there is a great army running down the whole gamut to the very depths of badness, alleged trainers who are in the business for the money that is to be extorted from the guileless and the innocent, who, while having no standing with the profession, make specious promises, and by flattery cajole the rich applicant into the belief that she is one of the chosen few. These harpies are the bane of the profession. They lie in wait for wealthy American girls who have little musical knowledge, and certainly no artistic ideal or standard to maintain

The condition in which their dupes find themselves after a term of years under their instruction is very pitiable. It is needless to say that this is not one of the dangers that beset the poor aspirant for musical honors in Paris. The harpy will very soon drop his prey if he happen upon a poor girl under the illusion that she is the daughter of a millionaire

Cost of a Musical Education in Paris The time necessary to [illegible] a course varies. [illegible] years ago it required [illegible] years of good and faithful service then six, and now four. Of course personal ability and willingness to work have everything to do in shortening the term, for really every aspirant is the architect of her own destiny, the mother of her own career. Though Madame Marchesi and others have daily classes from ten o'clock till four, every pupil receives virtually individual instruction. The cost of this instruction varies from fifty to eighty dollars a month, and living and other expenses bring the sum total to one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars a month. This amount will provide for all the necessities and some of the luxuries of Parisian life. Of course, some students get along with half these sums; but nowhere is it so necessary to dress and appear well as in Paris, and during no time of life is it necessary to live so comfortably, eating well and enjoying the most congenial of surroundings. The struggle is hard enough under the most favorable of conditions

Paris is swarming with musical mediocrity. A scant one per cent. ever succeed in gaining a hearing, and probably one in thousands ever gain Continental fame. Yet each aspirant for honors believes herself the immortal one. It appears so easy when, by the very art of concealing art, the singer utters notes that seem spontaneous, yet which are the result of years of faithful effort

Go to! I can do as well as that, or better cries the neophyte, and she plunges into the struggle. Even if she succeeds in spending two, three or five years under the tutelage of a great professor, then her real struggle begins. I have known capable singers to plod and hope on, renewing their daily effort to win the interest of the imperious impresario, and for a term of years double that of their studentship. Indeed, there are thousands who never get any further than the very threshold of success, finding the narrow gate barred and bolted against them, with neither money, influence nor a great voice to afford them an open sesame. For these the struggle is very bitter, and it is no wonder that so many fall by the wayside, utterly overcome with the struggle and suspense, the indifference, and even the contempt of this city of contrasts. These failures rarely ever come back home to face their friends in defeat. Pride buoys them up to the last, and whereas they might many of them be good and even influential wives and mothers to good American citizens here at home, in a land of strangers they drift into obscurity and disappear. It is the history of untold thousands

Let me say, then, that the American girl who has not a perfectly phenomenal voice, abundance of means at her disposal, a capacity for hard work, and a large fund of health and strength, had better stay at home, for Paris is no place for her

Parisian life is the great alchemist of human nature. It changes everything with which it comes in contact

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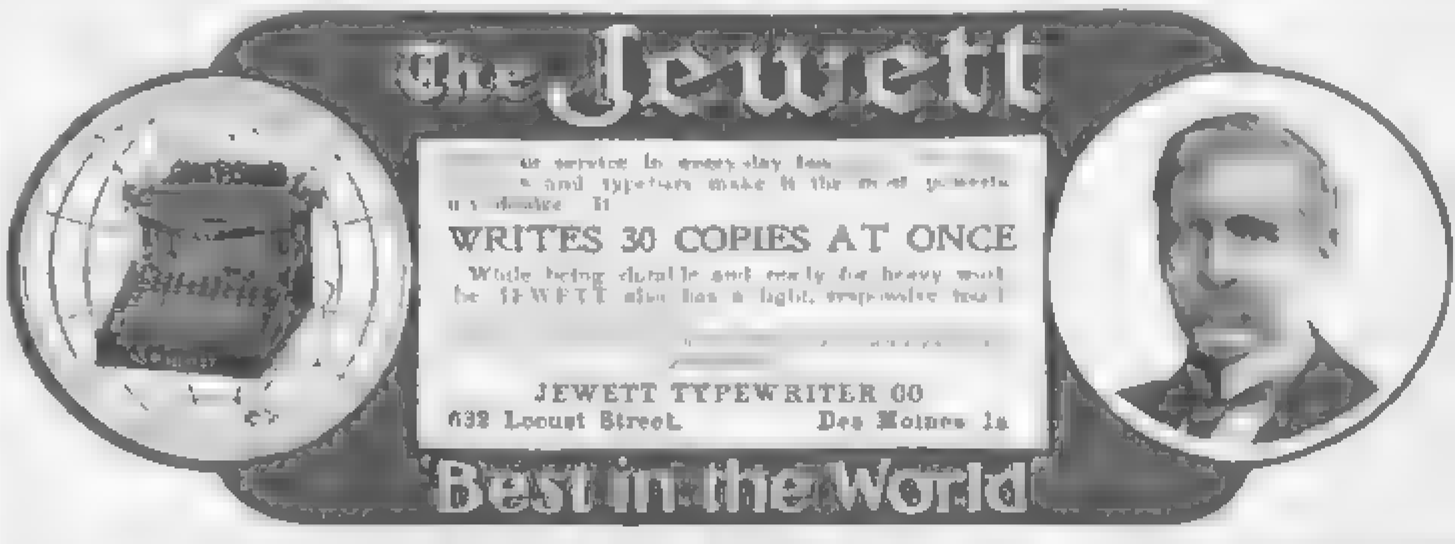

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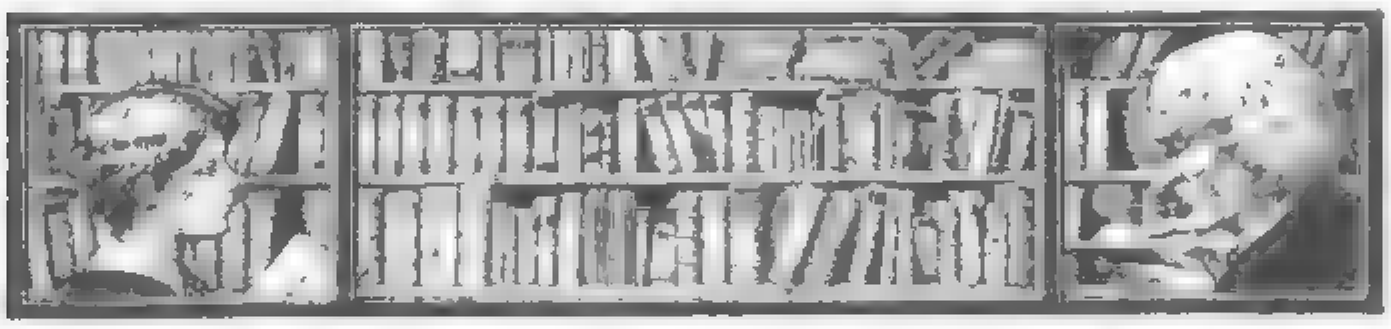

Literary Folk as they Come and Go

NO ONE seeing Mr. H. G. Wells taking his regular afternoon walk along the sea front of Sandgate or on the Folkestone cliffs would think he was, or ever had been, an invalid. He walks with a swinging gait and climbs like a boy up the hill on which he is building a house, a picturesque structure, straggling along the hillside and commanding a view of thirty miles of Kentish coast and the white cliffs of France at Boulogne Yet, as is well known, Mr. Wells came to Sandgate for his health

H. G. Wells' Literary Partnership

AN ENGLISH invalid is, however, in some ways and according to some American standards, a hearty creature The other day Mr. Wells had a transatlantic visitor. The sun was shining outside, but an occasional flying cloud brought a slight flurry of snow with it. The author's study faces the south and was flooded with sunlight as its owner brought his guest there for a cigarette after luncheon. But there was no fire anywhere, and the long French windows were flung open wide to the sea breeze

"You don't feel cold, do you?" politely inquired Mr. Wells "I know Americans heat their houses more than we do."

Mr Wells works regularly every morning at his writing. In the afternoon Mrs. Wells transcribes on the typewriter the morning's work, and in the evening both of them go over the day's result. It is often changed tremendously by the night's criticism

It's no use my promising to send 'copy' to you by Saturday," said Mr. Wells to an editor, "I must wait and lay it before my wife. She will know whether I can do it and she will see that I keep my promise

Mr. Wells' marriage is a literary partnership as well

Canon Maccoll's Juvenile Physician

CANON MALCOM MACCOLL, the English traveler and author of many authoritative books upon the Eastern question, not long ago had an unpleasant experience, according to a literary friend, which he will remember to his dying day

The Canon is troubled with a weak throat, and when preaching has, on a shelf under his pulpit, a cup of tonic. It was prescribed for him by his family surgeon and has been of great benefit. From long habit he no longer looked at the cup when he used it, but simply stooped, put it to his lips, drank half the contents and replaced it

On the day in question he went through this performance, but before he could stop himself he had burst into a violent cough in which he expelled a stream of spray of all sorts of strange ingredients. He thought he was the victim of a practical joke and suspicious bystanders suggested an attempt at poisoning. The mystery was explained by a little child, a member of his household, who said

"I tasted the stuff you take when you preach and it was so nasty and bitter that I felt sorry, and so, when nurse wasn't looking, I carried my bread and milk and some sugar, salt and pepper from the house and stirred it in, which made it a great deal nicer."

Sarah Grand's Opinion of Stepmothers

ACCORDING to Mrs. Sarah Grand, the English novelist, the popular prejudices respecting stepmothers and stepchildren are wickedly mendacious.

"I'm a stepmother myself and I ought to know," she said to an American friend not long ago. "My stepson is as near and dear to me as any son could be, and I am certain that his feelings toward me are equally tender and affectionate. In fact, a great deal of my literary success is due to him. I had a very hard time in the beginning, and often I was so discouraged that I felt like throwing up my hands and relinquishing the struggle. Whenever these periods of depression occurred my stepson came to the rescue, and by his advice, strong common-sense and kindly encouragement aided me to renew my efforts. It was seven years before I secured a publisher for Ideala.

"A similar fate almost attended The Heavenly Twins. Publisher after publisher declined it, until I thought there was no one left. At that point my stepson decided to publish it himself. He had made the preliminary arrangements and we were discussing the details of the enterprise when I received a letter of acceptance from a publishing house where I had given up all hope."

Mrs. Grand is of Irish birth but of English descent on both sides. Her husband died in 1808, and she now lives on an attractive little estate known as the Grey House, Langton, not far from Tunbridge Wells.

An Antique with a Wrong Pedigree

KIMBALL SCRIBNER, whose Continental Cavalier—a study of American life in the last century—is now engaging attention, is an enthusiastic student of the Colonial period. He is a wealthy young bachelor, and his apartments in New York City are fitted up in the style of the homes of the well-to-do in Revolutionary days. His friends say that he carries his hobby so far as to have Colonial dishes served at all his meals and obsolete beverages upon his board. His collections represent much labor On one occasion he found an ancient chair which pleased him greatly. After he had ordered it the proprietor of the place—an ostentatious and patronizing man—said

"Mr. Scribner, fastened to the back of that beautiful work of ancient art you will find its certified pedigree, which I have had made at great trouble in order to satisfy my patrons."

Mr. Scribner took down the manuscript and to his amusement found that it was the pedigree of an old hall clock instead of the old chair. He handed it to the antiquary, remarking

When I buy a pedigree I want one that fits.

He took the chair, nevertheless, and it holds a place of honor in his study.

A Drummer Who Writes Novels

CHARLES CLARK MUNN, the author of the story of adventure, Pocket Island, enjoys the distinction of being the only commercial traveler who is also a novelist. He explains in an apologetic way that selling goods is his trade and literature his weakness. He is a New Englander by birth and has probably a better knowledge of the topography of the Eastern States than any other writer. The information gathered in this way he has utilized in his writings, which describe with marked fidelity prominent or romantic spots in that section of the country. Most of his education was self-acquired, his schooldays having been confined to a little country schoolhouse which he attended irregularly in his boyhood Speaking on this subject he said to a friend:

"My two best teachers have been the locomotive and the country store."

Pleasant Work for Spare Minutes

GENERAL LEWIS M. PECK, a distinguished veteran of the Civil War, is a bibliophile, if not a bookworm. He was the leading worker on the volunteer committee which prepared the famous index of magazine and other short articles for the Brooklyn Library, then under the management of the late Doctor Noyes. This work was an extension of Poole's famous index to periodical literature. Not long after the task was completed the General met at a reception a young woman who had just been elected librarian of a social club.

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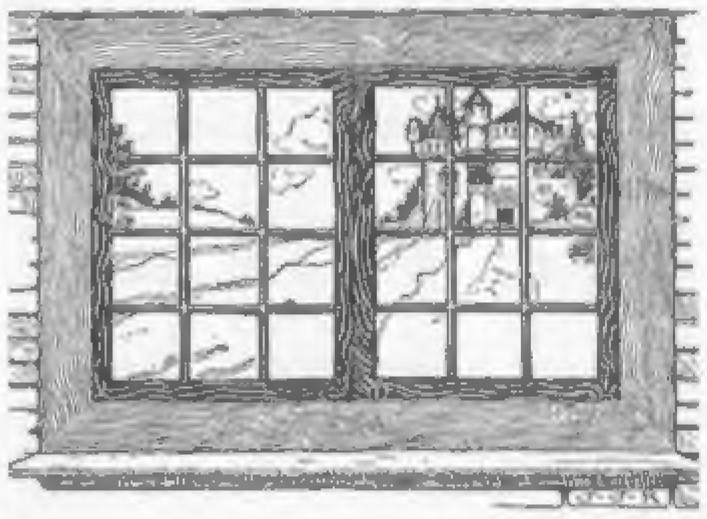
Tolstoi's New Story of Prison Life*



IT IS a piteous task to read Count Tolstoi's latest novel and to realize but too plainly the clouding of a once noble mind. It is piteous beyond measure to sound the depths into which mental confusion and a morbid study of all forms of baseness can plunge the soul of man. The frank, explicit and repellent indecency of the book has been surpassed only by Zola's most terrible creations. This wholesale arraignment of humanity counts for nothing, partly because of its hideous insistence upon evil, and partly because of the author's inability to differentiate between that which is wholly vile and that which is mildly indecorous. Prince Dimitri Ivánovitch Nekhlúdoff, the hero of Resurrection, has dyed his soul scarlet with sin; but this does not prevent his being deeply scandalized by a portrait of his mother in a low-cut gown. He finds "something revolting and blasphemous"—why blasphemous?—in such a representation of triumphant youth and beauty.

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

The same confusion of moral perspective is noticeable in all Count Tolstoi's observations upon prison life, with which the novel largely deals. Of the enormous reforms wrought within the last twenty-five years he has nothing to say, and this silence is in itself slanderous. Of abuses still remaining he has a vast deal to say, but he makes no distinction between the pardonable impatience of officials and deliberate cruelty. In fact, were every jailer and every inspector as tender-hearted as a lamb, the wrong done the prisoners would be no less shameful in his eyes, because it is a salient point in his creed that nothing can give to man the right to judge or to punish his fellow-creatures.

The iniquity of landlordism, however, the crime of owning more land than your neighbor, is one which Count Tolstoi handles at length and with severity, presenting many familiar arguments for our consideration. Strangest of all, he holds up to bitter scorn and derision the beautiful ceremonial of the Russian Church and the simple, unquestioning piety of her people. Voltaire himself might well have shrunk from ridiculing the mysteries of religion with the coarse vehemence of this northern iconoclast. Christ, he asserts, has forbidden men to erect churches or to pray in them, and those who do either disobey the Gospel law. Yet have churches played their part, not wholly without merit, in the humanizing and elevating of our race; and perhaps to jibe at any creed in which poor, stupid, stumbling mortals find help and comfort is more closely akin to blasphemy than the wearing of low-cut gowns. "Let every man believe what he will, or rather what he can," said one of the wisest of men; "but let him forbear to express his views if they are of a kind to disturb the heart of humanity."

—*Agnes Repplier.*

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*Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoi. *Dodd, Mead & Company.*

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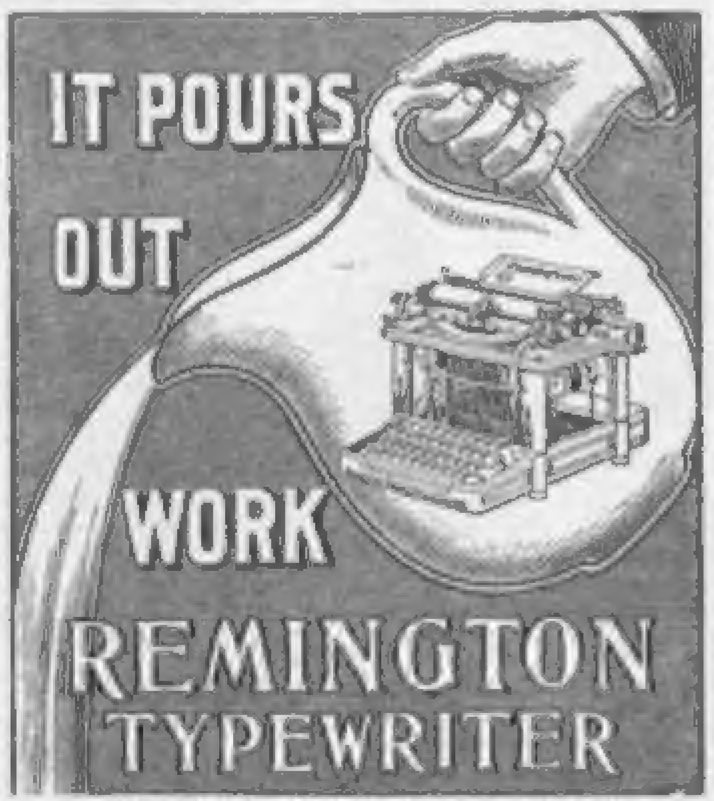

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Nathaniel Hawthorne

(Concluded from Page 987)

introduction to one of those cool accumulations in the handsome person of an accomplished young lieutenant in the civil service of St. Tammany, who, having taken to himself a wife of his own, was making his wedding journey with his new-made bride. Never having been in Washington, I went on my arrival to the first hotel which enjoyed a more than local repute—went to the National, as a stranger in New York would have gone to the Astor House, or a stranger in Boston to the Tremont, registered my name at the desk, had a room assigned me and pocketed the key thereof. Bustling and bustling inside and out, the city swarmed with an alien population, men, women, children from neighboring cities, adjacent towns and remote country villages, all sorts of peoples from all sorts of places, all, it seemed, on the same errand as myself—striving to serve their country and themselves! I did what I could, what I was advised to; delivered my letter to Atherton; was courteously received, promised whatever help he could give me, and straightway shuffled out by other impatient patriots, confused by the crowds, disconcerted by the delays, but not in the least discouraged. I concluded to return to New York and wait the result there.

I returned and waited, waited for the unexpected, which always happens in stories and sometimes in real life. It happened in my case through Colonel Whipple, who, as I casually learned, was stopping for a day or two in the city with his wife, and upon whom I called at once with my wife, of whose existence he was necessarily ignorant, for, as I had told him, I was a lonely Benedict when I had the pleasure of meeting him at Hawthorne's. He gave her the hearty grasp of his soldierly hand and introduced her to his wife, and while our better selves were making such acquaintance with each other as ladies can on such occasions, questioned me about my visit to Washington, whom I had seen there and what they had done for me.

"They have done nothing yet," I said, and told the story of my visit as briefly as I could.

"It is shameful, the way they have treated you," he exclaimed angrily. "But they shall give what you want. I will see that you have it."

He sat down and hurriedly wrote two notes, one to General Pierce, telling him that I was no common office-seeker, but Hawthorne's friend, another to the man in charge of the door to the White House, commanding him to admit me when I called, and take me himself to the private room of the President.

I returned to Washington and on the following morning, after an early breakfast, walked briskly up to the White House. Giving my Open Sesame to the doorkeeper I was promptly conducted to the President, to whom I presented Colonel Whipple's formal note. He read it silently, turned it over, picked up a pen—he was standing at his desk—and wrote something on the blank side of it, a few potent words addressed to the new Collector, which, coming from him, amounted to a command to give me what I wanted.

"There, Mr. Stoddard."

"Thank you, sir." I bowed myself out and departed. I got what I wanted, though not without further delays, there was so much pushing and shoving about, so many sanguinary squabbles between the Hard Shells and Soft Shells and other political crustacea. But I got what I wanted, for on the first of July, the day before my twenty-eighth birthday, the Honorable Greene C. Bronson signed an official warrant appointing me an Inspector of Customs at the Port of New York.

Such is the substance of my imperfect recollections of this great man which I cannot close better than by copying here the opening lines of his last letter to me, dated Concord, March 8, 1853, in acknowledgment of The King's Bell, a piece of narrative verse that I had sent him.

> "I sincerely thank you for your beautiful Poem, which I have read with a great deal of pleasure. It is such as the Public had a right to expect from what you gave us in years gone by, only I wish the idea had not been quite so sad. I think Felix might have rung the bell once in his lifetime and again at the moment of death. Yet you may be right. I have been a happy man, and yet I cannot remember any one moment of such happy circumstances that I could have rung a joy-bell at it."

Let me add by way of epilogue the first stanza of Browning's Memorabilia:

> "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
> And did he stop and speak to you,
> And did you speak to him again?
> How strange it seems, and new!"

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Grip of Honor

(Continued from Page 1009)

"You have done well, Captain Pearson," said the Admiral. "'Twas a defeat as noble as a capture."

"Ay," said Captain Jones, "'twas such as I have never met before in twenty battles on the sea."

"Pearson, my—my—son——" said the Admiral huskily; "how did he bear himself?"

"Well and nobly, My Lord, as I can testify," answered Pearson.

"I, too," said Jones; "I saw him. 'Twas he who led your boarders, Captain Pearson, when they tried to sweep our decks."

"And is he well?" asked the old Admiral, striving to school himself into composure. "That charge, you know, Pearson; I think we need not press it now?" he added.

"No, not now, nor ever, sir," said Pearson mournfully.

"I am a veteran," said the Admiral; "I have looked death in the face for fifty years. Speak plainly—you would say that he is dead."

"Not yet, sir," answered Jones gently.

"Where is he? Take me to him!"

"He lies aft there on the quarter-deck."

The little group around the dying man made way for the old Admiral. He knelt down on the deck opposite Elizabeth, not heeding the others, and gazed long and earnestly into the face of the dying officer. "Will he live to know me, think you?" said he simply to the surgeon.

"I think so, yes," replied the physician.

As if he had heard the question, Coventry opened his eyes.

"Father!" he murmured faintly.

"My boy—my boy!" said the Admiral bowing his head.

"I—My Lord——" said the young man, wandering again, "may it please the court—may it please the court——" he struggled for breath; "lift me up," he said.

"'Twill be his end," said the doctor, lifting a warning finger.

"Lift me up," cried the dying man more strongly than before. The Admiral nodded. The young Irishman lifted him a little.

"Higher!" he cried. O'Neill lifted him to a sitting position.

"Not guilty, My Lord!" said the young man resolutely in a loud, clear voice, throwing his arms out before him. The blood gushed from his lips, and when they laid him back his plea was heard in that higher court before which the admiral and the sailor equally must plead.

"*The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord,*" said the Chaplain of the Serapis reverently. The men stood around him in a silence broken only by the woman's sobs.

"He died like a hero, sir," said Jones at last, removing his hat, "and I venture to say that no one of his gallant race in all the years of their history ever made a better end."

"Ah!" said the Admiral rising and mournfully regarding the little group, Elizabeth praying by the side of his son, O'Neill still supporting his head, "I made my plans; I tempted this honorable gentleman to do a shameful thing; he refused, and it has all come back upon me. I've wrought my own undoing, gentlemen." Gray-faced and broken, all his years upon him, he turned unsteadily as if to go to his barge.

"Stop, sir!" cried Pearson. "You forget. We are prisoners," he whispered.

"Ah, yes!" said the Admiral. "I had forgotten it; well, it matters little to me. Captain Jones," he continued, turning to the little Scotsman and proffering his sword with a painful gesture, "I am your prisoner."

"Sir," said the little Captain, "allow me to match the act of an American sailor against the word of an English officer. You are free, My Lord. Your boat awaits you. If I can do aught——"

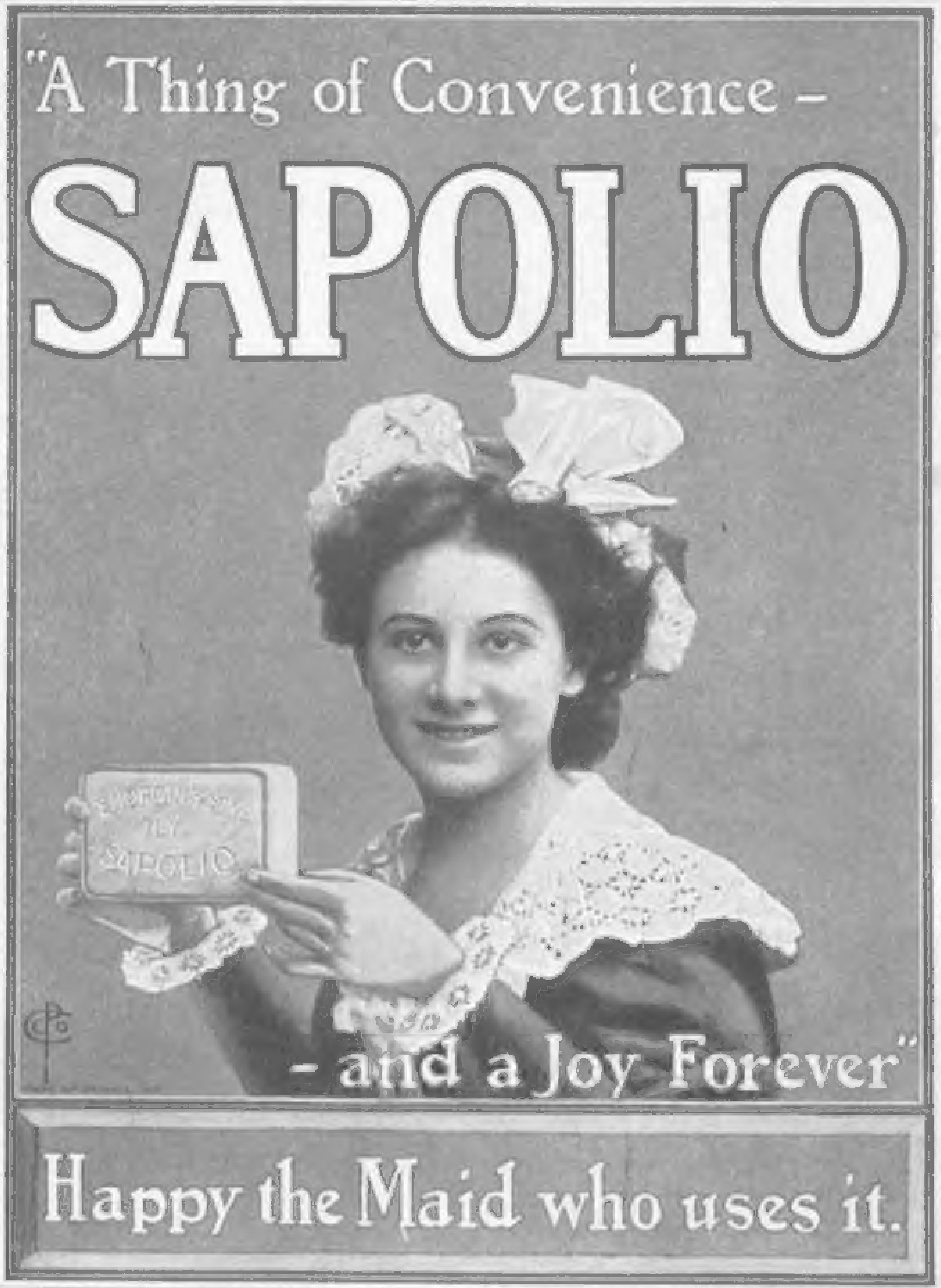
"Be it so," said the Admiral simply; "let me have my boy, and we will go away together, and I shall remember you differently in the future. If in England you ever need a friend, remember this moment and call upon me. Farewell."

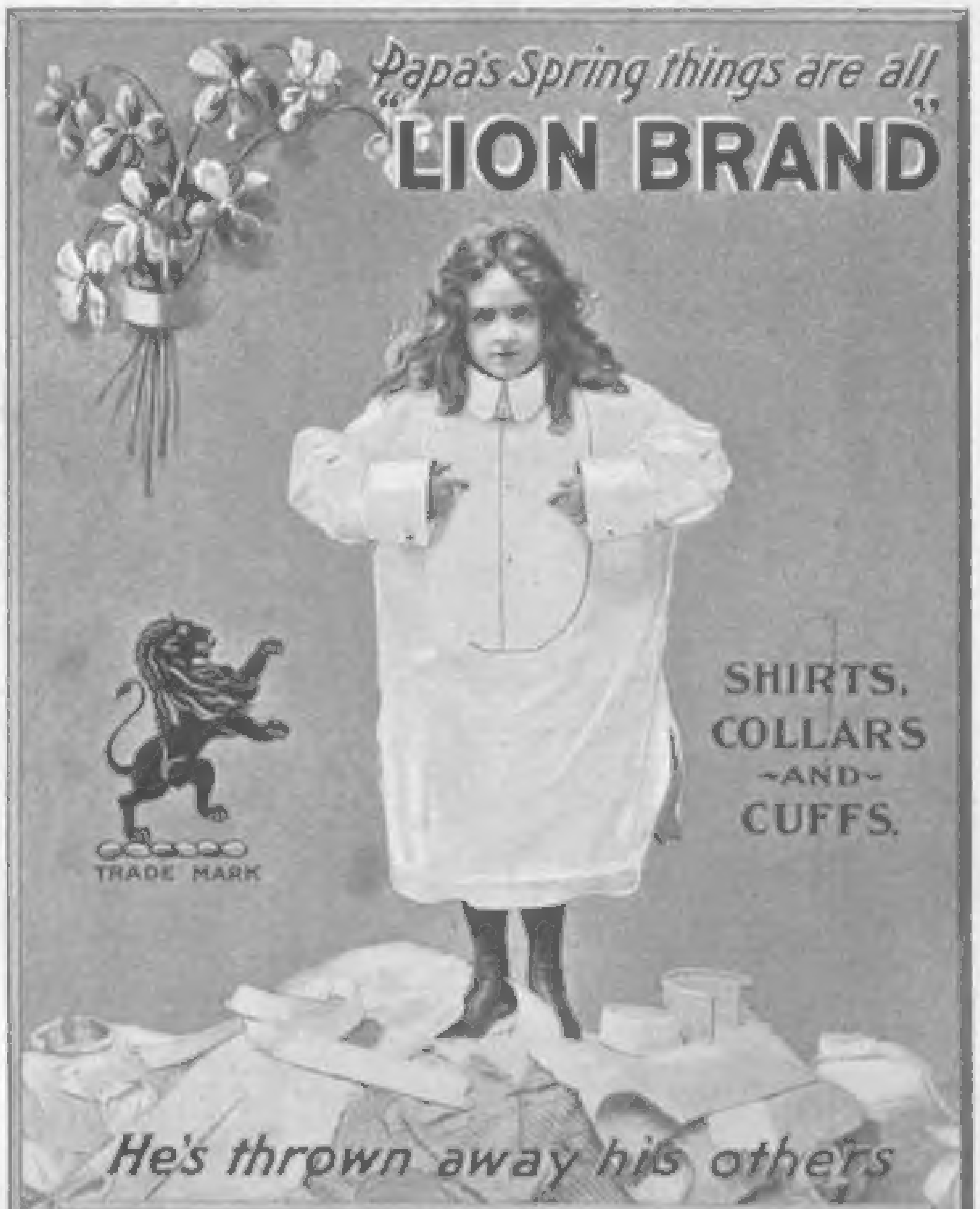
Two figures hung over the taffrail and watched the white sails of the little boat bearing away to the verdant shore where the old castle still shone in the sunlight—a man and a woman, sad, yet exultant.

"We ought to be very good to each other," said the sweet voice of the woman, "to make up to God all that He has preserved us from."

"Ay!" said O'Neill, "and to give due value to the sacrifice of him who loved you, even as I do myself."

(THE END)

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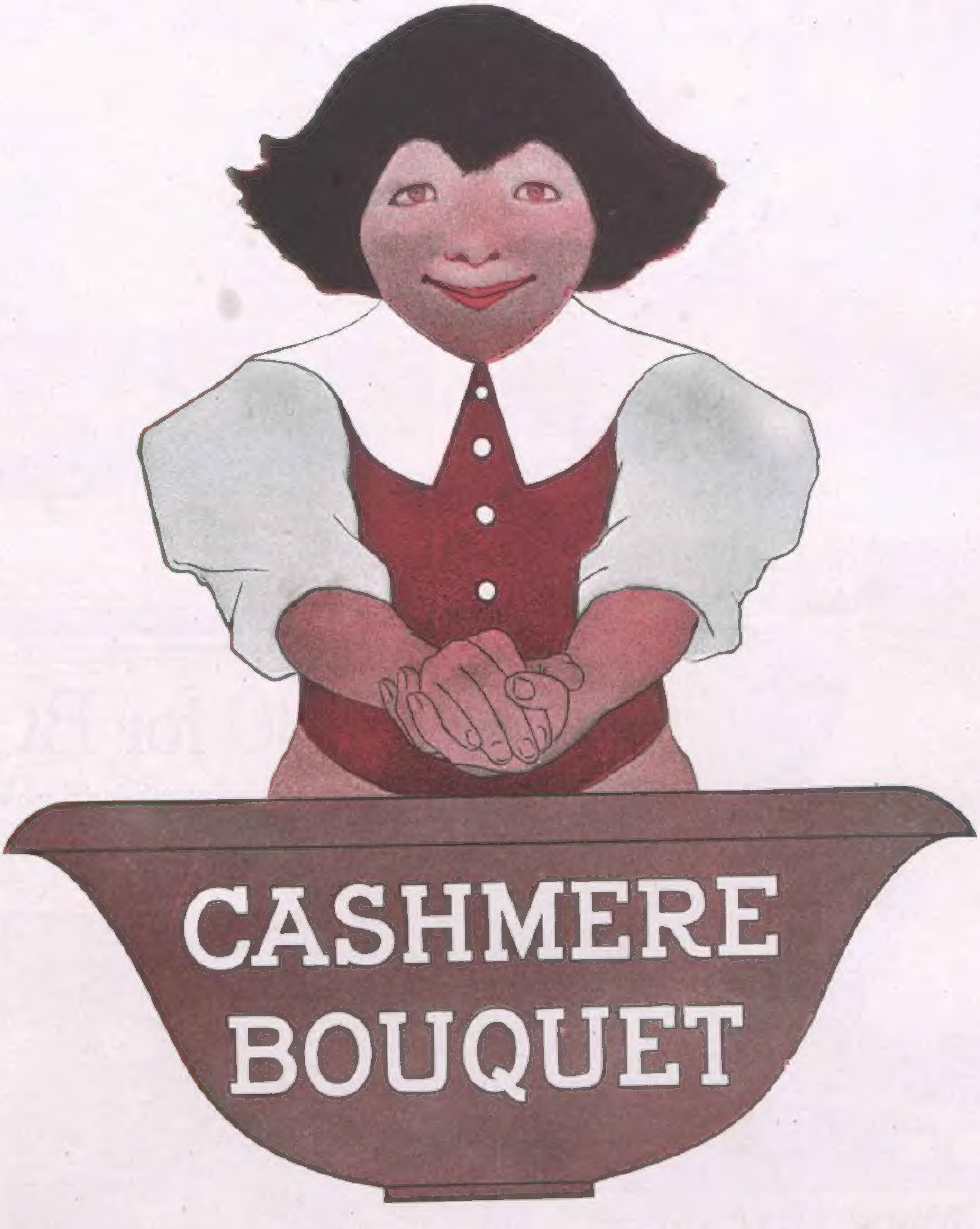

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